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JULY TO DECEMBER.

1860

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

THE ECLECTIC.

JULY, 1860.

I.

THE OXFORD SCHOOL.

EVER since the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," we have been in no doubt as to the course and tendency of the Oxford School. The men who told us some twenty years ago, that unless we are prepared to disclaim the right of private judgment in things pertaining to God, we are not members of the Church of Christ; that rightly to understand the Scriptures, we must have recourse to Tradition, which is a fuller exposition of God's Revealed Truth, and that this tradition is of equal authority with Scripture itself; that in every instance our faith is to rest on the authority of the Church; that the ministers of the sanctuary are to exercise great reserve in exhibiting the doctrine of the Atonement; that it is a great mistake to suppose, that by preaching the Atonement, we are preaching what St. Paul meant by Christ crucified, since all that he intended is the necessity of our being crucified to the world, our humiliation together with Christ, the mortification of our flesh, the being made conformable to His suffering and death; that preaching is set above the sacraments; that the doctrine of justification by faith only is nowhere declared in Scripture; the men, we say, who could thus speak and write, were not likely to stand at any point short of a purely Negative Theology. There has been a gradual but positive development of the principles involved in such a system of teaching. These writers had their disciples and followers. Of the two hundred members of Convocation then resident in Oxford, over a fourth at least were Tractarians — the Tutors of some half dozen colleges maintained and propagated the same doctrines; of the twelve hundred undergraduates and bachelors, there were large numbers impregnated with the same opinions, and what has been the consequence? There is scarcely a city, or town, or village throughout the kingdom, in which these pernicious doctrines have not their advocates and apologists. Their tendency is to Romanize the Church,

to subvert the Revealed Truth of God, and to imperil the highest and the holiest interests of the people.

Other voices have spoken from Oxford since the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," but the latest utterances are to be found in a volume now before us,* in which seven entirely independent writers "attempt to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religion and moral truth from a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment." We are no enemies to "a free handling" of any subject which lies within the wide domain of Revealed Truth, for the more laborious and painstaking our investigations, the more valuable will be the results. We have nothing to fear from the most profound research. The facts in the book of God can never be at variance with the facts in the book of Nature. The discoveries of Science can never contradict the discoveries of Revelation. For every law in the moral world, there is a corresponding law in the physical world, and between these two there is a perfect harmony. The God of the Bible is not another and a different Being from the God of Nature. The same Infinite intelligence and perfection are present in both, and in both the proofs of the oneness of mind and operation are manifold and incontrovertible. If in any instance there be a discrepancy between the facts and the teachings of Nature and the facts and the teachings of Revelation, we may take for granted that we have failed either to see the link of connection, or to lay hold of the true principles of interpretation. And so we may say of the discoveries of science. Let the progress of science be what it may, it can never but be in harmony with the Book of God. We may have to wait for additional facts, or for some better interpretation of the facts, but of the ultimate reconciliation of Nature and Revelation, we have not even the shadow of a shade of doubt. And for such an issue we can afford to wait. The Bible has already been subjected to no common test. Into the crucible it will yet be put; and if the flame should be raised even to a white heat, all the more satisfactory will be the result.

In the Essay entitled "The Education of the World," whose object is to prove that in the history of man each successive age incorporates into itself the substance of the preceding, we are told—

"We may then rightly speak of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world. The men of the earliest ages were in many respects still children as compared with ourselves, with all the

* "Essays and Reviews." London: Parker & Son, West Strand.

blessings, and with all the disadvantages that belong to childhood. We reap the fruits of their toil, and bear in our characters the impress of their cultivation. Our characters have grown out of their history, as the character of the man grows out of the history of the child. There are matters in which the simplicity of childhood is wiser than the maturity of manhood, and in these they were wiser than we. There are matters in which this childhood is nothing, and the man everything, and in these we are the gainers; and the process by which we have either lost or gained, corresponds stage by stage with the process by which the infant is trained for youth, and the youth for manhood. This training has three stages. In childhood we are subject to positive rules which we cannot understand, but are bound implicitly to obey. In youth we are subject to the influence of example, and soon break loose from all rules, unless illustrated and enforced by the higher teaching which example imparts. In manhood we are comparatively free from external restraints, and if we are to learn, must be our own instructors. First come Rules, then Examples, then Principles. First comes the Law, then the Son of Man, then the Gift of the Spirit. The world was once a child under tutors and governors until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season had arrived, the Example to which all ages should turn, was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was left to itself to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within."

Surely it did not need the Head-Master of Rugby, and the successor of Dr. Arnold, to tell us that the Present is indebted to the Past, and that the Past is embodied and expressed in the Present. But what does he mean when he speaks of the world being at one time "subject to positive rules," and then at another period "breaking loose from all rules," and becoming "subject to the influence of examples?" Are not men as much under law now as at any former time in the world's history? Does not example itself become potential and influential, because it is the embodiment and expression of law? Did not "the example to which all ages should turn," come to be the world's Teacher and the world's Ruler? While He took up and embodied in himself all the past, and stood out as the Pattern not only of his own age, but of every age, did He not come to flood the mind of man with the light of higher truth? Did He come only full of grace, and not also full of truth? Was He not THE TRUTH as well as THE WAY? And as the Truth, was He not the light of the world? Did He not in himself perfect the Revelation of God to man? Nothing more was needed; and nothing more could have been desired. In His teaching were supplied the elements for the world's education, till time shall be no more. And what was his Example but only the practical exemplification of his

own doctrine? He was a living Teacher, because He was a living Exemplar; and yet the model which He presented depended on the Truth which He taught. If his life embodied the truth, then take away the truth and you lose the life. Nay, more:—the world's Exemplar and Teacher came to be the world's Redeemer. The value even of His life depended on the efficacy of His death; and this again on the fact, that his death was nothing less than a propitiation for sin. He had to die and make expiation for man's guilt, as well as reveal to him the will of God. It is to get free of this grand vital truth—a truth to which man's deepest consciousness is ever bearing testimony—that such a forced and unnatural stress is now being laid on the life and the example of the Great Incarnate. Then what is meant by “the human race being left to itself to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within?” Does the Spirit here point to the Holy Ghost whom the Saviour promised to his disciples to lead them into all the truth which He himself for three long years had been presenting in its most living and life-giving forms? Or does it include nothing more than the man's own riper experience? We are told that “from the storehouse of his youthful experience the man begins to draw the principles of his life;” that the education by no means ceases when the spirit thus begins to lead the soul, since “the office of the spirit is in fact to guide us into truth, not to give truth.” Then comes the question—How does this spirit “guide us into truth?”—to which we have the answer, that the man first “learns unconsciously by the result of his inner powers, and the secret but speedy accumulation of experience;” then he “learns by reflection;” next “by mistakes, both by his own and by those of others;” and finally, “much by contradiction.” This, it appears, does not exempt the full-grown man from the authority of rule or law. But what is this law? Let us hear these Oxford teachers:—

“The law may be an external law, a voice which speaks within the conscience, and carries the understanding along with it; a law which treats us not as slaves but as friends, allowing us to know what our Lord doeth; a law which bids us yield not to blind fear or awe, but to the majesty of truth and justice; a law which is not imposed upon us by another power, but by our own will.” This is “the law which governs and educates the man; and he only who can control all appetites and passions in obedience to it can reap the full harvest of the last and highest education.”

And this is the Spirit guiding us into truth! Marvellous discovery in the height of the world's enlightenment, and in the nineteenth century of Christian development! But who does not

perceive that the drift of the Writer is, to set aside an outward and objective Revelation, except as a mere record of the past life of the world, and thus dispense with the presence and the grace of that promised Spirit, who acts upon the conscience and the heart through the instrumentality of such truth, and to throw the man back on his own mental efforts and experience for his final education? If the world is to be so educated, the history of Egypt, of Greece, and of other civilized nations will tell us, with no common emphasis, that it is a hopeless task. An education for the world, from which the Book and the Spirit of God are both excluded, will leave the world just where it is. The world by wisdom has never known God; and as for a man, so for a nation to be ignorant of God, as He has been pleased to reveal himself, is a state for which nothing can compensate.

The Second Essay is a critique on Bunsen's "Biblical Researches," the writer of which confesses that he has not traversed the same vast field, nor sounded the same depth as the illustrious author, but who says, "where we have been best able to follow him, we have generally found most reason to agree with him;" and who holds him up as "a man who, in our darkest perplexity, has reared again the banner of truth, and uttered thoughts which give courage to the weak, and sight to the blind;" and to whom, "if Protestant Europe is to escape those shadows of the twelfth century which, with ominous recurrence, are closing around us, will belong a foremost place among the champions of light and right," and whose "enduring glory is neither to have paltered with his conscience nor shrunk from the difficulties of the problem, but to have brought a vast erudition, in the light of a Christian conscience, to unravel entangled records, tracing frankly the Spirit of God elsewhere, but honouring chiefly the traditions of His Hebrew Sanctuary." No testimony could be more laudatory to the distinguished Baron; but whether it is wholly just is another matter, and will fully appear ere we have closed our present remarks.

Bunsen conceives that our present chronology is far too narrow in its limits; and for the six thousand years of the Bible, he asks for twenty thousand, so as satisfactorily to account for the development of commerce and government, but still more of languages and the physical features of race. It appears that ten thousand years are required to constitute "the historical area of nations and languages;" and that ten thousand more are needed to allow "the possibilities" arising out of the development of nations and languages "to take body and form." But how does this affect our Bible? No one professes to believe that the six thousand years of Archbishop Usher's Chronology, or of any other chronology,

is a part of Revelation; and therefore the Chevalier may take twenty thousand, or any other number of years for his theory of development; but then comes the question—Is not his period just as arbitrary and as wholly without support as that of the primate?

But to let this pass. In the high hand with which Jehovah led forth His people, in the spoiling of the Egyptians, and in their lingering in the Peninsula, Bunsen sees "the signs of a struggle conducted by human means;" and "as the pestilence of the Book of Kings becomes in Chronicles the more visible angel, so the avenger who slew the first-born may have been the Bedouin host, akin nearly to Jethro, and more remotely to Israel;" the description of the passage through the Red Sea is to be interpreted with the latitude of poetry; the Pentateuch is not, perhaps, the production of one age and one hand; the subsequent books may have been contemporary with the events, or the whole literature may have grown like a tree rooted in the varying thoughts of successive generations; the spiritual element in the Mosaic economy generated the ritual, and was finally overlaid by it; the Hebrew Legislator "would gladly have founded a free religious society, in which the primitive tables written by the Divine finger in man's heart should have been law, but the rudeness or the hardness of his people's hearts compelled him to a sacerdotal system and formal tablets of stone;" the strong position "that there was a Bible before our Bible," is made to rest on the wondrous discovery that several of the sacred books were expanded from simpler and pre-existing elements; the three opening verses of Genesis are nothing more than side-clauses, and the first direct utterance of the Bible is:—God said, "Let there be light;" the Psalms of imprecation are not inspired; the prophecies are not to be looked upon in the light of miraculous fore-knowledge, but only of moral lessons having their force and meaning in contemporaneous history; the fact that "in Germany there has been a pathway streaming with light, from Eichhorn to Ewald, aided by the practical penetration of Herder, and the philological discoveries of Gesenius, throughout which the value of the moral element in prophecy has been progressively raised, and that of the directly predictive—whether Secular or Messianic—has been lowered," is hailed as indicative of mighty progress in the department of human inquiry; the child born (Isaiah ix. 6—8) is a birth which took place in the reign of Ahaz, as a sign against the two kings Pekah and Rezin; and "the Mighty God" means only some strong and mighty one, the Father of an age; the period indicated by Daniel's "seventy weeks" ended in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, and those portions of his book, which are supposed to be specially predictive,

are a history of past occurrences up to that reign ; the prophecies, as prophecies, are all melting, "if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry !"

All this is bold enough and daring enough, but even this does not form the limit of the Baron's destructive effort. He repudiates and denies the Christian interpretation of the fifty-second and the fifty-third chapters of Isaiah, and instead of applying their inimitable language to the Suffering Redeemer of man, he refers it to the prophet Jeremiah. But Jeremiah entered upon his prophetic office some seventy years after the death of Isaiah, and, therefore, to get over this difficulty, he divides the Book of Isaiah into two parts, and assigns to each part a different author. Up to the fortieth chapter, is perhaps to be ascribed to our prophet, whom he designates the elder Isaiah, while the later portions of the work are ascribed to BARUCH, the disciple, scribe, and biographer or editor of Jeremiah. These two chapters, which we in our ignorance, but in common with the whole Catholic Church, have regarded in the light of pure prophecy, and have applied to the Incarnate Son of God in His humiliation and His death, are nothing more than a history, the record of a fact, and the fact—so we are told—is, that Jeremiah so suffered in connection with Israel, and for their sakes, as to entitle him to be looked upon as the man of sorrows and the acquainted with grief!

With such facts and evidence before us, we can scarcely be startled by any statement put forth by the learned foreigner. According to Chevalier Bunsen, if the Spirit, whose abiding influence underlies all others, "does not dwell in the Church, the Bible would not be inspired ; for the Bible is, before all things, the written voice of the congregation." That is, to put it in the form of a syllogism, the Church is an inspired body, the written voice of the Church is the Bible, therefore the Bible is inspired ! Logic this worthy of the disciples of Aristotle. But bold as such a theory of inspiration may sound, it was, we are told, "the earliest creed of the Church ; and it is the only one to which the facts of Scripture answer ;" so that, "instead of objecting that everyone of us is fallible, we should define inspiration consistently with the facts of Scripture and human nature." This we promise to do as soon as Bunsen, or any other man, will give us a definition in harmony with these facts ; but sooner than this it is not to be looked for.

Then, what is to be said of his flippant treatment of Luther's grand article of a standing or a falling church ? He asks—"Why may not justification by faith have meant the peace of mind, or sense of Divine approval, which comes of trust in a righteous God, rather than a fiction of merit by transfer ? St. Paul would then

be teaching moral responsibility, as opposed to sacerdotalism ; or, that to obey is better than sacrifice. Faith would be opposed, not to the good deeds which conscience requires, but to works of appeasement by ritual. Justification would be neither an arbitrary ground of confidence, nor a reward upon condition of our disclaiming merit, but rather a verdict of forgiveness upon our repentance, and of acceptance upon the offering of our hearts." What a confounding of things that differ is here ! Does the Chevalier need to be informed that repentance implies the fact and the consciousness of sin, that sin implies the existence and the action of law, that law is based on moral and immutable principles, and that forgiveness depends on these principles being maintained in all their sublime integrity ? To maintain these principles inviolate God had to provide, and on this provision rests the possibility of the sinner being pardoned and accepted. Justification is neither peace of mind nor a sense of Divine approval. These are the conscious effects of justification, but are never to be confounded with it. These are states of mind belonging to the man, whereas justification is an act on the part of God, as the Moral Rector of the universe.

With true consistency, the Baron exclaims—"How long shall we bear this fiction of an External Revelation ?" So long, we venture to think, as the relation exists between the mind and the things which are objective to it. Are not the philosopher and the man of science dependent on an external revelation ? Would the Chevalier himself ever have attained his present eminence if there had been nothing objective to himself ? Does he profess to be independent of every living contemporary, and of all the master-spirits who have gone before him ? Does he owe nothing to history, to existing monuments, to living agencies and influences ? Of course, all that he knows, or believes, has been evolved out of his own mind—is the fruit of his own independent intuition ! Neither the past nor the present, neither the living nor the dead, have done anything for him. The men who are everlastingly appealing to an external world, with its various and manifold provisions, would have us throw far away from our hand the Revelation which God has addressed in a written form to man. We need an external revelation on which to rest our philosophy and our science ; but any communication from God to man on what is of infinite moment to him, as a moral being, with an immortal destiny before him, is a mere fiction ! Nature may be relied upon, but the Bible may not ; we may believe in our own intuitions, but must have no faith in the Inspired Writers ; we may safely confide in our own experience, but may never depend on the testimony of others !

It will be observed, that up to this point we have made Baron Bunsen speak, rather than the Writer of the critique on his Researches ; but then the Professor of Hebrew in St. David's College, Lampeter, has affixed his imprimatur to the Baron's works ; and "where he has been best able to follow him, he has generally found most reason to agree with him." Such an agreement we have no doubt is very flattering to the pride of the Professor ; and in sympathy and fellowship with the Chevalier, he cannot but be conscious of a higher satisfaction. But he is the Vice-Principal and the Hebrew Professor of St. David's College ; and is this the teaching which the Church of England is prepared and willing to give her sons ? Are her fountains of learning to send forth such poisoned streams through the length and breadth of the land ? Are the rising clergy to form so many channels through whom these deadly waters are to be conveyed to the people ? Let but the pulpit of England ring out the sound that the Bible, as an External Revelation, is a mere fiction, and the day of England's decline, of her fall and her ruin, has already dawned. Her continued stability rests upon her divine Christianity.

The Evidences of this Christianity constitute the Third Article in this somewhat extraordinary volume. The subject is as important as it is extensive, and is one which has challenged the reach and the effort of the most colossal intellects, both in the present and in the past. If we once admit the existence of such a book as the Christian Testament, it follows that its record can be accredited or it can not ; and on this are dependent issues of infinite moment. We are told that, "unlike the essential doctrines of Christianity—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—these *external accessories* constitute a subject which of necessity is perpetually taking somewhat at least of a new form, with the successive phases of opinion and knowledge ; and thus it becomes not an unsatisfactory nor unimportant object, from time to time, to review the condition in which this discussion stands, and to comment on the peculiar features which at any particular epoch it most prominently presents, as indicative of strength or weakness—of the advance and security of the cause—if, in accordance with the real progress of enlightenment, its advocates have had the wisdom to rescind what better information showed defective, and to substitute views in accordance with higher knowledge ; or, on the other hand, inevitable symptoms of weakness and inefficiency, if such salutary cautions have been neglected." To such renewed and repeated examinations of the grounds of our Faith, or to the enlightened and discriminating inspection of the outworks by which that faith is defended, no one can object, provided always that we never yield the ground which we already

occupy, till that ground is no longer tenable. If it can be conclusively proved that what has been hitherto received as an evidence in favour of Christianity, is no evidence at all—if, on the contrary, it can be shown to militate against and overthrow the very cause we are seeking to defend, it would bespeak the very extreme of folly longer to adhere to it. But is it a thing impossible that the very proof which is adduced to disturb our repose in the credibility of the Christian Revelation, may be based on a false premiss? From what point does the argument set out which is to work such a revolution in our thoughts and belief? May not our opponent be himself in a false position? Is it inconceivable that he may have raised a ghost, and then is seriously amusing himself in the combat? According to the writer of this Third Essay, and he a Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, “it was long since perceived that the argument from *necessity* of miracles is at best a very hazardous one, since it implies the presumption of constituting ourselves judges of such necessity, and admits the fair objection—when were miracles more needed than at the present day, to indicate the truth amid manifold error, or to propagate the faith?” This may sound like an argument, but it has nothing of its strength. The Writer clearly does not understand the design or end of miracles. A miracle was never intended “to indicate the truth, or to propagate the faith.” Truth needs no attestation or confirmation. If it be truth, we can make it nothing less and nothing more—no—not by the addition of the most stupendous deeds of power and love. When our Lord and His Apostles appealed to miracles, it was simply as the proof or evidence of the Divinity of their mission—that they were sent of God. As those who were divinely commissioned, they had a message to deliver, and having established the divinity of their mission by the miracles which they performed, it was at the peril of their souls and their salvation that those to whom they spoke rejected their message. The only connection between the miracle and the message was the authenticating the claims and pretensions of the messenger. If any one were to appear in our day professing to be a God-sent man, bringing with him a message from the Throne of Light, the first thing we should do would be to ask for his credentials. If he established his claim to be Divinely sent, his message would still remain to be received on its own inherent merits. The mere fact of his having the power to work a miracle would never produce in us the moral conviction of the truth of his message. Miracles never did produce such a conviction; nor would they ever do it. Miracles have ceased, because the men have for ever passed away who had any supernatural communication to make known. The Incarnate One was in himself the fulness

and completion of all Revelation. His Apostles were only led into the truth which he taught them; and their Epistles are but the development of those living germs which he left with them. Up to this hour, we have had no advance upon the readings and the teachings of the Christian Testament; nor do we dream of any farther or fuller revelation. We may have a deeper insight into the Book of God—we may go on to discover, understand, and appreciate its deep and Divine themes, but our increased knowledge is not to be confounded with a new and supernatural communication hitherto unknown and unrevealed.

But let us listen to our Mathematical Professor. Speaking of the adaptation of miracles to the age of our Lord and His Apostles, he says, that "it is to the entire difference in the ideas, prepossessions, modes, and grounds of belief in these times that we trace the reason why miracles, which would be incredible *now*, were not so in the age and under the circumstances in which they are stated to have occurred;" "that most of the Christian miracles could only be evidential at *the time* they were wrought, and are not so at present;" that the appeal to miracles "as the sole or even the principal external attestations to the claims of a Divine Revelation, is a species of reasoning which appears to have lost ground even among the most earnest advocates of Christianity;" that "if miracles were in the estimation of a former age among the chief *supports* of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance;" that "the more knowledge advances, the more it has been and will be acknowledged that Christianity, as a real religion, must be viewed apart from physical things;" that this has been rendered necessary by astronomical and geological discoveries, and by the more recent development of species, and of spontaneous generation, and of creation being only another name for our ignorance of the mode of production; that "a Revelation is most credible when it appeals least to violations of natural causes;" that "an alledged miracle can be regarded only in one of two ways, either abstractedly as a physical event, and therefore to be investigated by reason and physical evidence, and referred to physical causes, possibly to *known* causes, but at all events to some higher cause or law, if at present unknown; it then ceases to be supernatural, yet still might be appealed to in support of religious truth, especially as referring to the state of knowledge and apprehensions of the parties addressed in past ages: or, as connected with religious doctrines, regarded in a sacred light, asserted on the authority of Inspiration."

These sentences prove that the Professor is just as ignorant of the nature of miracles as of their design or end. A miracle is not "a violation of natural causes," but is, according to his

own showing, the result of "some higher cause or law," of some "known causes," or, it may be, "at present unknown." It is enough for our purpose that he admits the presence of a higher law. Will he tell us whether the operation of law does not imply a personal agency? Can there be law without a giver of law? We resolve the miracles of the Bible into a Power equal to the effect; and, instead of seeing any violation of natural causes, we discover the introduction of a new cause which produces a new and corresponding effect where and when we did not expect it. A dead man is suddenly raised to life. In this instance the higher law of life controls and determines the law of death. As a general law, death reigns as before; its action is only arrested in this particular case by the introduction of another law, to which death is finally and for ever to yield. Though Mr. Baden Powell asserts, that "we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a Deity working miracles;" that for this "we must go out of nature and beyond reason," is it impossible to conceive of God in any circumstances producing a new and unexpected result by the introduction of some higher cause, which cause can be resolved into His own immediate and active power? And may not the fact of such a result having been produced and witnessed, rest on testimony, the disbelief of which would be more strange and unaccountable than the miracle itself? We believe in testimony, and therefore we believe in miracles. Nor was Paley so far wrong in his assertion, "that it is impossible to conceive a Revelation given except by means of miracles." The fact of a message being addressed from God to man, implies the existence of a messenger, and he must first establish the divinity of his mission by an appeal to miracles before he can demand the reception of his message, as a supernatural communication, on the part of those to whom it is addressed. But, whatever weight or value may be assigned to the External Evidences of Christianity, we are far from overlooking the inherent merits of the Truth Revealed, and of its perfect adaptation to the moral state and consciousness of man. Between the facts in our human consciousness and the disclosures of Revelation, there is the most perfect harmony, and this outweighs all external proof.

We have a few more words to say on these "Essays and Reviews," which we must reserve for our next Number.

II.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

A GRAND mystery hangs over this matchless composition. Its date, its author, and its history are among the things yet to be known. Is it a book of facts, or a book of fictions? Is it nothing more than a mystical allegory, or a beautiful parable? Or is it a life and a reality? Luther held it to be a genuine history; and, in more recent times, we are told that the most venerable traditions of Eastern nations respecting Job forbid and preclude the probability that the narrative is not founded on fact—that it would be as easy to convince an Arab that Abraham, Moses, and Solomon were not real characters, as that such a man as Job never existed:—more than this, that “the Holy Church throughout the world” doth acknowledge, with a few exceptions, that Job was an Arabian prince, an inspired prophet, and a blessed type of the Redeemer of the world. Be this as it may, the Book is admitted to be a genuine Hebrew original, which left the pen of the writer very much in the form in which it has come down to us. But who that writer was, is matter of conjecture. Luther believed that it was written in the time of Solomon; but Ewald confidently asserts that it belongs to the great prophetic era, and that the writer was a contemporary of Jeremiah. For this the proof is wanting; while the whole structure of the composition points to an earlier date. It is the most difficult of all the Hebrew compositions; its idioms and its allusions are anything but Jewish; it abounds with words and modes of expression not to be found in any other book of the Bible; its very style is unique; and its utterances seem to carry us back to the close of the patriarchal epoch. From the fact that there is no reference to Jewish traditions or revealed verities; to national priority and peculiar privilege; to the history of a peculiar people, and the events involved in that history; it has been inferred that the hero of the poem was a Gentile and not a Jew. But could such a person as Job have existed in the heathen world? Is the book a dramatic poem or a real history? Hengstenberg says:—“If we regard Job as an actual historical personage, we shift the boundary line separating the heathen world from the Church of God, and pronounce the redemptive means set up by God superfluous. For depth of religious knowledge, Job stands higher than Abraham. If heathendom could produce such characters—if it could penetrate so deeply into the wisdom of God, no other reve-

lation was needed. We have no right to appeal here to the example of Melchizedek; for, apart from the fact that he has justly been described as the setting sun of the primeval revelation, there is in Job more than the pure monotheism of Melchizedek; there is a fulness and depth of divine knowledge such as is never found except in the sphere of Revelation, such as flows forth alone from the sanctuary of the Lord. But there is no difficulty in discerning the reason why the author should lay the scene of his work in a foreign country, if we regard it as free and practical. It is the same reason as that which induced him to go back beyond Moses into the patriarchal ages, and to avoid the names of Jehovah, which were peculiarly dear to Israel. He does not wish the matter [the points in question] to be decided from the law of God. He sets aside for the moment 'what is written.' He leaves the region which is ruled by the law, because it is his vocation, independently and by direct revelation, to furnish a solution of the problem which shall accord with the hints already given in the law. The historical truth of the Book lies in an utterly different region from that in which it is usually sought. The author must himself have been a Job, a cross-bearer; he must himself have wrestled with despair; he must himself have been comforted with the comfort which he gives to others; he must himself have repented in sackcloth and ashes: for only through his own personal experience could a man write concerning a mystery of God as the author of the Book of Job writes." Granted. But why should not Job be still a real and historical personage? Is it a thing incredible that God should reveal himself immediately to the mind of a Gentile? Is it not possible that there was a type of virtue in the Gentile world, as there was a type of faith in the Jewish world? Was there anything antecedently improbable that Job should become as enlightened as Abraham, or even surpass him in religious knowledge; and that the virtue of the one should be put to as severe a test as the faith of the other? We can conceive of no necessity arising out of the nature or the purpose of God, which should lead Him to confine the light of life to one single individual. Abraham himself was a Gentile, and brought up in the midst of idolatry. It was while a heathen and an idolater that God revealed to him the truth, and through that truth effected his separation from the whole Gentile world. So it was, we think, with this Arabian prince. With a mind in pursuit of truth, he was led into the way of truth; reached the highest conclusions regarding the character and government of God; broke loose from the popular beliefs of his time; grew up strong in the righteousness of moral character; was not so separated from sin as to be exempt from suf-

fering ; had his deeper temptations, trials, and conflicts ; wrestled and agonised for life in God ; and left the record of his mysterious history to instruct the ages and the generations to come.

This record, at a later date, came into the hands of one who could fully sympathise with the sufferer ; and, finding in the record sufficient materials for a dramatic poem, such a poem he constructed, and hence the sublime unity which pervades the Book. It has its central truth, and until we come to discover this, and make this our point of view, we shall find neither harmony nor consistency in the composition.

It is without controversy that sin and suffering are inseparable ; but it is equally undeniable that suffering is no proof of Divine abandonment. Suffering is an effect, corresponding more or less with its causes ; but by no means indicating the utter distance of the creature from his Creator, nor the utter aversion and opposition of the Creator to his creature. It was one of the world's earliest beliefs that greatness and goodness, virtue and happiness, went always together ; that good and base men were, as such, rewarded or punished even in this world ; that outward prosperity was an index to inward rectitude, while adversity, whatever its type or duration, was the expression of an infinite anger—the minister of God's justice to inflict some deserved punishment. On this hypothesis it was impossible to understand or to solve the problem of human life. Yet it was the popular belief. It entered into the creed of both Jew and Gentile. In the belief of this, Job himself had been educated. So had his three friends. But while his deeper convictions forced him away from this untenable ground, these friends still continued to occupy it ; and it is from this point they look upon the suffering prince, and speak to him in words of maddening irritation.

This is the key to the whole Book. Job is a sufferer ; but he is conscious of his uprightness. His friends see him in his sufferings, and they conclude that he is emphatically and pre-eminently an object of Divine displeasure. Having no idea of the true cause of these sufferings, they interpreted them as so many judicial inflictions—the merited visitations of an outraged and awakened justice ; and hence their addresses were at perfect variance with the facts of the case. His consciousness contradicted their utterances ; while their utterances gave a still keener edge to his grief. We may go farther, and say, that his consciousness gave the lie to his own creed ; and thus his faith was shaken from its very foundation. He had been taught to believe in the outward dispensation as expressive of the Divine favour or displeasure, and yet he had the testimony of his own conscience, "that he feared God, and eschewed evil." In his character were united every

moral excellence. There was "none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man;"—one who had "kept the way of God, and not declined;" who had not "gone back from the commandment of his lips, but who had esteemed the words of his mouth more than his necessary food;" who "delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him;" who enjoyed "the blessing of him that was ready to perish, and who caused the widow's heart to sing for joy;" who "put on righteousness, and it clothed him, and whose judgment was as a robe and a diadem;" who "was eyes to the blind, and feet unto the lame;" who "was a father to the poor, and who searched out the cause that he knew not;" who "brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth;" who "never despised the cause of his man-servant, or of his maid-servant, when they contended with him;" who "never withheld the poor from their desire, nor caused the eyes of the widow to fail;" who "never did eat his morsel alone, and never saw any famish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering;" who never made gold his hope, or the fine gold his confidence; who never rejoiced because his wealth was great, or because his hand had gotten much; whose heart had never been secretly enticed; whose mouth had never kissed his hand; nor had suffered his mouth to sin by wishing a curse to his soul. Rare combinations these!—characteristics all which bespeak true goodness; and when viewed in connection with his simple, unaffected piety, place him far above the level of our common humanity.

His piety and his prosperity are both asserted in the opening verses of the Book. Job was no ascetic, living in separation and isolation from all around him; but a man of living sympathies and generous affections. His religion was not a system of unyielding severities; and yet it was far removed from the latitudinarian indifference which would confound or even annihilate all moral distinctions. He had a character to maintain in his family and in the world; and, therefore, while his children are in danger of losing sight of the higher relations of life amid their festivities and their sensuous indulgences, he keeps himself in sacred quiet and priestly retirement. His heart being right with God, he eschewed all evil. His piety was a life—the embodiment of all that is true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. Herein lay the force and the influence of his character.

How, then, did it happen that this best of men became the subject of such deep and crushing suffering? That his sufferings had a cause, no one may dispute. They were the sufferings of a righteous man, and yet are consistent with the righteousness of

God. How can this be reconciled? How is it possible? It is not enough to be told that suffering is the common lot of man, and that every man must lay his account with sharing the ills to which flesh is heir. We must go deeper far, and seek the solution of the problem in something better than in this commonplace every-day aphorism. The history of all nations attests the fact, that "the causes which increase or diminish suffering, the end for which it is permitted, and the lessons to be derived from it—these are not universally known; nor can they be discovered merely by the light of nature." Depending on their own unaided reason, men have ever faltered and failed in their interpretation of the ways of God to man. The grounds of this procedure are among the deep things of God, which he has revealed to us by his Spirit, and it is only as we turn to the clearer readings of the Inspired Volume that we can reach a conclusion in which the soul will calmly and confidently repose.

With the doctrine of the Stoics, that suffering is only such in appearance, we do not now stay to grapple; nor is it worth the ink to take up the atheistic notion, that it is irrational to be unwilling to submit to circumstances which are inseparable from the conditions and the limitations of finite existence. Shall we, then, take refuge in the compensations of the future world? It is true that Scripture reveals to us, as a source of comfort, that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, and that our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen;" but this in no wise interferes with the fact, that the present life has its history and its meaning—that the future is but the completion and the consummation of the present, and that, just so far as we live in the present, can we rise and be blessed in the future. Unless we can see the love and the righteousness of God in all that befalls us here, no prospect which can open before us in the great hereafter will ever reconcile us to suffering. If heaven is only to make amends for earth, and the discipline of earth is not a maturing of the man for heaven, then the realms of bliss are closed against us. If God has there to make up for his conduct here, He can never ensure our love. If affliction is not in perfect harmony with His fatherly love, then eternity itself cannot alter the fact, and the fact would estrange our hearts from heaven for ever. Nor are we called to resign our will to His, as if in total or even partial ignorance of His righteousness in all His procedure. Faith is opposed to sight; but it is not therefore blind. It is in every instance a conviction; and just because it can enter a higher sphere than

that of sense, and can apprehend that which baffles reason, hence it is that the soul is brought into a state of holy acquiescence. We believe in God, and we believe in the righteousness of all His conduct, and this it is which fills the mind with a peace which deepens into perfect resignation.

To this perfect resignation Job had come, when in the beginning of the book he calmly acquiesces in the loss of every earthly good. In the removal of his children, and in the destruction of all his property, he recognised the hand of God as the Sovereign Proprietor of all which he possessed. The great truth was present to his mind, that whatever God had given, he had a right to recal in any way, and at any moment. Hence the clear ring in these his words—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." How, then, are we to explain the sudden change which came over this child of meek submission? Though he had lost first his property, and then his children, he still retained his integrity—firm and immovable he stood. When he was struck down with disease, and his own wife counselled him to withdraw his dependence on God, and seek death rather than life, his reply was but the echo of his faith—"Shall we receive good from the hand of God, and shall we not accept the evil?" In this state of child-like trust, not a word escaped his lips inconsistent with his professed faith and avowed integrity. Up to this point he had proved himself a man of rock. But, unexpectedly, and in a moment, he falls from this higher ground into the very depth of despondency and despair. When, without any apparent change in his conduct and disposition, he was subjected to the very extreme of persecution and suffering, he bore it with a fortitude more than human; but now he curses the day of his birth; calls in question the rectitude of the Divine conduct; forgets all the blessings of the past in the endurances of the present; becomes disgusted with life, and longs for the grave; turns away from man and from God, and gives himself up to a proud despair, if not to a prouder indifference. Strange enigma this—one of the mysterious problems of human life! It is when the crucible with its precious ore is subjected to the flame, that the dross rises to the surface by the very process and law of separation which is refining the silver.

Still we are far from granting that there is no solution of this difficulty. Satan, the great accusing spirit, had preferred against the patriarch this charge, that his was an interested love, that selfishness and pride lay at the root of his professed piety, and that, if he were reduced to other circumstances, his real principles and character would soon be developed. Hence the mastery which was given to him for a time over the person and the property of Job; but Job, strong in his faith, was more than equal to his adversary.

He loses his property, his children, and his health ; but the integrity of his character remains. Why, then, his subsequent unbelief and rebellion ? Satan had a correct knowledge of the man's heart, but was ignorant of the means to be employed for the correction and the overcoming of its evil tendencies. In his line of conduct, he merely touched the outer elements of the patriarch's nature. Temporal losses and bodily disease were not likely to overcome the pride of his heart. In these he had no absolute property ; and it was in perfect harmony with his creed, that the God who had bestowed those blessings had a right to recal them. Such a total and precipitate fall and ruin in a man of Job's fortune and character, at the same time bereaved of his children, and the subject of loathsome disease, could not fail to be reported far and wide by those wandering tribes among whom he dwelt. Hence, we are told, that three of his former acquaintances and intimate friends—men of position and wisdom—no sooner heard of his accumulated losses and sufferings, than they agreed to visit the patriarch, and offer him their sympathy and condolence. They are thus introduced :—

“ Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place, Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite ; for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him, and to comfort him ; and when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice and wept ; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven ; so they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him ; for they saw that his grief was very great.”

It may be quite true that these men were animated only by the best and the kindest feelings ; that their endeavour to ascertain and then remove the causes of the patriarch's calamity may have been most rational and well-timed ; that, however they erred in word or in deed, their intentions were just and sincere. Still it is difficult to conceive how these professed friends, who undertook a journey to the scene of sorrow, and came for the express purpose of administering consolation to this child of sorrow, should have sat seven whole days without ever opening their lips to him. Their silence is not to be ascribed to the depth of their sympathy. They perceived that his grief was very great, and, connecting his suffering with some great sin, they withheld their comfort till they had produced in him the consciousness of his guilt. Their looks and their manner spoke more than any words ; and in their countenances the patriarch discovered the deeper workings of their heart. Their thoughts were busy with his professed principles and

character, and they only waited for some word or act on the part of Job, which would reveal the secret, and then would be the moment for them to vindicate the ways of God. It never entered their minds that there was a falsehood in their own creed; they only cared to detect in Job the enormous evil which had brought such an amount of suffering and sorrow in its train. Job perceived all this; and, irritated to the very uttermost, he gives vent to his indignation in language the most vehement, desperate, and reckless. To all other modes of suffering he had been equal, but that this should be adduced in proof of his guilt—that he should be robbed of his righteousness, that last possession to which he had so convulsively clung, and concerning which he thus exclaims, “my righteousness do I hold fast, and will not let it go”—was too much for him. They may have been true-hearted men, filled with the generous impulses of brotherly kindness—even religious and devout; but they had wholly mistaken his character, and now looked upon him as the victim of a righteous retribution. This exasperated him yet more; and, regarding them as the expositors of the Divine procedure, he straightway vents his indignation against God, and upbraids the Power which before had inspired his love:—“Thou inquirest after my iniquity, thou searchest after my sin, yet thou knowest that I am not wicked. Why didst thou bring me forth out of the womb? Oh! that I had given up the ghost, and that no eye had seen me! Cease, let me alone; it is but a little while that I have to live; let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return—to the land of darkness and the shadow of death.” What pathos is here; and, withal, what vehemence! It is the cry of a heart in agony, and even breaking with mortified pride.

This pride, which plumed itself with the integrity of his character, was the evil within which had to be subdued and overcome. This was not to be done by forcing upon his belief that a man’s external condition is the standard by which to judge of a man’s internal state—that misery implies the presence of vice, or that virtue can never be found but in company with happiness. The history of humanity contradicts any such belief. Virtue is often depressed, and vice exalted. A bad man may be surrounded by all the elements of an outward prosperity, and a good man may find himself stripped of all, and left as naked as the tree of the winter’s forest. Job’s friends believed that he was the subject of a deeper turpitude, because the child of many sorrows. On the contrary, he asserted his own integrity. But he was ignorant of his heart; and it was only as God began to reveal more of himself to him, that he had a deeper insight into his own inner being. With the revelation of the Infinite Holiness came the revelation

of his own heart. With this growing knowledge of himself, he ceased to answer his friends. Instead of any farther effort to vindicate his character, he becomes the subject of contrition and repentance. Humility takes the place of pride; the tumult of his soul subsides; the storm within is hushed; his faith rises into the unseen, and reposes in the love of the Righteous One; God appears on his behalf, vindicates his character, and affixes His seal to the sayings of Job as true. It was a painful lesson which the patriarch had to be taught, and he was slow to learn it. His sufferings did not subdue him, and all that his friends could say proved ineffectual. The lightning may scathe, and scorch, and destroy; but for life and perfection, we need the genial influence of the sun. Job having silenced his three friends, Elihu comes in as a mediating angel between the Holy One and his suffering servant, turns the thoughts of the patriarch into a new channel; shows him that in the family of God correction is quite as needful as instruction, that the Father of spirits afflicts us not for His own pleasure, but for our profit, and that the divinely proposed end of all affliction is the perfection of moral character. New light breaks in upon his mind. In the Righteous One, he recognizes a Being of infinite benignity and love, all whose administration is conducted on fixed and immutable principles; and the conviction flashes upon him, that His procedure must correspond with his character. Instead of arraigning His unerring wisdom, and seeking the cause of his suffering in God—in the fact of His mere sovereignty, or in His arbitrary arrangements—he turns his eye in upon himself, and finds in the depth of his own heart that pride and self-dependence which are alien from the kingdom of life, and which can have no existence there. Had his heart been as free from pride and self-confidence as his outward life had been without blemish, it would be impossible, on any principle of justice, to account for his sufferings. Conscious of his integrity, he could not, even when urged and urged again by his three friends, have confessed to any mere human transgressions without belying his deepest and truest convictions. But now that he is made acquainted with the workings of his heart, he sees enough there to lay him in the dust of humiliation, to produce godly sorrow, to prove his need of correction, to convince him of his dependence on Divine mercy, and to inspire him with confidence in the character and government of God. Now he rises to the highest ground. God asserts his integrity, justifies the position which he took, vindicates his conduct, pronounces him to have been in the right, while his three friends were in the wrong, restores him to former prosperity, lifts upon him the light of His countenance, and assures him of endless life and happiness.

With these facts before us, we cease to wonder that, standing as he did in the erectness of conscious uprightness, with death staring him in the face, charged with hypocrisy and sin, and with no living man near him to avenge his wrong or to vindicate his character, he should have shrunk from the prospect of going down to the grave under so heavy an accusation, and have therefore referred his case to another Tribunal and to a Perfect Judgment. Even on earth God might appear for him ; but if not, if the grave should close upon him, he looked joyfully forward to the day of a final and full justification :—" Oh, that my words were written ! Oh, that they were printed in a book ! that they were engraven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever ! for I know that my Vindicator liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and after disease has cut down my skin, God in my nature shall I see, whom I shall see on my behalf, and mine eyes shall behold Him and not another. The thoughts of my heart are consummated ! "

III.

ZINZENDORF:—CHAPTER I.

A BRIEF SKETCH FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MORAVIANS.

" EVERY man sees the world through his own window." This German proverb tells us that human life is differently mirrored in the soul of every individual ; and that each one, in portraying nature or history, paints but the reflection of his own mind.

In this story, a beautiful era opens before us in the history of God's kingdom—the foundation or renewed institution of the Moravian brotherhood by Count Zinzendorf. The Count and his work were understood by few, even in his own times ; and still less by many in our own day. Those who know the brotherhood merely by its external forms, believe them to be nothing better than a set of devotees or enthusiasts ; and their leader a crazy fanatic. They cannot understand how a man of Zinzendorf's intellect and position could choose so humble a vocation. A Count, yet a preacher of the Gospel ; a rich man, yet the servant of the poorest ; high in worldly station, and yet, for his faith's sake, despised, persecuted, and banished ! No :—an unbelieving age cannot comprehend this !

And yet the history of this brotherhood deserves to be studied, that we may enter into the life of this good man and the times in

which he acted; and this, according to the proverb, "through our own window." Close to my little village rises a sunny hill, clothed from its base to its summit with corn-fields and cherry-trees, and crowned with a beech-wood. On the skirts of the wood stands a modest dwelling, shaded by trees, erected for the comfort and repose of the wanderer. The noisy sounds of busy life do not reach that height; you hear nothing but the joyous carol of the lark and the softer murmur of the breeze, laden with the scent of blossoms in the valley below.

The eye of a stranger would probably be less attracted by the immediate vicinity of the spot than by an edifice descried amid the wood. Ronneburg Castle rises to the south-east, on a precipitous hill, and commands a charming view of the towns of Hanau, Gelnhausen, and innumerable villages, as well as of the road by which Napoleon retreated after the battle of Leipzig. The battle of Hanau must have been an imposing spectacle from this point. The ancient castle has seen many changes, and has owned many masters. About the year 1260, it was even destroyed; but was rebuilt soon afterwards in its present form, and it now stands as it stood hundreds of years ago, when Diether, Archbishop of Mayence, left it to his family, in whose possession it still remains. We gaze with wonder at the old walls, with their towers and turrets; we look with trembling into the deep well and the dreadful vaults; nor can we enter without secret awe the arched gateway leading to the castle courtyard. The sun must be high in the heavens when it illumines this damp and narrow space. But the saddest aspect of the whole is to be found between the outer walls and the castle itself. Here, from the remains of the outworks, are built up a number of miserable huts, so squalid and disgusting that they remind you of a gipsy encampment. They are the dwellings of poor Jews, who formerly found their way there—no one knows how—and whose descendants still live in them. Near them, in the porter's lodge, and in the lower rooms of the castle itself, an extraordinary rabble have found shelter, time out of mind, from different dominions, and of every variety of religious denomination, over whom, as the lord of the domain was far away, and the civil authorities farther still, a judge and ruler, chosen from among themselves, was placed to preserve peace and order as best he could. These Jews went to and fro as their various trades and occupations required; and the Christians, too, pursued their several handicrafts. On Saturday nights, and sometimes on other evenings, the singing of the Jews, who had chosen a neighbouring building for their place of worship, would echo with singularly inharmonious sounds from within the walls, penetrating the cells of the few who had assembled in twos or threes for prayer, while the separatists (self-called "The Inspired Ones") sitting in unbroken silence, waited till the Spirit should give one or other of them utterance.

Such was the Ronneburg a century ago, and such, with very little difference, it remains to this day. In 1736, Count Zinzendorf, who had been banished from Hernhutt, sent out a member of his com-

munity to seek a place where he might labour in his Saviour's service. The envoy, on his return, described the loneliness of the Ronneburg, and the singular and disorderly lives of its inhabitants. Zinzendorf decided that that was the spot he was in quest of—a place for work, with hearts to whom he could carry the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, and which this noble spirit consecrated by his labours and by his prayers.

A little to the south of the Ronneburg, where is a narrow valley, thickly wooded on all sides but one, and which has been opened up by culture, you obtain a lovely view of Marienborn. In the middle ages, when warlike knights dwelt in the Ronneburg, Marienborn was the retreat of a community of peaceful nuns, who, driven from their former convent by its dearth of water, emigrated to what was then called Niederhausen, but was soon better known as Marienborn, or Mary's Well, from their church and convent being dedicated to the Virgin. Till within these few years a tombstone was to be seen, built into the wall of the church, bearing the effigies of a monk and a nun; the former holding a flask, the latter a loaf of bread. Tradition told of their having been walled up as the penalty of having broken their vows; and horror at their frightful doom fostered the belief that their unquiet spirits continued to haunt the scene of their guilt. In 1553, the convent was abolished, and a magnificent castle rose on the spot, surrounded by gardens and vineyards, the noble owners of which visited it occasionally, while at other times its spacious apartments were used as store-rooms and granaries.

Hither repaired Zinzendorf, when banished from Hernhutt. Being pleased with the spot, he took a long lease of the estate, and established a community of brethren in the castle. His duties frequently summoned him thence; more than once to America, to preach the Gospel to the Red Indians; and then he returned to strengthen himself for holier, harder work. Here, bishops were ordained, preachers were chosen, and youths who, from all parts of the world, were confided to the Brethren, were carefully educated. From hence were missionaries sent forth to St. Thomas, to Greenland in the icy north, to the Copts in Egypt, to the Caffres and Hottentots in Africa, and even to the Persian guebres and the Chinese. And when they were weary or sick, they were summoned to recruit themselves in this peaceful valley, where their narratives of God's mighty dealings among the heathen kindled in many youthful hearts a zeal as fervent as their own.

Pious matrons and young maidens, unfettered by domestic ties, pressed eagerly into the service, anxious to prove themselves true servants of their crucified Master among the heathen. Most of these converts, whether male or female, were of the artisan class, who, having been faithful in a few things, were honoured to do their Lord service in many things.

Had they but remained in this valley of Marienborn, where their labours were so richly blessed, they would now have been the salt of the whole district. But the space was narrow, and the castle was

overcrowded to the very roof. Members of every denomination, industrious tradespeople, studious professors, needy people who yet were rich in grace, rich merchants who placed large sums of money at the community's disposal, and begged for a resting-place there, contemplative philosophers, worn-out statesmen, noble maidens, all wished to share the privilege of belonging to the community of Marienborn.

For these reasons they gladly accepted the offer of Count Budingén to make over to them by sale an estate about two miles from Budingén. It was partly cultivated, and not far from Haag, with its church pointing to the heavens, and its high grounds to the east towering above the woods, though the Brethren's settlement lay in the plain.

Zinzendorf did not entirely approve of the spot. He foresaw the evils which would ultimately result to the congregation from their settlement there. In 1737, however, Bishop David Nitschmann and Dr. Priegelstein signed a contract with the territorial lords of Budingén, in which the latter agreed, for a certain sum paid down and a yearly tax on the land, to make over the estate of Haag to the Brethren—to be by them cultivated as they might determine. They were also to be allowed the free exercise of their religion in so far as it conformed to the Augsburg confession, and their own church discipline was guaranteed to them, including not only the appointment of their pastors, but of their police-officers, and magistrates of their own community. As the vassals or subjects of Budingén considered themselves in some degree aggrieved by this contract, it underwent some slight alterations in 1743, during the Count's absence in America.

Meantime, the barren wild became a blooming paradise; house after house sprang up, and, among others, a very beautiful one for the Count, which was also intended for congregational purposes. In a little time the population amounted to a thousand, who were drawn together solely by the desire to serve the Lord in the communion of the Brethren. They worked with their hands for their daily bread, and wrote and laboured for the benefit of the community; carrying the message of the Saviour's love to all, far and near. Brethren from Moravia and Bohemia were originally designed to be the sole settlers; but who could hinder Lutherans and Separatists from joining the congregation into which they were so eager to be received? It could be no outward advantage that drew them to the Brethren—it could only be that love to the Saviour which, at that time, pervaded the whole country like a breath of Pentecost. But the congregation received no member without strict inquiry, and many were admonished rather to remain and let their light shine in their own circle.

The fact of their receiving members, as their enemies declared, from all sects, created much prejudice against them. The independent comings and goings of their various servants and ministers, the truly fraternal union among themselves, and the settling their differences without help or counsel from without, all conspired so to

increase this misunderstanding and ill-will, that in 1750, the Brethren received orders to disperse, and Haag became once more a desolate place.

Wherever mammon has been the original bond of union, whether in friendship, in marriages, or in communities, it generally helps also to dissolve it. So it was in this instance.

But there was another cause which helped to destroy Herrnhag, and which, to this day, occasions distrust and dislike of the Moravian Brethren. A whole community possessed of one general idea, viz. that of living to and for the Saviour, of devoting and sacrificing everything to His service, naturally fell by degrees into peculiar forms and terms of expression. This was much more conspicuous among the Brethren at that time than it is now. As to the breaking up of Herrnhag, it would have been well if the Count's family had consented to it. Zinzendorf said, "I shall always consider this occurrence among my especial mercies, and *not* among those circumstances which are trying at the time, and worse in their consequences. The chastisement was hard to bear at the moment, but afterwards it yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that were exercised thereby. We shall all be the better for it ultimately."

Such was the language of faith and experience. Yet we must regret the desolation which succeeded active labour and industry—the present loneliness of a spot where all had been life and energy. The traveller who now seeks the Moravian burial-ground is pained to find it a deserted waste fed down by sheep; should he search for the tablets of Zinzendorf's son, Christian Ludwig, of his oldest friends Reuss Ebersdorff, of Count Henry the 29th, and of Schrautenbach's beloved Sophie Auguste, he finds a heap of grave-stones in the hall of what was once the Brethren's house, piled one on another in a spirit of heathenish selfishness, that more ground may be obtained for culture, and turns away in grief or in tears.

But while the habitations of the Brethren are desolate, the little village of Lindheim shows, too, what great changes have taken place. We can remember it as the Brethren must have known it; have wandered through the little cells formerly occupied by the pupils, and seen the chapel in which Zinzendorf once exhorted the congregation, and David Nitschmann prepared young men for their Master's service; have seen the rooms which Schrautenbach inhabited, and in which he wrote the life of his friend and teacher—the room in which his wife died, and where her picture comforted the forsaken husband. All this has been changed, for each has tried to embellish his own little place according to his taste, regardless of past associations; but nature remains the same, and therefore the trees are still there, beneath which the Brethren strolled and meditated, and their pupils played. One of these, a stately oak, bears the inscription—"This oak was planted by Bartholomew Bruchmaur, in the year 1769." He was Schrautenbach's gardener, and a member of the community.

The history of this little village calls for praise to God, who has sent years of peace after times of horror and bloodshed. The wounds caused by the Thirty Years' War were healing, people were growing ashamed of witch-burning, and the Church was even more despised than in our own days. Some of the petitions of the pastors at that day are curious. One of them writes from Lindheim :—" May it please my gracious lords and masters to point out certain methods how to punish those who neglect coming to Church, and also to inflict a penalty on account of the universal and terrible custom of cursing and swearing."

It did not occur to such ministers that the charges might in some degree be owing to themselves. A cold orthodoxy had taken possession of the pulpit, and the people, who came hungry, were sent empty away. Many sects arose, which were joined not only by the common people, but by many of the aristocracy. For some time Spener was the centre of these sects, uniting them by the persuasive power of his piety, and bringing more vital Christianity into the houses of the nobility. His chief friends were two ladies, Benigna, Countess of Solms - Laubach, grandmother of Countess Zinzendorf, and Christiana, Countess of Stolberg Gedern, born Princess of Mecklenburg. In Lindheim, Spener was a frequent and welcome guest at the castle of Herr von Dynhausen, with whom he remained in friendship after his departure from Frankfort, though his spirit did not take root in the family. The religious element in it found no nourishment after Spener's departure, and various sects insinuated themselves. These were all such as had more or less made shipwreck of their faith, and were seeking for the philosopher's stone rather than for the chief corner-stone, even the Lord Jesus.

This time of searching for the truth and frequent aberrations from it, had its effect on a daughter of the family of Dynhausen, an intellectual and cultivated young lady of somewhat eccentric and excitable temperament. She was married to the Baron Carl Ernst von Weitelsbach Schrautenbach, Councillor of State at Darmstadt, who had a similarly restless, searching spirit. They both joined the sect known as "The Inspired Ones," whose founder was the so-called prophet Rock, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

The eldest son of this pair was Ludwig Carl von Schrautenbach, whose memory is precious in the history of the Moravians. About 1730, the Schrautenbach family became acquainted with the labours of the United Brethren, especially of their leader, Count Zinzendorf. An unwonted seriousness, a yearning after the truth, was stirring the hearts of the middle classes; and the self-sacrificing devotion of the Moravians was kindling a flame in thousands of souls anxious for their salvation. When Zinzendorf, therefore, was banished from Saxony in 1736, and took refuge in the Wetterau, at a house of a friend of Rock's, Schrautenbach offered him the shelter of his castle at Lindheim.

Zinzendorf gratefully declined the kind offer; he felt drawn towards the Ronneburg; but a sincere friendship sprang up between the two

families ; and when Zinzendorf sent his eldest son, Christian Renatus, and his young friend, Von Schachmann, under the tutorship of the Moravian brother, Johannes Nitschmann, to the University of Jena, Schrautenbach placed his Ludwig under the same guidance. After some years' study, the young men returned from Jena, accompanied by a number of their teachers and fellow-students, and established a Divinity College here, at which many of the Brethren were subsequently educated. There were often several hundred students in the College : their fare was humble, their clothing simple, for they desired to prove themselves real servants of Him who knew not where to lay His head.

Young noblemen were not ashamed in those days to seek their chief distinction as humble, self-denying, laborious servants of their Lord. Zinzendorf's example—his abnegation of self, and burning love for mankind—could not but kindle corresponding fervour in others who, according to this world's judgment, were born only to govern and to enjoy. One of these, after his return from St. Thomas, was received into the congregation at Marienborn with these words : "Thou art my brother in nobility and rank ; but, on entering our community, I can offer thee no greater privileges or honours than the poorest among us." And the other did not draw back.

Schrautenbach was for many years an active member of the congregation. His mind and spirit developed wonderfully during his frequent journeys, and few of his contemporaries could vie with him in scientific acquirements and knowledge of human nature. He was sought out and esteemed by philosophers, statesmen, nobles, and princes. After the death of his beloved wife, Sophie Auguste, whom he called "his greatest earthly treasure," he withdrew more and more into solitude, and seldom took part in the Brethren's conferences ; but he continued a staunch member of their Church to his dying day, as is proved by his letters and his life of Count Zinzendorf.

This book, which unfortunately remained unpublished from 1732 to 1851, with the exception of a short extract, is a twofold monument of the greatness of the teacher and the worth of the scholar ; for in this memoir Zinzendorf appears truly apostolic in word and deed, and Schrautenbach a man in power and a child in faith.

The interval between his wife's decease and his own death was a period of usefulness in the history of this remarkable man. He was sought after by princes as their counsellor and ambassador, and visited by philosophers that they might drink of his learning. In 1779, he accompanied the Landgravine Wilhelmina, the affianced bride of the Grand-Duke Paul, to St. Petersburg, and was honourably received there by the Empress Catherine. Some years later he received at his castle of Lindheim some of the most remarkable men of his time, who came to enjoy the society of one in whom knowledge and faith were so singularly united. One of these (who wrote a book on the blessings of "Solitude," though he never experienced those blessings in his own heart)—a man of great knowledge, but who knew too little of the quietness and confidence which are our

strength—said of Schrautenbach, after his death :—“ A greater head could not at that time have been found in any German court. I never met with a shrewder observer of men and their actions ; a more just and exact judge of those who lived in the world, and played a prominent part in it. I never knew a soul more untrammelled, ingenuous, strong, and gentle ; never an eye that more faithfully and correctly saw as far as human eye could see ; never a man to whose loving heart I would sooner cling in life and in death. Simple and modest was his country-seat ; his garden rustic, his meals frugal, and his solitude in the Wetterau, where he lived for heaven, was a true heaven to me !”

And where had Baron Schrautenbach learnt all this ? In the school of the Moravians—in the service of the Saviour. He was the pupil of Zinzendorf, whose prayer was, “ Lord, let me tell to all around how sweet it is to love Thee, to suffer for Thee, to weep with Thee, to rejoice with Thee !”

In going into the churchyard, where stands the little chapel erected to the dead, and in which is a tablet to his memory bearing this inscription—

HERE RESTS, IN HIS SAVIOUR,
BARON LUDWIG RENATUS VON SCHRAUTENBACH
HIS LIFE WAS A BLESSING TO HIS CONTEMPORARIES ;
HIS MEMORY ALSO IS BLESSED—

so many recollections of “ the good master ” crowd upon the mind, that nothing which has yet been published has done him justice ; and there is much yet to be told about him and his times.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE RONNEBURG.

Till we can call the Lord our own,
And, earth forgotten, self-subdued,
Sit at the footstool of His throne,
With the right spirit fast renewed ;
Far yet the narrow pathway lies,
The covenanted goal, how far
Gleams, in our filmed and straining eyes,
The radiance of the morning star.

Into Thy heart of boundless love,
Uplifted Saviour ! raise me still ;
Oh ! draw my every thought above,
Thou Conqueror of the carnal will !
That so I may be wholly Thine,
And stedfast in Thy faith abide ;
Till I can, in Thy inmost shrine,
This stricken, laden conscience hide.

Fade, earthly honours, from my heart!
 Ye fleeting joys of earth, farewell!
 For the Lord's table I depart,
 And in His saving pasture dwell.
 No glory but His shame can thrill
 This pulse; no freedom but His bands
 I deck me with the rose which still
 In Sharon blooms for cleansed hands.*

It was a June evening in the year 1736. The sun was shedding its departing glories on the grey walls of the Ronneburg. The view across the valleys and over to the mountains was lovely. Not a cloudlet was in the sky; the landscape reposed peacefully in the sunshine, as a child basks in the smile of its mother. The chimneys of the little villages at the foot of the Ronneburg already sent forth their little blue columns of smoke, showing where the housewives were preparing the evening soup. Tired labourers were returning from the fields, and flocks were seen slowly approaching the hamlets; but the woods were still alive, the birds were carolling their last song before seeking rest, and the thrush warbled louder than any of them. Let not those who wander in the woods at early dawn, or in evening shades, be unmindful of his song; it is a reminder to praise the Lord of heaven, who slumbereth not nor sleepeth. The sun shines on many, and the song of the birds is heard by many; but he only has the right sight and the right hearing whose heart the Lord hath opened to see His wondrous things. But there were few such, this evening, on the Ronneburg. As in the valleys below, so also here on the heights, the wants of the body alone were being cared for. The greater part of the castle lay in deep repose. A few solitary Jews were returning home with their burdens on their backs, but none cared to look around, and enjoy the beauty of the evening. Each urgently pressed onward, eager to gain the height where rest awaited him.

On the west side of the castle, in the full glow of the setting sun, a large walnut-tree shaded part of what had once been the castle-garden. Beneath it sat a man somewhat past the prime of life, busily cutting spoons out of maple-wood. It was pleasant to watch his industrious fingers shaping them so readily. When he had given the right form to the spoon with a large knife, he took a smaller one from a little three-legged table near him, and with it carved many pretty devices on the handle, such as flowers and leaves, a heart, or a bird. Sometimes the device was two hands folded, to remind him who used the spoon that hearts should be continually raised to the Lord who giveth us our meat in due season. He had just finished one of these spoons with the folded hands, and held it up a few moments in the light; then he folded his own, and, with a long look down into the valley, and with an expression of deep devotion on his countenance, he sang the following hymn, in a deep and mellow voice:—

* The copyright of these hymns is reserved.

"Awake my heart—faint not, but see
 Whence strength and peace and shelter come,
 Almighty wings o'ershadow thee,
 Infinite love entreats thee home.
 God's faithful Word shall be thy shield
 Where the chance shafts of evil fly—
 Thy strong rock He—the Self-revealed,
 Whose spoken promise cannot lie."

As he was singing the last words, a figure gently approached him, in a listening attitude. It was that of an old man with a long white beard. His small lively eyes rested first on the singer, and then on the valley beneath. He was evidently desirous of opening a conversation, but did not exactly know how to begin. However, when the other had ended his song, and was resuming his work, the old man hastily walked up to him, and said, in a voice which at once betrayed the Jew:—

"Good evening, neighbour Rothenbacher. Does your work get on well? 'Tis indeed good for one's heart to sit up here, and see the setting sun; but still better to have the heart stored with such psalms. I have often listened to you, and would have joined in had I known the words. But there is nothing in it but what I understand and feel as well as you, for is it not all taken from the Psalms and from the Prophets?"

"I am glad you can say so, Rabbi Abraham," replied the other, without discontinuing his work, "you can hardly believe how they refresh my soul. Each one of us carries his own little burthen of care about with him, and at times is oppressed by its weight; and were it not for the sweet texts in God's Word, and the sweet songs good men have written on them, who have felt as we feel; ah! how could we bear up at all?"

"I am of your mind, Master Rothenbacher," returned the old man, "but sing I cannot, and never could. How should a poor Jew sing? I would not recommend any one of us to open his mouth in the way of song, for there is not a peasant-boy that would not have his stone to throw at us, and cry out—'Hit him, hit him! here's a Jew that wants to sing!' Ah, that's why our mothers sing so softly when they lull their children to sleep; and the children grow up in the belief that they cannot sing. Yet we have been a nation rich in song; and we might be so still if your people had a heart for our people. And yet 'tis the same with a Jew's heart as with a Christian's—our God and Lord has made it tender, and timid, and full of yearnings for His help. Believe me, Rothenbacher, I am an old man, and lying would ill become me, many of our people are dying of broken hearts, for they are seeking something they cannot find! I have often wiped a tear from my eye when I have passed a church, and heard the organ playing, and voices singing within. And when I have been alone in these woods, and heard the evening bells, I have felt so strangely sad! Then, I have said to myself—'What ails thee, Abraham? What wouldest thou? Hast got a wife, and child, and

shelter, and daily bread, God be thanked ! What wouldest thou more ?' Then have I thought—'It is the God of thy fathers who speaks to thee, as He spoke in the plains of Mamre and in the burning bush!'—and I have opened my heart, though without praying-rhymes ; and have felt, oh, so happy ; I cannot say how ! And thus have I often felt while listening to your songs."

"Do you know what that is, Rabbi Abraham?" softly replied Rothenbacher. "It is the voice of the Good Shepherd, who is seeking you ; Him of whom we read in Ezekiel, 'Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out as a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered ; and I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them ; even my servant David.' But the prophet who spoke this is *dead* ; and David, to whom it seems to apply, is dead also ; and yet the Scripture cannot be broken, nor its truths ever fail. Therefore the Prophet must point to him who called himself, and truly *was*, the Good Shepherd, for He laid down His life for the sheep. And even now, Abraham, He walks to and fro in heaven and on earth, which both belong to Him, seeking to win hearts to himself. He has met you sometimes, as you say, in the wood, and also up here, while listening to my songs. Harden not your heart, then, against Him, for He is very good and faithful, and of great loving-kindness to them that fear him."

"What can He do for me?" said the Jew in a still lower voice, "I am old and poor, and shall soon depart hence. If I were younger there is no knowing what I might live to see vouchsafed, both to myself and my nation. But I am old, and a stranger and sojourner in the land, as all my fathers were. What would now avail a new faith ? As I wish to lie with my people in the grave, so I also wish to rise with my people, for with them only shall I feel at home. As it is, I am giving a side-look at the Nazarene and His people, particularly those who love Him much, and that gives me a divided heart ; so let us drop the subject."

"As you will, Rabbi Abraham," said Rothenbacher, working quietly on, while a new spoon was quickly forming under his fingers. "I would, however, just make this one remark, that he who is converted to the living Saviour is *no longer* a pilgrim and stranger, but a fellow-citizen with the saints of God ; and wheresoever he may be, he feels at home. Tell me, I pray you, am I among my own people ? Where I was born, the mountains touch the clouds, and another language is spoken. We serve the Lord, also, with different forms ; and yet, as I have often told you, I feel at home here, till it shall please God to call me to my home above. 'For here we have no continuing city.' Therefore, having our daily bread, and a friend for the hour of adversity, therewith should we be content. That friend have you been to me, Rabbi Abraham ; the Lord reward you for it ! Think not, because I live close, and often pass you with a slight greeting, that I have forgotten your kindnesses. I remember you in my daily prayers, and so does my Magdalena. Well I re-

member, when we lay in the little hut in the wood yonder, I, wearied almost to death, and my poor wife sick of a fever. Every door was closed against us, for the pastor had warned his people to beware of the Salzburg heretics, and our speech bewrayed us. Not even a crust of bread could I get for the asking! It was just about the time when the bilberries ripen, so I brought out my stricken one, and nourished her here with the juicy berries. But what more could I do? I laid my case before the Lord, and besought Him to help us as He helped Hagar in the wilderness and Elijah beside the brook Cherith. Just then you came by, and opened your wallet, and gave us bread, never asking what creed we were of; and you carried my bundle, while I supported my sick wife along, and you paid for us at the inn. And as we emerged from the mountains, and the valley of Rinzig lay before us, you said, 'See yonder, the Ronneburg, where I dwell! There, also, is shelter for you. They who live about there are all of your faith, and those who have been kind to them will be kind to you also.' "

"What of all that?" said the Jew, with a little impatience. "What was a morsel of bread given to a hungry wayfarer, and a word or two of comfort spoken to a sorrowful heart? I have not brought you here into very choice society! One would think these old walls were meant to hold the refuse of every nation and language. I almost owe you an apology for bringing you into such company. But a new guest has joined us now, and a Count into the bargain! Have you seen him about here?"

"No," said Rothenbacher; "when he came from Marienborn I was about my trade in the town. But my wife tells me he is a handsome, noble-looking man, with such a kindly look in his eye that you cannot help being drawn to him. She says, that when he first came, he spoke freely to the people, and especially to the children, about God's Word, but that when he proceeded to question them, they only stood gaping and grinning."

"Just like them," said the Jew, with disgust. "The Count may be a good man, and an able one, but rely on it that here he is completely out of his place. Just think! what could he do with lame Fried the fiddler, his dragon of a wife, and his good-for-nothing children? Do you think the Muscovite will refrain from drinking, or have any respect for a Count? On the contrary, I believe he would give his wife an extra beating to prove the reverse. To say nothing of my own people, who are not altogether of the best, what is he to make of those women who live in the hole they call 'the dog-kennel?' True, they are only at home by night, except on rainy days; but when it *does* rain, the whole castle is ready to pray for fine weather! Did not Schuchart, the magistrate, worthy man, turn out black Greta the other day, with all her goods and chattels? What good was it? When night came on and the gates were shut, she set up such frightful howls that, as you know, he was obliged to call out to the gate-keeper: 'For goodness' sake, let the jade in, or she will do some hurt to herself or others!' I'd have risked it,

though! And then there are our fine gentlemen, who call out to us when we meet them:—‘Out of my way, Hebrew!’ I wonder if their prophet of Marienborn, Master Rock, has said this is the way we are to be treated? I tell you what,” continued the Jew, bending down, and eagerly whispering, “these ‘inspired ones’ are absolute thorns in my side! they are the very nails in my coffin! All my eighty years’ experience of shame and insult are as nothing compared with the dishonour I have to accept from a Trautmann, an Albig, or a fellow like Kaspar! Since Rock’s declaration that this spot is to be ‘the resting-place of the elect,’ they have been coming up in swarms, and driving us quite into a corner, not scrupling to hint that we shall shortly have to turn out altogether. But no prophet of them all shall turn *me* out of the Ronneburg! Here I was born, eighty years ago, and here will I die. Nor am I pleased that this new comer should take up with such people. I have seen them walking about together, and heard them *thee-ing* and *thou-ing* as if they were all of a sort. But what matters it all? I have borne my yoke nearly the appointed time—my Zadoc may live to see how it all ends.”

“But who is this stranger? whence comes he, and what does he here, Rabbi Abraham?” inquired Rothenbacher. “With so many fair towns and villages to choose from, why should he pitch on a spot like this?”

“That’s the mystery!” returned the Jew. “There’s something peculiar about the man and his accompaniments. He has a number of fine gentlemen with him, and heaps of servants; and, moreover, is going to send for his wife and children.”

“To live up here?” exclaimed Rothenbacher. “Nice companions the young Counts and Countesses will have.”

“Ah! there’s something in the wind that I can’t make out,” said the Jew. “The other day, as I was starting for Marienborn, I just glanced up at the castle as I passed under it, to see if any one were looking out (for we all have our little bit of curiosity), when, all at once, I found myself accosted by a pleasant, lively-looking lad, with whom I at once began talking. He told me his name was Melchior, that he was a Moravian Brother, and that his master was Count Zinzendorf, who, for his faith’s sake, was banished from Saxony, and that they were come here to win souls for Christ. Now, understand that who can! it hangs too high for me. A Count, and banished, that I can make out; but, for his faith’s sake, that goes beyond me. Our gracious masters round about have something else to do, I fancy, than to suffer persecution for their faith. That is left for us poor Jews, and for ‘the inspired ones.’ But good and faithful servants the Count must at least have about him, if that young Melchior were a sample.”

Here the dialogue ceased. The sun had set, but the mountains yet glowed in the evening light. The Salzburger laid aside his work, and, with folded hands, gazed pensively at the glorious sky. Scene after scene of his agitated life rose before his mind’s eye—his hard, daily struggle for existence, his banishment to a strange land,

the home of his early childhood, all weighed with unusual heaviness on his heart this evening; and an indescribable sadness took possession of his heart.

The sound of the evening bell rose from the valley below; a second followed, and then a third seemed to answer them both. The exile covered his face with his hands and wept. But, through his tears, he seemed to see the bow of peace in the evening clouds, and to hear the Lord's voice saying:—"This is a sign of peace between thee and me; the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of my peace be removed."

The promises of the eternal Word returned to his memory and his heart, and one of the hymns he used to sing in his mountain-home sprang to his lips to comfort and cheer him:—

"Why need we mourn, as in despair,
And grieve, both day and night?
On Him we'll cast our every care,
Who gave us life and light."

As the evening star rose in the purpling west, and glistened through his tears, a hand was gently laid on his shoulders, and a soft voice said:—

"God's greeting to thee, David! It is the hour of rest. Come home and enjoy what God gives us in this strange land. The sun sets here as beautifully as it does the Bühl on the Salzach, and we know One who is brighter than the sun, and our heart's Morning Star!"

IV.

SCOTTISH SOCIAL LIFE.

THERE is a class of writers abroad in the present day who think themselves able, without any special study, to see at once to the bottom of whatever subject happens to emerge into public notice; and who, in consequence, are for ever giving forth their deliverances about men and things with an air so oracular that an unsophisticated reader can hardly help now and then being taken in by them. Certain brilliant Essayists, who each week are good enough to show to the people of England their miserable weaknesses and stupidities, are the most notable representatives of this class. To say that a *Saturday Reviewer* can talk of all manner of trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, and all manner of men, from the king in his chamber to the costermonger in the street, is to

say little. The fact is, he knows more about each than all of us put together; and even the famous traveller who, ignorant of all other things, kept alive his self-respect by reflecting that he at least knew something about *leather*, would soon have had it made plain to him by one or other of these young gentlemen—who, being able, let us suppose, to “speak Greek,” are of course (the greater including the less) thoroughly acquainted with everything else—that he laboured under an entire delusion.

These acute and wide-awake young men (with whom it is much to be feared Wisdom will die) cast an eagle glance occasionally across the Tweed, and take severe though disdainful notice of Scottish affairs. Our northern neighbours are to them “outer barbarians.” Some of them, indeed, like the ladies mentioned by Sir John Bowring, whom, because they had lived for a season in Canton, certain Chinese gentlemen were willing to regard as semi-civilized—some of them having wandered as far as Cambridge, and there happily encountered “Us,” have taken on a little polish. But the “wut,” and the morals, and the religion* of the remainder are such as to sink the country below the level of the most benighted British dependency. Homer himself, however, is allowed the privilege of nodding occasionally. And in that case it need not be matter of great surprise if the *Saturday Review* should now and then speak nonsense. The thing, of course, happens rarely; but, just to show that a circumstance so unlikely may occur, there can be no harm in giving an example.

Some time ago, very painful disclosures were made respecting the prevalence of illegitimacy in Scotland; and these, taken in connexion with what was previously known about the amount of whisky consumption, seemed to suggest the existence of an exceedingly lax state of morality in the country generally. All the newspapers, on both sides of the Border, immediately came forth with leaders; and, among the rest, the *Saturday Review* favoured the world with its reflections. These were to this effect:—that the immorality of Scotland was the result of a reaction from the unnatural restraints of its gloomy religion—that the people, breaking from the tyranny of the Church, had run, as might have been expected, into gross excesses—and that, in point of fact, there had occurred in the 19th century what had happened in the days of Charles the Second, when, after the Puritanic compression of the Commonwealth time, there followed the licentious abandonment of the era of the Restoration. The theory looked wonderfully plausible. The Scotch used to get the character and credit of being a religious people. How did it happen that, as it seemed, their character had become wholly changed? The explanation of the reaction was just

* “A Scotch councillor,” says one of the young gentlemen, in a late number, “is an animal consisting three parts of a strong belief in Predestination and one part of a strong liking for whisky-toddy.” Yes! and, of course, all Scotchmen have red hair, wear the kilt, and feed on sheep’s heads!

the one to strike a would-be philosophic mind, addicted to looking indolently at all things from the *à priori* point of view, and not concerned about ascertaining the actual facts of the antecedent history. And when, in favour of such a theory, so plausible in itself, there could be adduced also a famous historical parallel, the case appeared too clear to require any array of additional witnesses; and, with all the sublime assurance of one who is dealing with an axiom, "the brilliant Essayist" laid down the law, that John Knox, and the men of like mind that followed him, were responsible for the immorality and intemperance of their unhappy country.

Now, we venture to say that if the writer of this nonsense had put himself to the trouble of inquiring a little into the simple facts of the case, instead of relying upon the not always unerring intuitions of his own mind, he would never have put on paper what, to many, can have had no other effect than that of confirming a suspicion, which appears to be gaining increased currency—that the *Saturday Review* is very nearly as shallow as it is bitter. The sober truth is, that there has been in Scotland no such sudden revulsion of feeling as happened in Charles the Second's time. Whatever be the state of society in the country now, it has become what it is after years of slow and deliberate growth. And if it be asked what has been the relation of the Church to the social disorders which surround it, we unhesitatingly answer that they began and gained strength with its decay, and they are now diminishing, and will, we trust, finally disappear as it attains to its pristine vitality and vigour. This is not a point of such a doubtful and uncertain kind that two men, equally competent to judge, may honestly differ about it. It is one of those marked, manifest, surface facts, in reference to which all well-informed persons are agreed. The decline of Scottish morality was occasioned not by the people becoming religious overmuch, but by the other thing; not by the Puritanic grip becoming so firm as to be intolerable, but by its becoming fatally lax and feeble. The covenanting spirit of Scotland died slowly out. As the result of a secularizing policy, exercised within the Church itself, its Puritanism gradually became extinct; and it was when that change in the temper and character of the nation had been achieved—when spiritual life languished, and when ecclesiastical discipline had become a dead letter—that there sprang naturally up that plentiful crop of immoralities which have since made the scene of them a byword and a reproach. It is, however, an admitted fact that, for the last twenty years or so, things have been greatly and manifestly improving. In every department of social life the tendency is unmistakeably upward. And how is this? *The change for the better is mainly due to a revival of that very kind and style of religion, to a recoil from which, according to some, is directly attributable the moral decay under which the country has long so severely suffered.* In a word, however mysterious and illogical the thing may be, it is a well-ascertained fact, that the religion and the morality of Scotland, instead of being mutually abhorrent and antagonistic (as a *Saturday*

Reviewer would say,) are so closely and vitally allied that they have for ever stood and fallen together.

In considering such a subject as the Social Life of a people, a variety of things requires to be taken an account of—as, for example, their habits and circumstances; the state of education among them; their national character and history; the relation of the classes; and the nature of the agencies which are at work, whether for evil or for good. In what is to follow of this Paper, we shall have occasion probably to refer, more or less particularly, to most of these; but, as all we can attempt here is not a thorough discussion of the subject, but merely a rapid glance at some of its more salient features, we shall notice them not under separate heads, but just as they may happen to present themselves as we proceed in our review.

So much has been said about Scottish Intemperance, that we can hardly help speaking of it in the first place. Mr. Maclaren,* in his “Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland,” has collected together a great deal of curious information bearing upon this subject. He proves, for example, that *ale* and the light wines of the Continent formed originally the national drink north of the Border. In evidence of the cheap rate at which the latter could be had some three centuries ago, he mentions that John Knox, whose stipend never exceeded £22 4s. 5d. of our money, “drew from his own pipe of claret the day before he died;” and he gives tables which appear to show that, even up to the middle of the eighteenth century, the quantity of ale consumed must have been eight times greater per head than the quantity now consumed. When whisky was first introduced into Scotland, it was used only as a medicine, and was kept strictly under the lock and key of the medical practitioners. An Act of the Town Council of Edinburgh, dated 1st July, 1505, is still extant, which declares and provides “that na persoun, man nor woman, within this burgh, *mak nor sell any aquarite* within the samyn, except the said maisteries, brethren, and freemen of the crafts [members, as we should now say, of the Royal College of Surgeons,] under pain of the escheat of the samyn.” This monopoly, however, had a merely local range, and probably did not last very long. The use of “*aqua vitæ*,” or whisky, became gradually more general; and in 1743, when a license-duty was for the first time imposed, there were to be found 828 persons who aspired to the dignity of retailers. This was not a large number. In Glasgow alone, at the present day, there are twice as many. But, few as they were, the tax of £1 per head was felt to be intolerable; and in the following year the number of spirit-retailers fell to 346. During the succeeding half-century the trade fluctuated considerably. In the year of the rebellion—the famous ‘45—there were only 255 public-houses (licensed) in all Scotland; in 1780, there were as many as 1,358; but up to the fatal year of 1794, the condition of affairs ap-

* “Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland,” by Duncan Maclaren, Esq. Glasgow.

pears to have been such as fully to bear out Mr. Maclaren's assertion that, if drinking was common in Scotland, then the material used must have been something other than the fiery element of whisky. During that year, however, the fatal change was made in the licensing law from which may be dated the rapid growth of the whisky-drinking propensities of Scotchmen. The enactment referred to permitted licenses to be granted to retailers of aqua vitæ alone at the reduced rate of 20s. in the Highlands and 40s. in the Lowlands, instead of the former graduated high rates (£7 2s. to £4 14s.). The effect was magical. There were taken out during that year 4,397 of these cheap whisky licenses, in addition to the 1,304 general licenses which authorized the sale of foreign as well as British spirits. In this way the number of public-houses in Scotland was increased to 5,701, or *five-fold in a single year*; and each of the new publicans became the centre of a circle from which the people were taught to drink whisky in preference to all other exciseable liquors. The melancholy effects of these new influences soon became apparent. The craving for whisky seemed to become literally a national characteristic; and, with the enlarging demand, the supply went on portentously to increase. In 1815, the licensed houses numbered 8,469; in 1824, there were 11,134; and in 1829-30-31, they exceeded 17,200. At this point things had become so bad, that the public attention was forcibly arrested. "Thoughtful people became seriously alarmed at the increase of drunkenness; and great efforts were made in various quarters to induce the burgh magistrates, and the justices of the peace for counties, to reduce the number of public-houses." These endeavours were, so far, successful. During the eight years ending in 1839, the number of public-houses decreased to even 16,000. In 1846, they fell to 15,000, and in 1855, they were reduced to 12,591. The tendency, we believe, is still downwards; and is one of the proofs that, just as have been many of the reflections made of late on the character of the Scottish people, these reflections would be better sometimes of being mixed with a little charity and discrimination.

To pretend that drunkenness does not prevail to an unhappy extent in Scotland would be absurd. The fact is patent, not merely from the Excise returns, but from the exhibitions which too often meet the traveller's eye as he passes through her towns and cities. No Scotchman even — unless his peculiar *amor patriæ* is aroused — will for a moment argue that there is not this spot at least in his sun. But perhaps even the better charity of English people now and then suffer themselves to be misled by writers of a certain school into drawing inferences from the fact which are unjust alike to the moral character of the Scottish nation, and to the cause of Evangelical Religion, with the maintenance of which it is most intimately associated. An intense love for whisky, and an intense zeal for the better observance of the Sabbath, manifest themselves within the same country. "What," ask *Punch* and the *Times*, and for that matter even the *Edinburgh Scotsman* — "what

possible conclusion can we come to in the face of that? None else than this: that religious hypocrisy must flourish there like a green bay-tree." If others don't speak out quite so plainly, they have probably an uncomfortable feeling in their minds that a sort of antinomianism must prevail in a certain degree across the Border. Now, it is of some importance, we think, that this matter be fully understood; and we would ask the reader's attention for a moment to a side of the question, which such writers as have been referred to generally overlook.

In the first place, it is unfortunate for themselves that the national drink of the Scotch happens for the last seventy years or so to have been *whisky*. If it had continued to be *ale*, quite as much money might have been spent upon it, and perhaps quite as much harm might have been done both to body and soul; but the intoxicating power of the latter element being greatly less than that of the former, its visible effects would have been less conspicuous, and would have attracted less attention. This remark is not made, of course, by way of justifying our neighbours north of the Border; we offer it simply to bring out the fact that, much as has been said about Scottish Intemperance, the probability is that the love of drink exists to quite as great an extent in England. Happily, it will be said, beer is our national drink. We make ourselves muddy and stupid, in place of becoming violent and obstreperous. Very well. Let it be conceded that the advantage is so far on our side, but only when the question to be considered is looked at purely and simply from a moral point of view.

Another thing which ought in fairness to be considered is this, that whisky-drinking in Scotland has long since reached its climax. For the last twenty years, the Scotch have been becoming less and less deserving of the name of an intemperate people. This is a fact, for which every sort of evidence can be furnished. There is the evidence of figures, for example. The number of public-houses has diminished. The number of commitments for drunkenness has greatly decreased. And from the Parliamentary returns, it seems clear that there is a greatly lessened consumption of intoxicating drink. But it is not needful to consult the Blue Books to be satisfied that great improvements have been taking place. That is patent from the character of the public sentiment, and from the changed customs of ordinary society. Lord Cockburn, in the "Memorials of his Times," tells us what the higher classes were in his day. For a lord or laird to get drunk then was noble. That is not a common opinion now. A similar change for the better has taken place among the middle classes; and if things are far from being satisfactory, yet among the lower orders of the community the tendency of the times is all in the direction of their elevation.

But, further, in judging of the morale of a nation, it is reasonable to remember the principle on which you form us full an estimate of the moral character of any individual man. He may have inherited constitutional tendencies of an evil kind, and these propensities may

have led him to lead a not altogether consistent life. But suppose you saw a contest begin in his nature between passion and principle, and that it became increasingly obvious that, while the former was waning, the latter was growing in strength, you would no longer have the right to describe that man as essentially immoral, or to denounce him as a hypocrite, if in his progress to victory some blots or blurs still continued to appear. And even so in regard to a community. The question to be considered is not only what has been its character, but what is it doing to get that character changed? If this inquiry were made in a candid spirit in regard to Scotland, it would, we believe, be found that if Intemperance still prevails to an unhappy extent, the remedial measures employed for its removal exist in great force likewise. We need only refer, in proof of this, to the fact that all the great Church organizations of the country have their "Committees on Intemperance;" that the public sentiment demanded, and still sustains, a restrictive measure (the Forbes Mackenzie Act), which has lessened considerably the power of the public-houses to do mischief; and that in the much-abused city of Glasgow, there is the head-quarters of a Temperance Enterprise, whose influence extends from John o'Groats to Portpatrick. This last-mentioned institution, the Scottish Temperance League, was called into being some fifteen years ago for the express purpose of stemming the fearful tide of drunkenness, which threatened to floor the law; and its annual register (1860,) which is now before us, furnishes the most direct evidence of the spread of a reactionary spirit. It is an organization composed of nearly 400 separate societies, scattered over the entire country. It supports three periodicals—a quarterly review, a weekly journal, and a monthly magazine for the young—all conducted with great tact and ability. It issues, moreover, an immense number of tracts, and during the last few years it has published several works of far more than ephemeral interest; such, for example, as *Alcohol: its Place and Power*, by Professor Miller, of Edinburgh. Whatever we may think of the distinctive principles of this association—that of entire abstinence from intoxicating drink—it is impossible to contemplate its actual dimensions and the amount of its income (£8,000 a-year,) not to speak of the notorious energy which has marked its whole proceedings, without coming at least to the conclusion, that if Scotland is still an intemperate country, it is not absolutely destitute of all recuperative power.

A far more painful subject, in connection with Scottish Social Life, is that of the prevalence of unchastity. It is more painful, because there is less to say in explanation of it, and less substantial grounds of hope in regard to the mitigation of the evil. From an excellent "Address upon Illegitimacy to the Working Men of Scotland, by John M. Strachan, M.D., Dollar," we quote the following appalling statement, which professes to describe things as they are:—"In Scotland 9 per cent. of the births are illegitimate; in England, Sweden, Norway, and Belgium, 6 per cent.; in France and Prussia, 7 per cent.; in Denmark and Hanover, 9 per cent.; and in Austria,

11 per cent. After a careful consideration of the records of my own practice for many years, and of the registers of this and the neighbouring parishes, I am convinced that of the first children among the working classes not fewer than ninety out of every hundred are either illegitimate, or are saved from this reproach only by the marriage of the parents within a short period of the birth of the child; or, to put this in other words, that nine out of every ten women of this class are unchaste. But as even among married women, one out of every ten have no children, we are almost forced to the conclusion, that amongst women of the working class few or none preserve their chastity till their marriage."

This description is so dreadful, that we are strongly inclined to think it exaggerated. At any rate, it is professedly a portion only of the specified section of the country; and as it is one of the many singular facts connected with this plague-spot, that its blackness varies very considerably in different districts, we may venture to assume that Dollar, and the neighbouring parishes, are above the average in respect of immorality. Still, there is no possibility of escaping from the fact, that on the whole the per-centage of illegitimacy in religious Scotland is higher than it is in France; and that this is a state of matters which is sufficiently deplorable and perplexing.

Dr. Strachan indicates the following as some of the causes which may account for the prevalence of the evil—limited accommodation in the houses of working men—the coarseness and indelicacy of language that is often permitted even in the family circle—the low moral tone of feeling which prevails among young working men in regard to female delicacy and chastity—and the manner of courtship that is customary among the working classes. Some very plain and practical remarks are made upon all these points, especially upon the last of these, which has, we believe, more to do with the point than many of the others. That is to say, our inquiry being not why should immorality exist at all, but why should it prevail to such an extent in *Scotland*? we want to know the specialities in the habits of the people, which may help to explain the excess; and this, the manner of their courtships, is undoubtedly one of the natural peculiarities which operate most powerfully for evil. Insufficiency of house accommodation, rough speech, and low tone of feeling, are elements of corruption which are working in many lands. But we have heard of no country in which the love relations of the sexes are so censurable and shocking. It seems almost incredible that such a thing should be, but we are assured that, in agricultural districts especially, the picture is to the very life. "If," says Dr. Strachan, "a young woman has no acknowledged lover, she receives the visits, probably, of many young men, who may be courting her, as it is called—she does not know whether with serious intentions, or not, and it is as likely as not that they have no serious intentions in the matter. She receives them in secrecy, at late hours, very probably getting out of bed for the purpose; she spends hours with them

alone, and in the dark." What can be expected of such a monstrous state of matters as this? We earnestly trust that the full light of public opinion shall be turned upon the point; and that no such considerations as the delicacy of the subject shall prevent those who are interested in the social elevation of the working classes, from labouring to put an end to a system which not only tends to immorality, but which is itself immoral in no ordinary degree.

To Dr. Strachan's four "causes" one or two others may perhaps be fairly added. The Registrar's returns show that while the number of births in England and Scotland bear a fair proportion to one another, the number of *marriages* do not do so. Why should there be fewer marriages (in proportion) in Scotland than in England? We have heard several reasons suggested. Some attribute it to the greater poverty of the people. But this (supposing it to be true that the working classes of the one country are poorer than those of the other) can hardly be taken by itself as settling the matter; for poverty alone does not always ensure celibacy, as witness the Irish, who many of them marry on sixpence a-day. The other element, however, which from the days of Sir Richard Moniplies downward has been held to complete the Scottish national character—*pride*, or we shall say, to put it in a less objectionable form, *prudence*, may have something also to do with it. Poverty and prudence! It is at least possible that these may in part explain why the working men of Scotland do not marry so generally as their brethren on this side of the Border. If this be true, we can only add, alas! that poverty should so often show that it is not allied to principle! Alas! that prudence should so frequently give place to passion!

We have heard another explanation, however, of the comparative fewness of Scottish marriages. It is that in country districts there is a positive scarcity of houses. Clearances are not confined entirely to the Highlands. A friend of our own, who lives in a Lowland rural district, with which, in earlier days, we were ourselves intimately acquainted, mentioned to us, within the last two months, the names of three small hamlets which, within our own recollection, had been inhabited by a number of families, but which the proprietor had suffered to fall to ruin. "The young people of my neighbourhood," added my friend, "literally cannot now find places in which to begin housekeeping." Now, the hindrances which exist to marriage form no justification of immorality; but if there is any truth in such statements as these, we may, at least to some extent, account to ourselves for its prevalence in Scotland.

What hope is there for the future in regard to this matter? It must be confessed that, so far as anything very positive is concerned, not much can yet be said. We are not aware that the per-centage of illegitimacy has as yet sensibly decreased; nor have we heard of any such decided measures being taken as might promise speedy reformation: still we expect much from the simple fact that the eye of the country has now been fairly turned upon the blot. We expect much, for two reasons: *first*, because it can be proved that an elevated

public sentiment in any community tells most powerfully upon this department of its morals; and *second*, because for very shame the Churches must become more faithful in the exercise of discipline, which cannot but in time have its effect also. The influence of public opinion in diminishing illegitimacy is strikingly illustrated in many parts of Scotland. It is well known that in certain fishing communities, not remarkable otherwise for good behaviour, female unchastity is exceedingly uncommon; and what is more strange, there are sometimes to be found contiguous parishes, in one of which births are constantly occurring out of wedlock, while in the other such births occur rarely, and at long intervals. And when you come to inquire why this difference should be, you can find no deeper explanation of it than just this, that in one place the fall of a woman "is nothing thought of," while in the other it is reckoned a burning disgrace. The Scottish people ought to be thankful that this blur in their escutcheon has been so thoroughly exposed. However severely the representatives of the press have spoken out upon the subject, they have just been subserving the very same end as that which Dr. Strachan has in view in his excellent address—the creation of a state of public feeling which shall, we may hope, ultimately tell even upon the districts where the tone of morality is lowest and most debasing. But we hope much, also, from the growing fidelity of the Churches. It has been more than once suggested that the cause of illegitimacy should be classified according to the ecclesiastical connections of the parties concerned. The thing could be easily done; and we can conceive of various useful purposes which might be served thereby. In the meantime, it is instructive to mark that in countries where Evangelical Religion has long prevailed (as Ross and Sutherland, for example,) the per-centage of immorality is lowest, while in those districts which have been for generations the strongholds of *moderation* (as Banff and Bute,) the per-centage, as might have been expected, reaches its maximum. The power of the Churches to breathe a purer life into the social system cannot for a moment be doubted. We have at this instant in our eye a parish in which, sixteen or seventeen years ago, a pure marriage was seldom or ever solemnized, yet in which now, very much through a judicious exercise of the divine ordinance of discipline, an illegitimate birth seldom occurs. While, therefore, we would in the most kindly spirit call upon the country at large to arouse itself, that this foul blot on the national honour may be removed, we would call upon the Scottish Churches especially to do their part also in the matter.

Another great social question which has of late especially excited much attention in Scotland, respects the condition generally of agricultural labourers. "The Rev. Harry Stuart, Minister of Outhlow, read some years ago an elaborate paper on the subject before the Forfarshire Agricultural Association; that paper was afterwards published in pamphlet form, and produced apparently a very good impression—so much so, that as one of the fruits of it there was shortly after organized a most influential Association for promoting

Improvement in the Dwellings and Domestic Condition of Agricultural Labourers in Scotland." We are unable to report particularly regarding the operations of this Society. We can fancy that it is not the less busy in good-doing, because it is not foisting itself continually on the attention of the world. Our only fear respecting its utility arises from the consideration that it is just a little too high and mighty—for its having—one prince, four dukes, five earls, ten baronets, not to speak of one marquis, three barons, and no end of squires among its office-bearers.

Outside, however, of this aristocratic Association, the same subject has been taken up in an earnest spirit by other bodies. One of the most interesting social papers we recollect to have seen, is a report referring mainly to this matter, given in by the Rev. Dr. Begg, of Edinburgh, to the last General Assembly of the Free Church. By both this gentleman and Mr. Stuart, what is reckoned the grand curse of the Scottish rural districts is what is called *the Bothy System*, the plan of lodging a number of ploughmen and other labourers, generally unmarried, and of either sex, in a hut or outhouse, called a "Bothy," and thus virtually rendering all the humanizing influences of life impossible. "Various causes," says Dr. Begg, "are assigned in the returns for the introduction of Bothies at first. In many of them the cause is said to have been the introduction of improved farming, the throwing of several farms into one, and the demolition of the old cottages, as being no longer necessary under the new system of husbandry—nay, as being likely to harbour a population that might become burdensome in the way of poor-rates. Bothies for unmarried men supplied the lack of cottages, and were supposed to be less dangerous in respect to pauperism. It is also frequently alleged in the returns that the cause of the Bothies has been the elevation of the social position of the farmer and of his family, in consequence of which it became impossible for master and man-servant any longer to sit at the same table, as in more primitive times. And some allege that the cause has been the unreasonable and discontented spirit of the servants themselves, who became in consequence disagreeable inmates of the farmers' houses, and required to be thrust out into a separate place. There is probably truth in all these suggestions."

The effects of this system are shown to be in the highest degree demoralizing. Dr. Begg's report is made up of returns sent in from all parts of the country, and he says:—"The nearly unanimous testimony of these returns is to the effect that almost every form of moral evil has sprung from the Bothy System—and, especially, that it has been a great foster-parent of Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and illegitimacy in the districts in which it prevails!"

The remedy for this state of things lies chiefly in the hands of the proprietors. Farm libraries, newspapers, Bothy teachers, and other moral appliances may help to lessen the evil, but they can never cure it. There must be *better houses* as the basis of all thorough improvement. And on the 10th of January, 1854, the noblemen and gen-

tlemen forming the Association above referred to seemed to be very fully aware of the fact. Mr. Stuart gives in an Appendix to the Second Edition of his Essay, a Report of the Proceedings of a Public Meeting held in Edinburgh on that day; and from it we learn, that the Duke of Buccleuch, who was in the chair, gave expression to a good deal of strong and wholesome language. "I confess, for my own part, and I am ashamed to say it, that I can show as bad specimens of cottages—I believe, also, in some cases, as bad specimens of Bothies, as can be found in any part of Scotland. I say that to my shame. But at the same time, I will not blink the question. If I attack others for the state that their houses are in, I will not allow any person to say that I have concealed the condition of my own. We must consider the effect this has on the moral condition of our peasantry. Many of them are very well educated, and some of them have considerable natural refinement of mind. But really, when a man has a feeling of refinement and is well educated, if he lives in a house that any person might hesitate to put his pigs in, you cannot expect that he can be otherwise than discontented with his lot." "I appeal to any landlord, factor, or tenant, if what I am stating is not the case. How can you expect that when men, women, and children are all huddled together in one apartment, or in two apartments, it should be otherwise than that all self-respect is lost, and that the delicacy of feeling which ought to exist is destroyed?" "Gentlemen, we shall do nothing with this Association, if it be merely an Association for puffing and extolling—for giving premiums to this man—and puffing that man—for extolling this man and extolling the other. We must look the evil, such as it is, straight in the face." "I am afraid I have said several things which are very unpalatable, and which will not be liked; but I cannot help it—I feel strongly on the subject, and I cannot but state what I feel!" These are strong and healthy words from the premier duke of Scotland; and we rejoice to say that the earnest feelings manifested on this occasion by him have not evaporated in smoke. Improvements of an extensive nature have, we understand, been made in the houses of his large estates; and the one regret is, that his example, and that of Lord Kinnaird, in regard to this matter, have been so little generally followed. Still things are tending, although slowly, in the right direction; and we trust that by and bye public opinion may become so influential and constraining, as to compel even the most selfish and inconsiderate among the lairds to think as much of the comfort of their cottages as of the ventilation of their byres and their stables.

We had intended, in conclusion, to have noticed at some length what is intimately and vitally connected with the subject of this paper—the State of Religion and Education in Scotland; but our space has been so fully occupied by a review of other relative matter, that we must be content with merely setting down one or two of the facts which were brought out at the census of 1851.

It appears, then, that in Scotland there are upwards of thirty differ-

rent Religious Sects, a number of them, however, being so small as to have no more than one congregation each. The three most powerful bodies are the Established Church, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church; the first containing 34 per cent.; the second 32 per cent.; and the third 18 per cent. of the Church-going population. From the Census Returns, it would appear that the church accommodation is *considerably greater than can be used*, and that not more than one-half of it is actually made use of. This singular state of affairs, however, is due in great measure to the disruption of 1843, since when nearly a thousand new places of worship have been erected. And this statement must not be regarded as if it proved that nowhere are new ecclesiastical buildings urgently required; for in many a rural parish there are now two churches, any one of which would be adequate for the accommodation of the whole inhabitants, while in districts of growing cities and new manufacturing villages, there are no church edifices of any description. On the Census Sunday, the proportion of persons who attended church to *population*, was less than a third in the morning, and rather more than a fifth in the afternoon. This proportion is somewhat higher than in England. But it reveals a state of things not altogether flattering to a country where at least the profession of religion was once supposed to be very nearly universal. At the same time, it must be admitted that figures do not always convey an accurate impression either of the social or religious condition of the district. Regard must be had also to the spirit and enterprise of those who make the reforming element in the mass; and, looked at in this light, the religious future of Scotland is very far indeed from being unhopeful. The Free Church is the only body whose whole income and expenditure are submitted to public inspection, and we cannot therefore speak so definitely of the life and energy of the other denominations; but it is certainly a significant fact, indicative of the presence in the heart of the Scottish people of a decided re-actionary tendency, to say the least of it, from religious indifference, that that one sect has for nearly twenty years raised voluntarily for the support and spread of the Gospel the large annual sum total of £300,000.

It is greatly to be feared that the Educational reputation of Scotland is still, to a very great extent, merely traditional. The number of its schools may, indeed, bear still a fair enough proportion to the population, and the quality of the instruction given in them is, without a doubt, vastly improved. But, along with the moral and religious deterioration of the people, there appeared a change in their sentiments in regard to the advantages of book-learning and mental training; and it is no longer so certain as it was once that, among a miscellaneous company of working men of all nations, the Scotchmen will generally be found to be the most intelligent and the best read. As it is, not more than one in seven of the population are at school, and not only in the large towns, but even in the country villages, children are growing up without being taught at all. If the Social condition of Scotland is to be materially improved, this great evil will

have to be remedied. How it is to be done, is another question. But if some plan is not soon discovered, it is easy to see that all other reformatory measures will be seriously hampered and obstructed.

On the whole, however, it is not without satisfaction that we contemplate the history and present aspect of Social Life in Scotland. There are many painful things about it—many things which ought to excite the deepest anxiety in the minds of all who are honestly interested in that country's religion. But there are rays of light also thrown across the picture, which do much towards relieving its darkness and gloom. And among these rays there is that especially of hope, that, with the spirit of religious earnestness revived in the hearts of many, and the character and extent of the evils now thoroughly exposed, such remedial measures shall be taken as will hold out the certain assurance, as years roll by, that every part of the Social System will undergo a process of thorough renovation.

V.

MR. GLADSTONE AT EDINBURGH.

"THE grey Metropolis of the North" was very grey on the morning of the 17th of April last. A slumbrous mist stealing up the Firth; a thin, half-perceptible haze swathing the ribs and battlements of Arthur's seat; the gloom of the old town and the brightness of the new, toned down into an amicable neutrality by the unsubstantial and ærial veil between; the sunshine playing deceitfully upon your face, while the east wind, blending with it in subtle and mysterious *interpenetration*, searched your bones;—all these, familiar enough to the citizens of Edinburgh, were on that day enjoyed also by hundreds of strangers gathered to an Academical Celebration. The students of the University, during the Session then closing, had enjoyed for the first time the privilege which other Scotch Universities have always had, of electing a Rector; and this privilege they had exercised with the perfervid enthusiasm of their age and race. Mr. Gladstone was brought forward, and after a contest with a gentleman of local literary celebrity, was declared at the head of the poll amid a tempest of howling and hurrahs worthy of an Academic Donnybrook. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, undeterred by the prospect of a budget of vast difficulty to be prepared, and a Parliamentary campaign upon it in which he should have to "keep the bridge" with his single arm, at once accepted the offer, and fixed this day for his installation. The College of Edinburgh, a large square in the old town, black and grimy outside, but presenting a stately and symmetrical quadrangle within, has yet no hall suited for such a

solemnity; and the members of the University, graduate and undergraduate, trooped on this forenoon to the Music Hall, a building of modest dimensions, from whose platform orators love to sway the polished and critical democracy of the modern Athens.

In the centre of the Hall are crowded the students who have elected the Rector. Some of them are mere boys, rejoicing in the first enjoyment of their *Burschenherrlichkeit*, and forgetting (what the address to which they are about to listen will be sure to remind them of) how much of this first Session they have been content gaily and gladly to lose, and not a little of it in the excitement of the contest and canvass for this very office. Others are older and graver men, who have had to wrestle with the world year after year, in order to obtain a little leisure to prosecute a higher but not more noble struggle with the difficulties of philosophy and science during the short six months Session at College. Almost all of them seem older than they are; the Scotch feeling of *responsibility* has left its mark upon the young faces, and they look like those who, though for the present apart from the world, have yet looked the world in the face, and felt the practical importance even of the most abstract studies. On either side of them, in the two wings of the Hall, sit the members of the general Council of the University, a body called into existence by the recent Act, giving the Scotch Universities an independent constitution, and which meets half-yearly to take into its consideration "all questions concerning the well-being of the University." There are already about fifteen hundred members of the Edinburgh Council, all graduates or men who have gone through a course entitling to graduation, and they thus form a very important Academical Parliament. They have elected Lord Brougham as the first Chancellor in October last; to-morrow they are to meet for the first time for University business, with Mr. Gladstone in the chair, and to-day they wait with a keen critical attention for his address, every sentence of which will, before nightfall, be discussed and debated over, with sarcastic disapproval or fierce and logical approbation. In the gallery, in front of the platform, and on the orchestra rising behind it, are placed the ladies, who, with a magnanimous forgiveness of the somewhat obscure position into which their learned lords have thrust them, take a noble revenge by shining the brighter, and make an unexpected sunshine in the shadier part of the Hall. Sydney Smith has characterized the Edinburgh ladies as metaphysical; but, on this occasion, they do not look so, and as Hypatia in a blue ribbon smiles across to Sappho in those golden curls, they seem almost to forget that they are assisting at a grave Academical solemnity, and the liquid laughter of the *dulce loquentes* above distracts the attention of the ingenuous but impatient youth below.

For a wild uproar is beginning to arise throughout the Hall. Old gentlemen, who have been waiting half an hour already, regard their unoffending watches with a fixed and reproachful frown; and young gentlemen, who have been looking round in vain for some incident to justify a clamour, give up the fruitless search, and proceed to

"make the happiness they do not find" by thumping the floor below and hurling interjections towards the roof above. The tumult gets infectious. Every one rises from his seat, and everything is laid hold of to keep up the row. New comers especially provoke it. One man entering has a long nose—it were insufferable dullness not to be amused at that. The next nose is rather short—it were manifest injustice to let it pass more favourably. The third man is not remarkable in either or in any way; but that, in our present disposition, appears the most exquisite jest of all. Uproar begets uproar, and tumult gives occasion to tumult—the whole Hall is rocking in a gentle storm, when lo! *Vir pietate gravis!* Sir David Brewster enters, leading the procession as Principal, and all sinks into rest.

Sir David looks well, and his gown, of rich purple silk (for he is Vice-Chancellor as well as Principal), relieved by the crimson and scarlet hood of a D.C.L., contrasts nobly with the aged face and snow-white hair. Behind him enter the Professors, in the robes appropriate to the different Faculties, and we recognize some of the better-known faces:—Professor Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, with his leonine head and mane, and bluff, good-humoured smile; Professor Syme, the trenchant surgeon, who cuts with more weapons than one, but "never wastes a word, or a drop of ink, or a drop of blood;" Dr. James Robertson, one of the Professors of Divinity, planted on the platform like a piece of ordnance, though for this day the audience is safe from its thundering reverberation; the grizzled head, and form more than erect, of Dr. Christison, the well-known Toxicologist, one of the oldest, most energetic, and most respected men connected with the College, and looking as if he was quite aware of it; Professor Blackie, his long hair, already blanched, covering that keen and restless brain fed from a warm and honest heart; Dr. Lyon Playfair, with his ruddy German face, the latest acquisition of the University, and who promises to make not a few enthusiasts in chemistry among its students; Professor Aytoun, buried in beard, and looking like a Scottish Cavalier after seventeen years of exile in a desolate and razorless land; Professor Goodsir, feeble and palsied in body, but great and eloquent in comparative anatomy; Professor Miller, a high peace resting on his broad brow, who, besides being a skilful surgeon, is what he calls a *Nephalist*, and what mortals call a Teetotaller, and seduces day by day the University youth to join him, "for pure auld Scotland's sake" rather than for their own; and after these and the other professors, Alexander Smith, Secretary of the University (*factus*), and poet (*natus*), the honey-dropping mouth hid in a rich and fulvous beard. Besides these are several noblemen and gentlemen connected with the University, as members of the Royal Commission or otherwise; the Lord Advocate Moncrieff, whose haughty but frank bearing does not interfere with his popularity as a legislator; the Lord Justice Clerk Inglis, whose English readers remember as the defender of Madeleine Smith, and who is to-day recognized as having carried

through Parliament the late University Enactment; Mr. Murray Dunlop, a useful M.P., and admirable ecclesiastical lawyer, who threw the high claims of the Scotch Church in the struggle with the state before 1843 into forms worthy of the earnestness and gravity of the contest; Lord Ardmillan, who delivered the most eloquent and heartiest of the innumerable orations on the day of the Burns' Centenary, and others whom we have no time to notice.

Sir David Brewster rises, and, in compliance with his inarticulate request, the Reverend Professor Crawford invokes the Divine blessing on the meeting of the University, and that not in Latin, but in well-chosen and classical English. The Scotch assemblage stands mute and unresponsive during the prayer, Mr. Gladstone alone pronouncing at its close a solemn Amen. Then rises the Dean of the Faculty of Law, the sonorous Professor Campbell Swinton, prouder to be descended from the Swintons of Kinmerghane than to teach in the legal capital of Scotland the magnificent jurisprudence of Rome. His function as Dean is to present to the Vice-Chancellor those who are to be created Doctors of Laws, and as each thus honoured rises to his feet, he thunders out an energetic but discriminating eulogy. Mr. Gladstone he characterizes as "a consummate orator, a most accomplished scholar, a statesman of eminent distinction, and a faithful and laborious servant to a *confiding* sovereign" (perhaps a touch of sarcasm in this last epithet, for Mr. Swinton is an utter Tory), "who has, with a brilliancy of success, which, except in the case of the venerable Chancellor of this University, is probably unrivalled in modern times, combined the character of the man of action and the man of letters." Among the other Doctors of Laws, two attract especial attention, Professor Mansel, of Oxford, who is received with great enthusiasm as the representative of Sir William Hamilton (a name greater than any left to the University, which rises unbidden to many a mind when Mr. Gladstone afterwards refers to the few who possess a "princely gift" of teaching, and whom "the young follow, as soldiers follow their leader, when he waves the banner of their native land before their eyes;") and James D. Forbes, the distinguished Natural Philosopher, who has for twenty-seven years adorned the University of Edinburgh, and now, broken in health, and one more of the martyrs of science, takes the honourable but less active duties of Principal, vacated by Sir David Brewster, at "St. Salvator and St. Leonard's," at St. Andrew's. And now the Doctors are all capped, and every one, grateful to Professor Swinton for the admirable way in which he has discharged the combined duties of University Orator and *Præco*, is yet thankful that the perils of eulogy are past. Mr. Hall, one of the students, the Rector's constituents, introduces Mr. Gladstone to the Vice-Chancellor in an excellent little speech, modestly claiming his aid in "the new era on which the University is entering, to raise her to the position which we would have her hold among the great schools of Europe." The Rector rises to his feet amid a roar of acclamation, and, when it subsides, delivers his address.

Mr. Gladstone's appropriate and eloquent speech was a great boon to the Edinburgh University, but his personal presence was still greater. No one who witnessed his inauguration, and the meeting of the University Council at which he presided on the following day, is likely to forget the earnest dignity of his demeanour, the careful conscientiousness with which he went into every detail of the working of the new University Constitution, which he had evidently thoroughly studied beforehand, and the stately courtesy with which he offered all the assistance that his experience in University matters might enable him in future to give, either in the way of perfecting the machinery or smoothing the working of the machine. That such an influence and such assistance will be needed, there can be little doubt. The recent "Universities Act" for Scotland, has thrown open many questions connected with the modest academies of the North, and has, in fact, given opportunity for a reconstruction of them which may be more or less complete just as it seems to be necessary or desirable. While large legislative powers are in the meantime vested in the University Commissioners, a new machinery is provided henceforth for all the Universities. A governing body, called the University Court, is appointed for each, and a new Council, in which all graduates have a right to sit, meets half-yearly to initiate improvements, to improve or reject proposed alterations, and generally to deliberate on everything that concerns the Universities as the organs of the higher education and intellectual life of Scotland. Scotchmen are not likely to allow such an opportunity to pass unimproved. Among the subjects already largely discussed at Edinburgh and the other seats of instruction are—the institution of examinations before and at entering College, so as, if possible, to define as well as elevate the work both of the school and of the University; the more efficient examination for degrees, though the *pass* in these has already for many years been more severe, at Edinburgh at least, than at either Oxford or Cambridge; and the still larger and more interesting proposal of giving more of what Mr. Gladstone calls "a just freedom to teaching," so as to "approach more closely to the primitive spirit and system of Universities, by introducing the element of a wholesome competition" between the Professors and those of the general body of graduates whose acquirements and reputation may enable them to cope with them. In such circumstances it was appropriate that Mr. Gladstone's speech should turn very much on the nature and history of Universities; and we know no more noble or comprehensive definitions of these great institutions than are to be found in this address. Starting from "the broad and universal canon, that every generation of men, as they traverse the vale of life, are bound to accumulate, and in divers manners do accumulate new treasures for the race, and leave the world richer, on their departure, for the advantage of their descendants, than, on their entrance, they themselves had found it," he argues that, "of the mental portion of this treasure no small part is stored, and of

the continuous work I have described no small part is performed by Universities ; which have been, I venture to say, entitled to rank among the greater lights and glories of Christendom." " For the work of the University as such covers the whole field of knowledge human and Divine ; the whole field of our nature in all its powers ; the whole field of time, in binding together successive generations as they pass in the prosecution of their common destiny ; aiding each to sow its proper seed and to reap its proper harvest from what has been sown before ; storing up into its own treasure-house the spoils of every new venture in the domain of mental enterprise, and ever binding the present to pay over to the future an acknowledgment at least of the debt which for itself it owes the past. If the work of improvement in human society under Christian influences be a continuous and progressive work, then we can conceive why the King's Daughter, foreshadowed in Holy Writ, has counted the University among her handmaids. If, apart from what may be the counsels of Providence as to ultimate success, it lay essentially in the nature of Christianity that it should aim at nothing less than the entire regeneration of human nature and society, such a conception as that of the University was surely her appropriate ally. Think as we will upon the movement of man's life, and the course of his destiny, there is a fit association, and a noble and lofty harmony, between the greatest gift of the Almighty to our race on the one hand, and the subordinate but momentous ministries of those chief institutions of learning and education, the business of one among which has gathered us to-day."

The original idea of the University being thus, as he re-states it, to "*methodize, perpetuate, and apply all knowledge which existed, and to adopt and take up into itself every new branch as it came successively into existence,*" the Rector went on to bear witness to the sincerity, and sagacity, and energy of purpose of their founders in the middle age, and to the vast and various good which they achieved, unbalanced by any characteristic evils. " What the castle was to the feudal baron, what the guild was to the infant middle-class, they were to knowledge and mental freedom. Nor was it only that there local culture received local shelter, and enjoyed through them an immunity from the assaults of barbarism in its vicinity ; they established, so to speak, a telegraph for the mind, and all the elements of intellectual culture scattered throughout Europe were brought by them into near communion. Without a visible head, or a coercive law, or a perilous tendency to aggression, they did for the mind of man what the unity of the Romish Church aimed at doing for the soul. They did it by the strong sympathy of an inward life, and by a common interest and impulse, almost from their nature incapable of being directed to perverse or dangerous ends.

Mr. Gladstone did not grapple with the question which might naturally seem to present itself at this point, whether Universities, so admirably fitted for the age which gave them birth, are necessary in the greatly changed and more complete system of modern times.

Much might be said, and much that lies very near the surface, in favour of such an objection. The world is widening in every direction, and the influences that make and mould the world are increasing and intertwining and ramifying in ways that our fathers dreamed not of. The Social System has become wonderfully complete, and at the same time, by a very familiar paradox, has greatly gained in unity. Of old "Universities were a great mediating power between the high and the low, between the old and the new, between speculation and action, between authority and freedom." It cannot be denied that in these days this particular function of theirs has very much ceased; for the simple reason that the high and the low, the old and the new, speculation and action, authority and freedom, are no longer so distinctly and strongly opposed to each other. The great atmosphere of public opinion, the *communis sensus* of civilization, encompasses and harmonizes all things in our modern times. To our eyes, the old is not so very old, nor the new so very new. The world itself is now becoming, what the rigid barriers of the middle-age refused to let it be then, a real *universitas*, ever conserving the old and absorbing and assimilating the new. If, therefore, we desire a pledge for the future existence and prosperity of Universities, we shall probably find it not so much, or not so visibly, in the circumstances of the world without, as in the unchanging conditions of the development of the individual man. The University is not an arbitrary institution. It has a root in human nature, and its work is appropriate to a particular and well-defined period in the history of the youthful mind. There comes a time when school no longer satisfies the intellect, and when it demands not merely something wider, but what is of far more importance, something deeper. *It asks to think*; and the function of the University is to teach it to think. So at the threshold of the great world stands the *alma mater*, not, according to the vulgar idea, to give all knowledge, but to give us the key to all knowledge, by rooting in our minds the idea of what true scientific knowledge is, and because this work is done in the sunshine of youth, at the time when all hopes are brightest and strongest; and done, too, not solitarily, but among many, inspired and united by the same generous ardour, the University becomes to all who have passed through it a name venerable and dear—*Semper sit in flore!*

But the most striking part of Mr. Gladstone's address was that in which, leaving the general subject of Universities, he addressed the students upon the spirit and temper in which they should prosecute their studies. The moral power which distinguishes Mr. Gladstone's speaking came out here, with memorable and, to a listener, almost painful impressiveness. The robed form, the slow harmonious gesture, the deliberate and well-poised enunciation, the large utterance and lofty tones, the stern, sad face, lit up by a rare and genial smile, the deep-set and solemn eyes, flashing with an internal light—each contributed to the power with which, amid profound silence, he urged upon the youth before him to "believe

before experience—believe until you may know, and *that* you may know ;” and assured them that “the thrift of time will repay you in after life, with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings.” And when, leaving his manuscript, he turned to the students, and, standing in his crimson vestments, with uplifted hands, like a high-priest of old in solemn adjuration, he warned them against worshipping success, and temporary idolising fame, and many remembered that the speaker was that moment the most popular minister in England, and had been sought and followed by that success which he has never deigned to seek.

“And, gentlemen, the hope of an enduring fame is without doubt a powerful incentive to virtuous action, and you may suffer it to float before you as a vision of refreshment, second always, and second with long interval, of your conscience and the will of God. For an enduring fame is once stamped by the judgment of the future, that future which dispels illusions, and smashes idols into dust. Little of what is criminal, little of what is idle, can endure even the first touch of the ordeal ; it seems as though this purging power following at the heels of man, and trying his work were a witness, and a harbinger of the great and final account. So, then, the thirst of an enduring fame is near akin to the love of true excellence. But the fame of the moment is a dangerous possession and a bastard motive ; and he who does his acts in order that the echo of them may come back as a soft music in his ears, plays false to his noble destiny as a Christian man, places himself in continual danger of dallying with wrong, and taints even his virtuous actions at their source. Not the sublime words alone of the Son of God and His apostles, but heathenism too, even while its vision is limited to this passing scene, testifies with an hundred tongues that the passing scene itself presents to us virtue as an object, and a moral law, graven deeply in our whole nature as a guide. But now, when the screens that so bounded human vision have been removed, it were sad indeed, and not more sad than shameful, if that being should be content to live for the opinion of the moment, who has immortality for his inheritance. He that never dies, can he not afford to wait patiently a while ? And can he not let faith, which interprets the present, also guarantee the future ? Nor are there any two habits of mind more distinct than that which chooses success for its aim, and covets after popularity, and that, on the other hand, which values and defers to the judgments of our fellow-men as helps in the attainment of truth.

“But I would not confound with the sordid worship of popularity in after life, the graceful and instinctive love of praise in the uncritical period of youth. On the contrary, I say, avail yourselves of that stimulus to good deeds, and when it proceeds from worthy sources, and lights upon worthy conduct, yield yourselves to the warm satisfaction it inspires ; but yet, even while young, and even amidst the glow of that delight, keep a vigilant eye upon yourselves, refer the

honour to Him from whom all honour comes, and ever be inwardly ashamed for not being worthier of His gifts."

In one respect Mr. Gladstone has well requited the University of Edinburgh. They went out of their way, as Scotchmen and Presbyterians, to choose for their Rector one who had no party, or political or ecclesiastical connection with them, attracted not more by the academic reputation than by the moral consistency and Christian purpose of the man. He met them on their own ground, and with no bated breath or cowardly reserve discoursed of the University in those highest relations which no man and no human institution can ignore, ever since that Divine voice was first heard, which has come sounding down these later centuries.

"It is, I believe, a fact, and if so, it is a fact highly instructive and suggestive, that the University, as such, is a Christian institution. The Greeks, indeed, had the very largest ideas upon the training of man, and produced specimens of our kind with gifts that have never been surpassed. But the nature of man, such as they knew it, was scarcely at all developed; nay, it was maimed, in its supreme capacity—in its relations towards God. Hence, as in the visions of the prophet, so upon the roll of history, the imposing fabrics of ancient civilization never have endured. Greece has bequeathed to us her ever-living tongue, and the immortal productions of her intellect. Rome made ready for Christendom the elements of solid polity and law; but the brilliant assemblage of endowments which constitutes civilization, having no root in itself, could not brook the shocks of time and vicissitude; it came and it went; it was seen and it was gone; *Hunc tantum terris ostendent fata; neque ultra esse sinent*. We now watch, gentlemen, with a trembling hope, the course of that later and Christian civilization which arose out of the ashes of the old heathen world, and ask ourselves whether, like the Gospel itself, so that which the Gospel has wrought beyond itself in the manners, arts, laws, and institutions of men, is in such manner and degree salted with perpetual life, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? Will the civilization, which was springing upwards from the days of Charlemagne, and which now, over the face of Europe and America, seems to present to us in bewildering conflict the mingled signs of decrepitude and of vigour, perish like its older types, and like them be known thereafter only in its fragments; or does it bear a charmed life, and will it give shade from the heat and shelter from the storm to all generations of men?"

Mr. Gladstone did not venture to answer his own question, so eloquently put. Perhaps he shrunk from stating the strong truth, that mere Christian civilization, when the faith of the Son of God has died out of it, is just as precarious as that of heathendom; and that the only way to ensure the progressive improvement of the race is by the moral salvation of the individual man. We can hardly accept printing, commerce, and the other phenomena of modern times which he mentions, as guarantees for the future; but we may, with him, regard them as "witnesses, and but a few among many witnesses, to

the vast change which has been wrought since the advent of our Lord in the state of man. Perhaps they re-echo to us the truth that, apart from sound and sure relations to its Maker, the fitful efforts of mankind must needs be worsted in the conflict with chance and change; but that, when by the dispensation of Christianity the order of our moral nature was restored, when the rightful King had once more taken His place upon His throne in the heart of man, then, indeed, civilization might come to have a meaning and a vitality such as had before been denied it. There, at length, it had obtained the key to all the mysteries of the nature of man, to all the anomalies of its condition. Thus it had obtained the ground plan of that nature in all its fulness, which before had been known only in remnants or in fragments—fragments of which, even as now in the toppling remains of some ancient church or castle—the true grandeur and the ethereal beauty were even the more conspicuous because of the surrounding ruins. But they were fragments still, and they were fragments only, until, by the bringing of life and immortality to light, the parts of our nature were re-united, its harmony was re-established, the riddle of life, heretofore unsolved, was at length read as a discipline, and so obtained its just interpretation. All that had before seemed idle conflict, wasted energy, barren effort, was seen to be but the preparation for a glorious future; and death itself, instead of extinguishing the last hopes of man, became the means and the pledge of His perfection.”

Mr. Gladstone has struck a high key-note for a University which claims to be entering on a new era; and it is now for it to respond to it. There is much need that it, and the other Universities of Scotland—undergraduates and graduates—should do so. Scotchmen have been remembering of late that this year is the Tricentenary of their Reformation. Much has come and gone since that era. “There is confusion in the little isle.” Their holy and beautiful House, where their fathers praised God, is divided against itself. Why should not the Universities resume their old function of mediating and harmonizing, as well as elevating? Why should they not send forth year by year, men, united not so much in name as in true heart and true faith, to work together side by side, till they work into that outward unity which is the seemly and appointed sign of the bond of charity within? For though much is broken, yet much abides, for them and for all. They may still cast anchor where the stern-faced, tender-hearted old Reformer cast his, ere he and his fellows turned to the work of building a system which should last for centuries, and which remains in spirit to this hour, though torn, and broken, and divided. If many things are displaced and shaken, it is that the things that cannot be shaken may remain. And Universities, as institutions which have a continued and perpetuated existence, which rest ever upon the rich and treasured past, and look forward to the pregnant future; which deal, not with the transient objects and strivings and interests of the hour, but with those things which belong to all men and to all times; which receive each new

generation fresh from the hand of God, and send it forth to influence and guide the age—such institutions have manifestly a special work and call at such a time. Whether and how far that call shall be obeyed, and to what unexpectedly large results it may possibly lead, we do not know; but all who take a true interest in the University of Edinburgh must rejoice that it has been so distinctly echoed from its chair of authority on this occasion, and can hope nothing higher than that their University may never decline from the temper and tone of the Rector's address of 1860.

Interesting as was the ceremony connected with the installation of Mr. Gladstone as Lord Rector, it was a yet more interesting spectacle, only one short month later, to see Lord Brougham inaugurated as Chancellor of the University. His former connection with that seat of learning as one of its most distinguished alumni, his subsequent long and brilliant career, his prodigious powers and labours, his accumulated stores of knowledge, his versatility of genius, his philosophy and his oratory, with a riper old age, invested the first Chancellor of this University with a dignity which belongs to but few living men. His election to this highest distinction reflects infinite honour on the University itself. Nor has our modern Athens ever presented a more imposing spectacle than when, on the eighteenth day of May, the noble and learned Lord—the man who was once the idol of the people, and whose whole life has been devoted to the advancement and improvement of his race, stood, surrounded by Scotia's best and most accomplished sons, by the members of the Senate, by numbers of the lay and clerical graduates of the University, and by thousands of deeply-interested persons, eager to witness the ceremony of his inauguration. The appearance of the man, at the advanced age of eighty-one, was itself a study; and one's whole nature thrilled with delight as he passed in his discursive address from point to point in the wide domain of literature, science, and religion, and poured forth his still fresh and vigorous eloquence.

His reference to the great men whom the University had produced in his own day; his delicate allusion to the wider basis on which the Scottish Universities are known to rest; his high estimate of classical and mathematical studies; his continued strong attachment to intellectual, political, and religious freedom, are points in his address on which it would be easy to expatiate at any length; but it is to his remarks on the subject of Revealed Truth that we turn with peculiar delight. Animadverting on the tendency of Hume's writings, he said:—

“It is not to be forgotten that injury to the cause of Truth has been done by a very eminent person, in whose great capacity and celebrity this city takes a just pride, how much soever his talents may have been misapplied; and it will become the instructors of youth strenuously to counteract the influence of David Hume, both on account of the incalculable importance of the subject on which he

was misled, and also in respect of a far less material circumstance—the disposition of ignorant persons in other countries to represent him as having founded an infidel school or sect in Scotland. It is fit that on this point the truth should be plainly spoken—Mr. Hume was not a sceptic either in his political or religious errors. His opinions were perfect—decided when they could be held upon positive or affirmative positions, and as decided as any that could be held upon mere negation. He was the adversary of popular rights, and the ally of the English High Church party against those rights, widely as he differed from all Churchmen upon the grounds of their belief and the foundations of their power. He was upon all Religion, Natural and Revealed, a disbeliever rather than an unbeliever, rejecting the evidence of the former, and declaring it to be wholly insufficient to prove the existence of a Deity or the immortality of the soul; and holding the statements upon which the latter rests to be not only false but impossible. This is not scepticism, but dogmatism. It is the assertion that of a miracle there can be no proof; that of a God and future state there is no proof—no reason whatever to believe it. This, then, is atheism as much as any person of sound mind can hold the opinion, and this ought constantly to be exposed as such, and refuted. Fortunately there are the means of triumphant refutation; for upon Natural Religion the whole argument of Mr. Hume rests upon an entire misconception of the nature of inductive reasoning; and it is not too much to affirm that if he had ever attended to any branch of Natural Philosophy he could not have fallen into so manifest an error. There is no one part of the argument which would not destroy all inductive science; all generalization would be put an end to; experimental inquiry must stand still; no step could be made, no conclusion drawn, beyond the mere facts observed; and the science must be derived from the process or general reasoning upon particular facts, into the bare record of those particular facts themselves. The late discoveries in Fossil Osteology afford additional proofs of Mr. Hume's hasty assumptions, both on the question of a Providence and that of miracles. It is now proved by evidence which he must have admitted to be sufficient, that at one remote period in the history of our globe there was an exertion of creative power to form the human and certain other races not before existing; so that he must have believed in the miracle of creation; that is, the interposition of a Being powerful enough to suspend the established order of things, and make a new one. The argument rests on the same grounds as to a future state, in so far as he denies the proof of a power to continue the soul apart from the body. But there is this material difference in the evidence—that an induction is conclusive as to the existence of the Deity, and the independent and separate nature of the soul, but only proves the probability of its continued existence. Its entirely different nature from matter, as shown in the quickness of its operations, its independence of the body, proved by the faculties sometimes becoming stronger as the body decays—above all, its surviving

the complete change of the body, so that hardly a particle of the corporeal frame remains while the mind continues unchanged, unless perhaps by gaining strength—all demonstrate its different constitution and its independent existence; and, as there is no one example of annihilation in the universe—what is termed destruction being only dissolution and new combination, and the soul, from the singleness of its nature without parts, being incapable of such destruction—we are left to infer, from the prevalence of benevolent design in all the Creator's works, that He will continue what He has formed, and so largely endowed, and so bountifully cherished. Greatly as this celebrated writer is to be blamed for the rashness of his speculations, and his yielding to the bias which appears to have influenced him in these and other inquiries, he is almost entirely free from the charge justly made against Voltaire and his contemporaries—some of whom, as Voltaire himself, were deists—of treating these matters with ridicule, or with ribaldry, or with a levity wholly unsuited to the sacred subject, and fitted only to inflict pain upon conscientious believers. With the exception of a sentence or two in the 'Essay on Miracles,' his writings preserve the most unbroken gravity, and indeed the seriousness which is so becoming. The same praise belongs to Rousseau, who, indeed, was a reluctant unbeliever; but, having none of that reasoning power which Hume possessed and abused, his unbelief is less to be censured. It has been deemed necessary to state these things respecting Mr. Hume in order that his authority may be reduced to its just dimensions, and especially with young men, led away by his great name, and his incontestably great merits in some important particulars. But, besides counteracting that influence, the studies themselves in which he has been the promoter of error are of such vast importance—one of them the most important of all—that no pains can be deemed too great, no care too unremitting, to exclude false doctrine and inculcate sound opinions."

On the place to be assigned to Natural Theology, he is equally clear and explicit:—

"Nor is it only in teaching Divinity, technically so called, in unfolding the truths of Revealed Religion, that this duty can be discharged. The great doctrines of Natural Theology demand the closest attention, and afford the most valuable support to the teachers of the Revealed Word. Nothing can be more groundless than the jealousy sometimes felt, but oftener professed, of Natural Religion by the advocates of Revealed; Bacon, who had his prejudices on the subject of final causes, occasioned by the abuse of that doctrine, describes Natural Religion as 'the key of Revealed, which' he says, 'opens our understanding to the genuine spirit of the Scriptures, unlocking our belief, so that we may enter upon the serious contemplation of the Divine Power, the characters of which are so deeply engraven in the works of the creation.' Newton has said, '*de Deo, de quo ex phænominis disserere ad philosophiam naturalem pertinet.*' Locke de-

clares, 'that he who would take away reason to make way for Revelation puts out the light of both, as if we should persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.' And Tillotson, in his great sermons preached before the king and queen upon the occasion of the naval victory in 1672, affirms that 'the principles of Natural Religion are the foundation of that which is Revealed.' It is, therefore, most desirable that a line of demarcation should not be drawn by the teachers of Revealed Religion so as to exclude from their province the great truths of Natural Religion, as the subject of deep and continual attention; and the teachers of the latter and of moral philosophy generally ought to be less shy than they too often are (not Paley, however) of a reference to the truths of the Gospel Dispensation. That dispensation may be safely rested upon its own proofs; but, should the weight of authority be required in its favour, we may assuredly ask if any one can pretend to be a better judge of physical and mathematical evidence than Sir Isaac Newton, of moral evidence than Mr. Locke, of legal evidence than Lord Hale, all of whom, and after full inquiry, were firm believers of the Gospel Truths. But not only is the habit to be deplored of drawing a line between Theology and the other branches of learning, it is equally necessary that no line should be drawn between these and Natural Religion. There is hardly any head of philosophy which is not connected with it; and these Sciences, as well as Natural Religion, must gain by keeping this connection constantly in view, and not considering that to treat of the one subject we must go out of the other. The wonders of the natural world have in all ages been dwelt upon as showing the hand of the Creator and Preserver at every step of our inquiries; and each new discovery has added to the devout confidence of the student. For instance, the late proof of the stability of the universe, so little suspected before our day, that men argue on the necessity of interference to retain the planets in their path, has thus afforded a very striking illustration of the rational optimism which is the best solution of the ancient, but constantly recurring question, *Ποθεν τό κακόν*. Thus, then, Natural Theology stands at the head of all sciences, from the sublime and elevating nature of its objects. It tells of the creation of all things, of the mighty power that fashioned and sustains the universe, of the exquisite skill that contrived the wings, and beaks, and feet of insects, invisible to the naked eye, and that lighted the lamp of day, and launched into space comets myriads of times larger than the earth, whirling ten thousand times swifter than a cannon ball, and two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron. It passes the bounds of material existence, and raises us from the creation to the Author of Nature. Its office is not only to mark what things are, but for what purposes they were made by the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful Being, with whose existence and attributes its high prerogative is to bring us acquainted. If we prize, and justly, the delightful contemplations of the other sciences; if we hold it a marvellous gratification to have ascertained exactly the swiftness of the remotest planets, the number of grains that a

piece of lead would weigh at their surfaces, and the degree in which each has become flattened in shape by revolving on its axis, it is surely a yet more noble employment of our faculties, and a still higher privilege of our nature, humbly but confidently to ascend from the universe to its great First Cause, and investigate the unity, the personality, the intentions, as well as the matchless skill and mighty power of Him who made, and moves, and sustains those prodigious bodies, and all that inhabit them. The thorough exposing of these truths, and dwelling incessantly upon them, is not required for supporting the character of this famous University, but it must afford pure delight both to the teacher and the student. Above all, is the necessity of making upon the mind of early youth an impression which never can wear out by lapse of time, or be effaced by the rival influences of other contemplations, or be obliterated by the cares of the world. The lessons thus learned, and the feelings engendered or cherished, will shed the auspicious influence over the mind through life; protection against the seductions of prosperous fortune, solacing in affliction, preparing for the great change that must close the scene by habitual and confident belief in the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, and in the humble hope of immortality which the study of His works has inspired, and which the gracious announcements of His Revealed Will abundantly confirm."

This homage to Revealed Truth was well-timed, and fell with more than usual effect from his lordship's lips. The theologian is not so much in danger of rejecting the lights which are supplied by either physical or moral science, as the moral philosopher is in danger of turning away from the sublime disclosures of the Book of God. Nature is not at variance with Revelation, and Revelation never contradicts the teachings of Nature. The Bible begins to speak only where Nature is silent; and what was never the province of Nature to reveal, the Book discloses with infallible certainty. Men are beginning to learn that truth is a grand unity; and this conclusion once reached, we shall hear no more of the discrepancies and the contradictions between the facts of Nature and the truths of Revelation. The opposition is in neither Nature nor the Bible, but in the darkness and the imperfection of the mind of man, who is but the interpreter of the works and the ways of God. There is a clear ring in the Chancellor's words;—let the University listen attentively to it.

VI.

CLAREMONT, AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

(Continued from page 612.)

IN less than two years, on the 2nd of May, 1816, the Princess Charlotte was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Claremont was bought of Mr. Ellis for their residence; and here, for about eighteen months, they tasted what might, perhaps, be truly termed uninterrupted happiness. As they drove slowly past our house on the banks of the Thames, on fine summer evenings, quietly chatting together, I can recollect being struck with the contrast in her face and mien from her appearance as she came out of the Chapel-Royal. I was child enough to be glad to have a scrap of her Court-train from my grandmother's milliner: it was of gold brocade, with a pattern of rose-buds.

With the exception of a drawing-room or two, and a few State-balls and dinner-parties, nothing could be simpler than their life at Claremont. They attended the little parish church of Esher; and the Princess, in straw bonnet, grey duffel cloak, and thick shoes, took an active interest in laying out her flower-garden, where there still are azaleas planted by her hands. Sir Thomas Lawrence, who visited Claremont in October, 1817, has left an account of his stay there which gives a graphic likeness of the domestic group. He says:—

"The Princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden, or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her. Her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does everything kindly.

"She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to me that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think that in his behaviour to her he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful

and slyly humorous, that it is evident (at least, it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than his displeasure.

"Their mode of life is very regular: they breakfast together alone about eleven; at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time. About three, she would leave the painting-room, to take her airing round the grounds, in a low phaeton, with the Prince always walking by her side. At five, she would come and sit to me till seven. At six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past; soon after which we went to dinner, the Prince and Princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Colonel Addenbroke, the Chamberlain, proposed our going in; always, as I thought, to disturb them.

"After coffee, the card-table was brought. . . . You know my superiority at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players. I therefore did not obey command; and, from ignorance of the delicacy of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before I pay my second visit there next week."

This was written only a month before the Princess's death. The next, written after that melancholy event, says:—

"Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple—'My love;' and his, always 'Charlotte.' I told you that, when we went in from dinner, they were generally sitting at the pianoforte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

"I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down her picture, to give to Prince Leopold on his birth-day, the 16th of next month."

And in his next he writes:—

"It was my wish that Prince Leopold should see the picture on his first entering the room to his breakfast; and, accordingly, at seven o'clock I set off with it in a coach. I got to Claremont, uncovered it, and placed it, in good time. Before I took it there, I carried it to Colonel Addenbrooke, Baron Hardenbroke,* and Dr. Short, who had been her preceptor. Sir Robert Gardiner came in, and went out immediately. Dr. Short looked at it for some time in silence, but I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes filled to overflowing. He said nothing, but went out; and, soon after him, Colonel Addenbrooke. The Baron and I then placed the picture in the Prince's room.

"When I returned to take my breakfast, Colonel Addenbrooke

* The Prince's equerries.

came in. He said, 'I don't know what to make of these fellows; there's Sir Robert Gardiner swears he can't stay in the room with it—that, if he sees it in one room, he'll go into another! Then, there's Dr. Short: I said to him, "I suppose, by your going out and saying nothing, you don't like the picture." "Like it?" said he (and he was blubbing); "'Tis so like her, and so amiable, that I could not stay in the room."'

"More passed on the subject, not worth detailing. I learnt that the Prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of reflections it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the Prince, and, returning shortly, said, 'The Prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention; that he shall always remember it. He said, "Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would, I shall be very glad to see him." I replied that I thought he would; so, if you like, he will see you whenever you choose, before your departure.' Soon after, I went in to him. As I passed through the hall, Dr. Short came up to me (he had evidently been, and was, crying), and thanked me for having painted such a picture. 'No one is a better judge than I am, Sir——;' and he turned away.

"The Prince was looking exceedingly pale, but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the *effort* at composure. He spoke at once about the picture, and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have also felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from the country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her. It was my study, my duty, to know her character, but it was also my delight.'

"During a short pause, I spoke of the impression it had made on me.

"'Yes—she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick; she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting; but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true! You saw her—you saw something of us; you saw us for some days—you saw our *year*! Oh! what happiness! And it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other. Except when I went out to shoot, we were together always; and we *could* be together—we did not tire.'

"I tried to check this current of recollection that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me,) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old King.

"'Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young (as if it could really be said to have lived). . . . She was always thinking of others, not of herself; no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—in that condition in which selfishness must act if it

exists—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not! Any grief could not make her so. She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and could not support her mistake. I left the room for a short time; in my absence, they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, “Call Prince Leopold; there is none can comfort him but me!” My Charlotte! my dear Charlotte!’ . . . And, now looking at the picture, he said, ‘Those beautiful hands, that, at the last, when she was talking to others, were always looking out for mine!’ . . .

“More passed during our interview, but not much more—chiefly my part in it. At parting, he pressed my hand firmly, held it long—I should almost say affectionately. I had been, by all this conversation, so impressed with esteem for him, that an attempt to kiss the hand that held mine was resistless, but it was checked on both sides. I but bowed, and he drew my hand towards him; he then bade me good-bye, and, on leaving the room, turned back, to give me a slow, parting nod; and, though half-blinded myself, I was struck with the exceeding paleness of his look across the room. His bodily health, his youthfulness, cannot sink under this heaviest affliction. . . . And his mind is rational; but, when thus leaving the room, his tall, dark figure, pale face, and solemn manner, for the moment looked a melancholy presage.

“Prince Leopold’s voice is of a very fine tone, and gentle; and its articulations exceedingly clear, accurate, and impressive, without the slightest affectation. You know that sort of reasoning emphasis of manner with which the tongue conveys whatever deeply interests the mind. His ‘My Charlotte’ is affecting: he does not say ‘*Me Charlotte*,’ but simply and evenly, ‘*My Charlotte*.’ ”

Surely, we owe to Sir Thomas Lawrence the best pen-and-ink sketch, as well as oil-colour portrait, of the Princess Charlotte. The mournful presage he spoke of was happily not fulfilled: the Prince, after a vision, perhaps, of a crown-matrimonial, and another “likeness of a kingly crown” in Greece actually proffered for his acceptance, assumed yet a third—not one of them coming to him in the way of inheritance—and has lived to prove himself the wise Ulysses of Europe. The senseless cry of a few ignorant people, that has occasionally been heard, of his “drawing so much money out of the country,” is simply owing to their ignorance of his having always laid out, or laid by, his £50,000 a-year in the country, for the benefit of the estate which was the nation’s gift. That estate was the favourite country-seat of his niece, our beloved Queen, till yet nearer ties, and the claim of misfortune, made it the asylum of the ex-royal family of France—Louis Philippe being the father of the second wife, who, dying untimely, left Leopold again a widower. Though her name was Louise, their only daughter was named Charlotte.

Since that first short glimpse of Claremont, I have spent many snatches of time in and about it, chiefly while “the land was yet

keeping its Sabbaths," and the house unoccupied except by servants—I have strayed at early dawn and dewy eve among the flower-beds planted by the Princess Charlotte, and shaded by funereal cedars—while the twenty gardeners were busy at their work—and sat dreaming in the alcove, with royal initials made in its rustic wood-work, splashed now and then by the spray of the little fountain—wandered past the Observatory, where royal breakfasts, *à la Watteau*, have sometimes taken place on the grass, to the "upland lawns," and leafy glades, and tangled thickets, up to the peaceful little mausoleum that commemorates the Princess Charlotte; and thence, amid many sounds of insect and animal life, but apparently miles away from human footfall, down to the shining lake, with its decayed old punt moored beneath overhanging trees, and its tiny cottage, where an old woman used to boast a Bible that had been given her by the Princess Charlotte. Thence, whichever way I turned, I was sure to find myself soon parallel with the outer park paling, soon to lose it again, amid wild brushwood and tangled thickets, and just, perhaps, as I was beginning to find myself almost *too* lonely, and to wonder would my wanderings ever come to an end, or was I really lost, a waggoner talking to his horses close at hand in the high-road would make me start, and remove my fears of the endlessness of the mazes woven by Capability Brown within a girdle of four miles.

In the adjoining shadowy lanes, and on the skirts of old commons, I frequently came upon the cottages of pensioned retainers of royalty, retired from service. One, on the sheltered edge of a lone heath, was the dwelling of the Prince of Wales's nurse, of whom a tragic tale was told. Another, close on the village, was occupied by a grey-haired, venerable, sweet-looking old man, table-decker to the King of the Belgians, whose only office had been to set out the dessert, but who was pensioned off by his benevolent master. "Well, Mr. T., so you have ladies lodging with you, I see," said the king, cheerfully, under his window one morning. He had come over unexpectedly from Belgium, and one or two of us, straying along the lane the preceding evening, had been startled to see his well-remembered, keen, handsome face, as his carriage rapidly passed us. The old man bustled about, and made himself look quite gentlemanlike before he posted up to the great house on his errand of duteous and loyal affection, to deck the table.

Another time, when the old table-decker was dead and gone, a friend with whom I was staying took me into the cottage of an old man living on a breezy common. He was evidently a character; had neither child nor wife; lived quite by himself, except that an old woman came to clean up the house on Saturdays.

"Mr. B——," said my friend, after some chat, "I want you to let this lady see your clock—Pope's clock, you know, that you bought at the sale at Twickenham."

"Oh, she's welcome to see it," said he, stumping off to his little kitchen—"there's the clock, and I think I shall leave it to Prince Albert some of these days—'cause he and the Queen admired it so."

"Oh, come, Mr. B——, tell us all about that affair—my friend will like to hear it."

"Oh, well, there isn't much to tell. One Saturday afternoon, a smart spring-shower came on, and as I was going by the window I see a young lady and gentleman run pretty fast for shelter into my outhouse, so I goes to the front door and hollers out, 'I say, you'd better come in here.' So, upon that, in they come, and I was a going to show them into the parlour, when the young lady says, 'Oh, I'd rather go into the kitchen, for I see you've a fire, and my shoes are rather wet.' Well, I let her do as she liked; and as the fire was not an over good one, the young gentleman he begins to make it up by putting on some turf that lay by; and, just by way of something to say, you know, good-natured-like, says he, 'This is nice turf you've got.' 'That just shows how little you know about it, Sir,' says I, 'for they've cut it too deep—quite down into the earth.' Well, on this he looks about him for something else to notice; and, seeing those cups and saucers on the mantel-shelf, 'You've got some old china,' says he. 'Not old china at all,' says I. 'That's *delft*; and before you were born, Sir, people thought a good deal of eating off *delft*, which, being the best ware they could get, they valued as much as we value china now.' So then the young lady says, 'You've a curious clock.' 'Yes,' says I, '*that really is a curiosity*, for it was Pope's, and I bought it at the sale of his effects at Twickenham.' 'Is it just as it was when Pope had it?' says she. 'O no,' says I, 'I've had it cleaned and done up.' 'Ah, that's a pity,' said she, 'for otherwise I would have bought it of you.' Well, I thought this funny; but just then the gentleman, who had gone to the front door, called out, 'It has left off raining now.' 'You can't justly tell whether it has or not, Sir,' says I, 'because the wind sets agin the back of the house. If you go to the back door, you'll be likely to see.' Well, he goes to the back door; and, directly he opens it, out darted two dogs, a big and a little one, and began rolling themselves on my peppermint bed. 'Hallo, Sir,' says I, 'do you know I sell my peppermint?' So he laughs, and whistles them off, and says to the lady, 'It really has left off raining now,' so away they go, after thanking me for giving them shelter; and I stand at the door looking after them, and see them cut across the common to a little gate in the park-paling. So I stood thinking to myself, Whoever could they be? Going into the park, too! Why, then, ten to one, it's the Queen and Prince Albert! To think of that never having struck me! Yes, yes, I dare say it was, for he's tall and she's short; and they do go about with two dogs. But I didn't know they were expected down here just now. However, I'll just go up to the house with a basket of eggs, and then I shall hear.' So I went up with my basket of eggs; and, sure enough, the servants told me they *had* come down unexpectedly, and had gone out to walk directly after luncheon, and had been caught in the rain."

"Well, but, Mr. B., that is not all."

"Oh, no; that's not all. The next day, as they tell me, the

Queen and all her party were going out on horseback, when she says, 'Have any of you any money?' 'How much does your Majesty want?' says one of the equerries. 'Oh, five or ten pounds.' 'I have five pounds, your Majesty.' 'Oh, that will do.' So they rode along here; and, as they went by, the Queen said to him, 'Go in, and give the poor man in that cottage five pounds for me; and tell him I thank him for having given us shelter yesterday.' So, of course, I was very much pleased; but, you know, I didn't know who he was; so, seeing him come in and leave the gate open, I thought I should be having the dogs in again; so I bawled out, 'Shut the gate after you!'

"Well, every autumn since, she has sent me five pounds. Yes, it's very good of her; and I've no way of showing her what I think of it but by taking her a basket of cherry-pippins, which is not what everybody can do, for I don't know of any others hereabouts but mine. I have but one tree, and I always save its pippins for the Queen. You shall have one, though, ma'am! Here's one for ye!"

Old Mr. B. is now dead; and before he died he made his will, and left Pope's clock to the Prince-Consort. I dare say dozens of such stories as these of the Queen's benevolence might be picked up in that neighbourhood, where she and the Prince spent much of their time during their early married life, and were deservedly popular.

At length came the year 1848, when "thrones, dominations, principedoms, powers," experienced strange reverses; and Louis Philippe and his family, after a flight attended by romantic perils, escaped, like birds out of the fowler's net, to hospitable England—so recently called by one of them "*perfidie Albion*." Well, they arrived, with little or no baggage or equipage, with their lives—and that was all; Louis Philippe making his way to our coast under the convenient travelling name of "Mr. Smith," the scattered members of his family and suite making their way after him as fast as they could. Directly the news of the fugitives' arrival at Claremont reached Windsor Castle, Prince Albert hastened to them by rail, taking the little yellow fly at the Esher station, which ordinarily awaited chance customers, to convey him to Claremont. The Queen did not forget the friendly reception recently given her in France, nor her recent visit to Esher, with Louis Philippe as her guest, seated beside her in the *char-à-banc* he had given her, and holding in his hand a sprig he had gathered in his old home at Twickenham. Whatever they could want for immediate use was at their service. All that the most delicate, sympathizing kindness could do, was done to make them comfortable in the asylum which, in fact, was destined to be the last earthly home of more than one of the fugitives.

Meanwhile, the poor, harassed ex-Queen was gradually recovering from the fatigue and agitation of her journey, and creeping slowly into the pleasure-grounds with her husband; the lost Duchess de Montpensier was found; the Prince and Princess de Joinville, Duke and Duchess de Nemours, Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, with their

children, gathered round the dethroned pair; and by the most admirable and amiable adaptation of their conduct to their altered circumstances, proved themselves far greater in adversity than they had ever done in prosperity—

“Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we’ll do more, Sempronius—we’ll deserve it!”

The ladies plaited straw for their own bonnets, seated on the grass; while the Princes read aloud to them, and the children sported around; the terrible Prince de Joinville, late Admiral of the French fleet, breathing fire and slaughter whenever he spoke of Albion, now concentrated his energies on preventing the afore-named old punt from foundering, while he rowed his small children—the little Prince Pierre, and the tiny Princess Françoise—on the lake; the Dukes, his brothers, no longer the admired of all observers at Long-champs, might be seen side by side on the box of the old yellow fly, driving about the park. In a little while, some of their own horses and equipages enabled them to make a better figure; for, when things had shaken down a little, there was a sufficient residue of property, from one source and another, really and lawfully their own, to enable them to live quite becomingly on a par with the nobility and gentry of the land. Till this could be secured, however, they were in anxiety and straits; and they bore their trials with meritorious patience and fortitude. It was impressive to see the fallen King and dejected Queen tottering along together; the graceful Princesses, whose slightest notice had lately been so prized, gliding through green shades, or fitting under porticoes, accompanied by their little children; in the background, the faithful Swiss, who continued to sleep at his master’s door, and declared that, if anybody forced an entrance there, it should be through his body.

Doubtless, hopes were long cherished that something would turn up—that Providence, fortune, chance, a happy turn of affairs, patience, good generalship, would enable them to take advantage of the first break in the clouds, and regain somewhat of their lost position. Even the failure of one or two schemes of this kind was, perhaps, better to them than the intolerable monotony, the complete blank, the absolute want of occupation, motive, or hope. Ex-statesmen, fallen ministers, tried adherents, came and went. There must have been little family councils, closetings, embassies, voluminous correspondences—all coming to nothing, yet held better than nothing. I chanced to see them all, one evening, descend the dimly-lighted grand staircase to dinner; the household being drawn up in the hall, almost in the dark, though gleams of bright light now and then streamed from the dining-room. As each Prince noiselessly descended, leading his Princess—one of them the Infanta, whose hand, almost in her childhood, had been so sharply contested—they seemed like figures in a dream, or a silent pageant in a theatre.

Another interesting figure was soon added to the scene—Helen,

the high-minded Duchess of Orleans : not beautiful, but good, pious, energetic, dignified, Protestant ; differing in some of her opinions from her husband's family, but casting in her lot among them, and beloved by them all for her unaltered sweetness. She soon took a large family house on the skirts of the park, where she quietly superintended the education of her two sons. Then came the death of that busy-headed, clever, broken-hearted old King—once held as the subtlest monarch in Europe. The Duchess of Orleans and the Duchess de Nemours were not long following him. Claremont seemed to keep up its old reputation, ever since the days of Lord Clive, of being fatal to those who became its occupants ; and now, a bereaved, despoiled, diminished circle gathers within its walls, with nothing to hope, nothing to fear—subdued to take meekly and with fortitude the blighted lot God apportions them ; and, with true French philosophy, affording noteworthy examples—

“ What liberty He gives when we do fall
Within the compass of an outward thrall !
And what contentments He bestows on them
Whom others do neglect, or else condemn !” *

VII.

ERRORS IN FEMALE TRAINING.

THERE is a familiar story told of an Irish lad, who assigned as the cause of his tardy appearance at school one slippery morning, that for every step he had taken forward, he had slidden two steps back ; and who, when asked how at that rate he could ever have reached the school-room door at all, was shrewd enough to give the equally ready reply that he had bethought himself at last to turn round and go the other way. Fable or no fable, it well emblems the frequent course of social progress. We take one step in the right direction, but it proves in some respect or other a false step ; and ere long we find that in very deed our motion has been a retrograde one, that we have lost immeasurably more than we have gained, and that there is no better resource than to turn us right round, and let our future borrow from what there was of good in the past.

The proverbial difficulty of keeping to the *viâ media* is by no means diminished even in what we are so prone to think, if not to call, this wiser age. In nothing, perhaps, is the folly of extremes more manifest at the present time than in respect to female education and female manners. The discipline of former days was characterized undoubtedly

* George Wither.

by far too much of the precise and the unreasonably methodical. It was too stiff and starched. It prescribed laws which were burdensomely minute, and observances bitterly grievous to be borne. It laid a crushing hand on the buoyant spirit of youth, and sternly restrained all the ebullitions of spontaneous impulse. Its highest aim was to mould every character alike, with the same heavy-handed pressure, into the same unmeaning monotony of form. This aim was not always realized ; else the world had sooner grown weary, and shaken off the tyrant's yoke. The evil was at length palpable, and its cause ultimately discerned. Remedies were vigorously and determinately applied. New theories of tuition were propounded, new plans were tried, and new results secured. The old *régime* is all but exploded. We may congratulate ourselves that Scylla is now avoided ; we clear the rock ; we are in no danger of striking. But meanwhile we forget Charybdis, and are rapidly nearing its destructive vortex.

In our laudable efforts to relax discipline, we are on the verge of entirely renouncing it. We have eased the over-tightened rein, but we have well nigh lost the power to guide, and to check, and to support our onward-bounding steed. We have rightly learned to consult the happiness of the young, but we are going too far when we end by indulging every caprice. "I like slang words," says a juvenile who has yet a twelvemonth's course to complete ere entering on her teens ; and forthwith, because forsooth she *likes* it, she is allowed to enrich her vocabulary with every solecism that may be imported from the other side of the Atlantic, or every vulgarism that she finds uttered by the hero of some favourite tale. Not content to have discarded the forcing-system, we withhold our hand from training, we let the branches grovel in a tangled mass, and we idly call it a wild and beautiful luxuriance. But it is a delusive flattery with which we thus beguile ourselves. The rank growth of weeds and flowers may besem and adorn the uncultured forest ; but the neglected parterre presents no scene of beauty to the eye, no sense of refreshment to the heart. Those who are to move in civilized society, are not likely to fill their station in it the more creditably for being suffered to grow up under the dominance of unchecked preferences and self-regulated habits. "*Chacun selon son gré*," may be a comfortable doctrine to ensure peace on easy terms between the instructor and the instructed, but it becomes a pernicious motto when it is the watchword of slothfulness in the teacher, or of permitted recklessness in the pupil.

The *far niente* is not the only evil to be dreaded. There are positive influences at work which have a disastrous effect. Not only is there too little done in the way of culture, but what is done proceeds for the most part on wrong principles. A worthy couple from the North came up to the Metropolis some few years back, and consulted an eminent Londoner as to the best school for the finishing of their daughter's education. "Send her to the Miss ———es," was the reply ; "they will make a *man* of her." It was a dubious compliment. Taken according to their intent, the words simply pointed to an educational pro-

cess which would serve to strengthen the mind, to expand the intellect, to store the memory, to solidify the character; but taken literally, the phrase expressed only too well the dangerous tendency of the modern system. Let a young girl be "made a man of," and she is made what her Creator never intended her to become; yet such we are too surely striving to make her, or at least to make her appear. Undeniably we are allowing the feminine graces to die out around us, while our younger sisters are deliberately setting themselves to assume manlike airs and to act a manlike part. To assume—and to act: the words are used advisedly. The *gaucheries* which daily offend the eye have much of the unnatural about them. They are like an ill-made garment, which neither sits well, nor suffers the wearer to be at ease. There is at times an actual forcefulness about them, which bespeaks them the result of purpose rather than of nature. It would be a grievous thing to feel assured that such manners are a true index to the mind. It seems a charitable supposition which regards them as a veil, a garb, a something exterior, a concealer rather than a revealer of the mental features. The kind of affectation prevalent in former years is happily obsolete. Silly weaknesses, and so-called pretty invalidism, and languorous sentimentalities have almost ceased to exist since they ceased to attract attention or to win sympathy. None would desire to revoke the spell which has spirited them away; yet none can dare to say that their actuating cause has been exorcised. The masquerader can wear serge as well as satin. The vanity which can stoop to affect what is ridiculous, will find no difficulty in affecting the ungraceful, when once the ungraceful becomes the popular. There may be just as much coquetry in the swaggering midshipmanlike gait, as in the mincing tip-toe tread; just as much pretence in the bold look of fearlessness as in the terrors of a feigned timidity; just as much hollowness in the tokens of proud independence as in the clings of a mock helplessness.

Even where there is no designed hypocrisy in the case, there may yet be an unconscious seeking after effect. There will always be a majority who, from the simple and amiable desire to please, will float with the tide whichever way it sets, and will adopt whatever chances to be in vogue, without once questioning whether it is reconcilable with the dictates of a sound judgment or an approved taste. And it so happens, probably by reason of the very thoughtlessness with which they take up with what is new, they invariably exaggerate its peculiar feature, until that which may have been well-intentioned and well-judged at the outset has been reduced to the utterest caricature of the principle it was designed to embody. When refinement had become a mere varnish, and polished manners no better than a gilding, it was high time that the tawdry lacker should be torn away, and the coat of paint rubbed off. The wisest course would then have been at once to substitute a genuine material, and to inlay it with workmanship of purest gold. But this would have been a costly restoration. A decree seems to have gone forth against it. The order of the day is masculinity. It

is an unbecoming fashion, but no doubt it is (to unrefined minds) a fashion easy to be adopted. It can cost comparatively little continuous effort to attain the art of being rough and awkward, unpolished and ungenteel. Assume any ungainly posture that is easiest, adopt any coiffure that makes the face look sternest, speak in any tone that makes the voice sound harshest, walk in any style that develops the most vigour of muscle, toss the head, swing the arm freely, use a parasol as a walking-stick or shoulder it as a musket, indulge in any tricks that our grandmothers would have denounced as unfeminine or ungenteel, and you are a lady quite *à la mode*. Refinement is out of date. Gentleness is voted common-place. Quietness is set down as a synonym for dulness and insipidity. Our minstrels must leave off tuning their lays in celebration of woman's charms, or they must learn the harder task of translating their verses into another dialect, and transposing their melodies into a new key. They must lay aside the lyre for the clarion. They must indite epics in lieu of odes, and substitute hexameters for alcaics. Their metaphors must be taken from the noisy hurricane rather than from the zephyr, from the roaring cataract rather than from the sparkling brooklet, from the mountain-pine rather than from the rose or the lily, from the owl instead of the dove, from the mastiff instead of the gazelle.

Fashion, while it is imperious enough in the demands which it makes on its votaries, holds itself amenable neither to laws of convenience nor to laws of beauty. It owns no standard of taste. Capriciously it seems to ring at will the varied changes of shape and size, alternating between large and small, round and square, high and low, full and scant. The close observer may nevertheless note one secret influence constantly in operation, which, like a hidden spring, directs these apparently conflicting movements. Fashion is a rigid aristocrat, and therefore binds itself by one unchanging law,—the law that, as soon as the lower classes have taken to the garb or manners of those who move in a higher social orb, the latter must unhesitatingly cast aside, at whatever sacrifice, the robe or the custom which has been thus demeaned by plebeian imitation. The cut of a dress is obviously more facile of adoption than are forms of speech or modulations of accent. Hence it is that our modistes must produce constant novelties to supply the wardrobes of their lady-customers; and hence, too, the necessity for their frequent recurrence to the models of a bygone age. Could we have an historic show-room of the world's millinery, we should come across many a Renaissance-court. This guiding principle or law of fashion may be set down as one of the causes which have contributed to make such as are ladies by birth, by position, and by education, scarcely any longer recognizable as once they were by their lady-like manners or their lady-like utterances. Within the last half-century there has been a manifest change for the better among the formerly uneducated classes. They have come under humanizing and civilizing influences. Their eyes have been opened, and their ears quickened, their judgments exercised, and their tastes cultivated. They have

acquired habits of self-control, which were to a great extent unknown among them before. While learning to recognize the eternal and paramount distinction between right and wrong, they have also come to discern the subordinate, but not less actual, difference between what is coarse and what is delicate, between what is unlovely and what is of good report. Their manners have been softened, their communications have clothed themselves in a purer diction, their voices have been subdued to a more melodious pitch. It was not an unsymbolic, though it was certainly an unseemly thing when tradesmen began to speak of having received their orders from "the young lady in the kitchen." The ladies in the drawing-room naturally took the alarm. They discovered that it was not their flounces or their ringlets alone that had to be discarded. Their politeness, their amenities, their silvery accents, all their hitherto peculiarly distinctive characteristics, had to be renounced—for these had become "vulgar," decidedly "vulgar." If servants would move gently, their mistresses must learn to bustle about for the sheer sake of contrast. If villagers would deport themselves like gentlewomen, our peeresses and our commoners had no resource but to make their daughters acquire the cast-off manners of the peasant girl. We have heard of a foreign lady, who, when only beginning to speak the English language, went one day into a milliner's shop to select a bonnet from the stock. Several were rejected as not in accordance with her taste. Another was produced, which struck her fancy; "A very lady-like bonnet, that is, Ma'am," said the tirewoman. The term was misunderstood. "Lady-like!" cried the intended purchaser, as she removed the unoffending bonnet from her head with a gesture of dismay;—"take it away!—lady-like! you say?—not for me, not for me." It would almost seem as if some such horror of the "lady-like" had become an epidemic.

If no more were involved in all this than a mere matter of fashion, it would not be worth the waste of words. There are few follies that will not eventually cure themselves, if they meet with no marked encouragement on the one hand, nor with any violent opposition on the other. The prevalence of manners which cannot but strongly remind one of the "*dames bavardes et bruyantes*," who composed the court of the unworthy Isabel of Evaria, may not, however, be regarded as a mere accompaniment of the predilection for antique costume and fantastic head-dress. It is manifestly a feature of the times, and, as such, it becomes a significant and heedworthy token. It need not be superstitiously considered as an omen of things that are to come. The dark clouds, which so many of our sentinels report as looming in our political horizon, are not yet so portentous as to necessitate the belief that Britain's defence will require the interposition of Amazonian bands. Yet, if it were so, mythology would tell us of a light-footed Camilla, and would thereby teach us a lesson, which is none the less truthful for its having been handed down in the poetic garb of allegory. History, too, with its unfictionitious pen, would confirm the moral by reminding us of a Joan of Arc, with a countenance full of

repose, and a heart replete with tenderness. It is not the blustering who are always found the most heroic, nor the retiring who are always found the most helpless, when the moment of real peril comes.

It is neither as a prophecy of the future, nor as a mere whim of the moment, that the mystery is to be interpreted. There are deeper solutions of the enigma than these. False principles have sprung up among us, and they are yielding their harvest of tares. There are false principles of art. Cardinal Wiseman gives a word of useful warning on this head, when he says:—"We have almost canonized defects, and sanctified monstrosities. What was the result of ignorance or unskillfulness, we attribute to some mysterious influence or deep design. A few terms give sanction to any outrageousness in form, anatomy, or position; to stiffness, hardness, meagreness, inexpressiveness—nay, to impossibilities in the present structure of the human frame. Feet twisted round, fingers in wrong order on the hand, heads inverted on their shoulders, distorted features, squinting eyes, grotesque postures, bodies stretched out as if taken from the rack, enormously elongated extremities, grimness of features, fierceness of expression, and an atrocious contradiction to the anatomical structure of man—where this is displayed—are not only allowed to pass current, but are published in the Transactions of Societies, are copied into stained glass, images, and prints, and are called 'mystical,' or 'symbolical,' or 'conventional' forms and representations. And this is enough to get things praised and admired, which can barely be tolerated by allowance for the rudeness of their own age. We have seen representations of saints such as we honestly declare we should be sorry to meet in flesh and blood, with the reality of their emblematic sword or club about them, on the highway at evening." The applicability of this remark to the theme in hand is obvious. Were it needful to select an exemplification in point, the ornamental decoration which employs so many spare hours might well be adverted to. It would be out of place here to discuss the general or the religious tendency of our return to illuminated-Psalter work; but it may be observed in passing that if the old missal-paintings are to be servilely copied, and ancient manuscripts (indiscriminately selected) are to supply details as well as hints, patterns of form as well as of hue, this favourite occupation will only increase the deterioration of taste, and lessen the appreciation of what is truly beautiful. The eye which makes an habitual study of uncouth outlines, repulsive countenances, and uncomfortable attitudes, is likely enough to become deadened to the perception of what is natural, and becoming, and pleasant.

But there are false moral teachings afloat which are still more to be dreaded than mistaken aesthetics. Such especially are the doctrines which have been put forth by some in the defence of woman's rights. It is true that all such advocacy has not been misplaced, nor all such labour been in vain. Those who have judiciously exerted themselves in the cause are worthy their due meed of praise. They have drawn attention to the oppressed, and ensured to her the possession of her hard-slaved-for earnings. They have lifted up a cry in behalf of half-

starved needlewomen, which has procured asylums for the destitute, work for those out of employ, and societies for the regulation of their pay. They have pleaded for the unprotected, and gained for her the liberty to go and come when and where she may on her errands of business or of benevolence. They have spoken a word for the gifted, and opened to them many a hitherto needlessly barred door of honest exertion and honourable self-support. But there is a point at which the wise will always stay their hand. That point has been overpassed, when it has been contended that woman may claim a full equality with man, or that it beseems her to intermeddle with all knowledge, or that she should in any sense seek to be sufficient unto herself. Such tenets as these are well calculated to gratify her vanity, and inquisitiveness, and pride, at the expense of that lowliness, that modesty, and that self-abnegation which ought ever to be regarded as her crowning virtues. It is here that modern female education is pre-eminently at fault. There is a courting of publicity, a striving after bold effects, a fostering of independence, a nurturing of self-conceit, a developing of undue self-reliance, which produces its natural result in forwardness of character, boisterousness of manner, audacity of mien, and curtness of speech.

To lay down minute rules for the remedy of the evil would be unwise. No true educator would desire it. Every individual case requires its own specific treatment. The teacher who knows *what* he has to aim at, and sets himself diligently to attain that end, will find the ways and means that may be best suited for the pupils who are under training. Let the mind of the young, we would say, be disciplined, but at the same time, and even to a greater extent, let the heart be cultured. Let there be an encouragement of the *fortiter in re*, but let it be ever accompanied by an equally stringent inculcation of the *suaviter in modo*. Let every attention be paid to those indispensable exercises and healthful recreations which tend to strengthen the frame; but let it be ceaselessly borne in mind that girls may be made robust without being made rough, and that they may be vigorous without being athletes. Let there be cherished a due sense of what pertains to woman *as woman*. Let it be clearly understood, that just as the perfection of a man's nature is when his thorough manliness is qualified by a redeeming touch of gentleness which seems to charm with all the pleasure of a surprise, so the perfection of a woman's nature is when her thorough womanhood is retained, though all the while preserved from degenerating into weakness by just a due proportion (and no more) of manlike wisdom, and force, and energy. Let there be a design so to train the daughters of our land that they may best meet their probable and possible future,—able to cling, if a support be granted them,—able to maintain themselves, if a prop be withheld or removed. Let there be an effort to concentrate in their character all those blended graces which bear affinity to the untiring beauties of nature in her summer-tide—beauties, not capricious like those of spring, nor pensive like those of autumn—beauties which are as rich as they are soft, as radiant as they are serene—beauties which are too

varied to become a weariness, and too lissome to grow tame. Let there be a desire to see them not only "as corner-stones," solid, and stable, and strong, but "as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Above all, let there be a firm purpose to train them, not according to the prescriptions of any educational theorists, whether of an old school or a new, but according to the example of Him who lifted not up nor caused His voice to be heard in the streets, while His tenderness is such that He breaks not the bruised reed, and according to the precepts of His most holy word, which enrolls gentleness among the fruits of the Spirit, and declares the best adorning of woman to be "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

VIII.

THE CENSUS BILL

WHO proposed the Census of 1851? No one can pretend that it originated with the Nonconformists, and yet the Nonconformists have never attempted to disturb or set it aside; nor would they object to some such inquiry now, could they see that it would subserve any good or important end. But, in the anticipation of another Census in 1861, they are disposed to ask—*cui bono?* They are satisfied with the results already obtained; and if other religious communities are not, let them frankly state the grounds of their dissatisfaction. Nothing is more easy than to speak of the system of 1851, as "vicious," or to assert that the Dissenters are afraid of "a more fair trial of strength." Only give them this "fair trial," and we venture to predict that not a murmur shall ever escape their lips. They are not "afraid of learning the truth," but they have a holy dread of its opposite. We are told that if we want to know anything about a man, "no plan could be more simple, direct, or one would think more harmless," than "to ask him." Granted; but is the answer in every instance to be relied on? Only assure us that he will speak the truth, and we have no objection to offer. But when we go to a man and tell him that he must inform us to what Religious Communion he belongs under a certain given penalty, we open the door to every form of misrepresentation and falsehood. He is compelled to have a church and a creed, even if he should never enter a place of worship, and be an avowed disbeliever in Divine Revelation. And should he belong to no Ecclesiastical Body whatever, he is forsooth reckoned among the members of the Established Church. It puts one in mind of a return made by a chaplain of one of our

county prisons, in which, after giving all the necessary official information, he thanked God that not one of the prisoners was a Dissenter. Few Dissenters, we opine, will be found in 1861, among the tens of thousands of our non-church going population. And are these all to be put to the account of one dominant sect? If there must be a Religious Census, let Conformists and Nonconformists return their respective numbers of communicants and church members, and then we shall all have "a fair trial of strength." We ask for no such census, nor have we any desire to parade our numbers. At the same time, we do solemnly protest against the dishonest principle which would look upon every man who does not range himself on the side of Nonconformity as belonging to the Church of England, whether or not he ever unites in her worship or partakes of her ordinances.

If this proposed Census be the result of any secret or expressed desire on the part of the Established Church, then we should like to ask the members of that Community what the precise object is which they have in view. Is it to ascertain the moral and spiritual destitution of the people, and then to provide for these known wants? The returns which are now asked for will rather conceal than disclose this destitution. They will be the few who will not profess themselves to belong to some one of the various denominations; and thus our town and rural population will appear to be in such a state of moral and spiritual well-being as to awaken but little solicitude, and to call forth still less of Christian effort. The Church will become more supine and more inactive; indifference and ungodliness will obtain more widely; the irreligious and the profane will pour contempt upon our Christianity, and hold up her professed followers to ridicule and scorn! Or is it the belief of the Established Church, that in the new Census she is certain of a majority? Will such a majority add to her inherent life and strength? Or does she mean to convert a mere preponderance of numbers into a triumph over other sections of the Christian Church, who are as firm believers as herself in the Truth of God, and as much alive to the interests and welfare of their country? Let her remember that "pride cometh before a fall," and that what she deems her strength may prove to be an element of weakness, of decay, of death. Churchmen avow that they have no wish to conceal their opinions; nor have the Nonconformists. But there is all the difference that can be conceived between not concealing our opinions, and our being compelled by the Government under which we live to state them, and that too under a heavy and impending penalty. In 1851, the Census, as it was then taken, was a happy expedient to obtain certain specific facts; but who pretends to say that this proposed Religious Return will be even an approximation to the truth? With the enlightened and honourable Member for Leeds we fully concur, when he says:—"I have no objection to the Census being made similar to the Census of 1851. A more honourable, fair, and impartial report than that which was prefixed to the Census of Public Worship in 1851, I have never seen. But I am afraid it was the impartiality of that report

which had something to do with prejudicing certain classes of the community against the repetition of such an exposure as was then made. The enumeration of the places of public worship, and the condition of them, would indicate with much more exactness than could be obtained in any other way what the real *bond fide* strength of each denomination was. The proposed plan would tempt some who had no religion to profess a religion which they had not, and others to profess a religion different from that which they believed. Such returns could not by any possibility be trustworthy; they must be vague, defective, and equivocal. It had been proposed to withdraw the penalty, but the clause would then be still more objectionable on statistical grounds."

In 1851, the Nonconformists had a decided majority of Church attendants; and if in this present Census the non-Church going population is to be included, then, to deal fairly, at least one-half of their number should be put down to the side of Dissent; for we have as much right to assume that they are Dissenters as that they are Churchmen; and then let all parties exert themselves to meet the claims, and provide for the spiritual wants of these churchless and irreligious masses. We fear that the Government are in this case being made the cat's-paw of an Ecclesiastical Party; that this Return will be converted into an outcry for Church Extension, that for such Church Extension, and the support of a Parochial Clergy, the Parliament will be asked to legislate; and thus the Nonconformists be called to support a system from which they conscientiously dissent.

We are happy to find that the Nonconformists are awake to the impending danger. Throughout the country committees are being formed, public meetings are being held, strong resolutions are being passed, petitions to the Legislature are being prepared and signed, and everywhere there are symptoms of close vigilance and determined effort. In proposing such a Census, the Government has gone wholly out of their province; and in persisting in their course, against the most enlightened and reasonable remonstrances, they have awakened a feeling which will tell fatally against them in time to come. In proof of this, we have but to refer to the attitude now taken by the Congregational Board of London. At a meeting held on Tuesday, June 19th, while approving of the Bill for taking the Census of England, they solemnly protested against any Return of Religious Profession, on the following grounds:—

"Because they deny the right of Government to make inquisition into the 'religious profession' of any of her Majesty's subjects.

"Because they hold it to be unquestionable, that vast multitudes of the people have no religion to profess, and can, therefore, make no return of a 'religious profession' themselves; nor is it possible that authorized Enumerators, or any other person, can make such return in their behalf, as the said Bill requires.

"Because they are confident that, should the obnoxious words be

retained, such numbers of the Nonconforming community will conscientiously decline to supply the information required as must necessarily vitiate the entire returns.

“Because, in the event of the Enumerators and Registrars under the provisions of the said Bill making any independent or corrected returns of the aforesaid parties, and of multitudes besides, who, from various reasons, cannot or will not make any returns themselves, such returns will be defective, ambiguous, and fallacious, and therefore utterly worthless.

“Because they are assured that, if returns of such a character should at any future time be made the basis of legislative action on religious or ecclesiastical matters, such action would necessarily be partial and unjust, and would be in opposition to the spirit of the British Constitution.

“Because, earnestly desiring the peace of the community, they deplore the introduction into the Bill of such an element of theological strife, such a provocative of the antagonism of parties, and such an instrument of intimidation and oppression as the words ‘religious profession’ would inevitably prove.”

Let the Nonconformists throughout the kingdom take the same bold and decisive attitude, and the effect will be all but irresistible.

IX.

THE SUNDAY TRAFFIC BILL.

CHRISTIANITY is a system of the purest benevolence, and all its provisions are in perfect harmony with individual freedom of action. It lays no restraint on man which is not conducive to his physical as well as his spiritual, his present and temporal as well as his future and eternal well-being. It has its laws of limitation, but these are the results of an Infinite Wisdom and Love. Every law of our being, whether physical or moral, is founded in the perfection of reason and beneficence; and every violation of such law, as of all law, has its corresponding penalty.

Now, the highest authority has told us that “the Sabbath was made for man.” The ancient law prescribed a day from which there

was no departure; Christianity makes nothing of the day, but everything of the spirit or end for which the day was set apart. That end is clearly the good of man. The day brings to him, in body and mind, certain positive advantages; and whatever infringes his liberty, or in any way interferes with his interests on that day, is a violation of its spirit or design. And on this ground we enter our protest against Lord Chancellor Chelmsford's Bill for the regulation of traffic on the Lord's-day. Professing to restrict and limit that traffic to certain hours and certain articles, it in fact reduces the Sabbath to the three canonical hours of from ten to one, and leaves the remainder of the day to be appropriated and spent according to the man's taste or predilection, with only a few insignificant restrictions. Then what is to forbid or prevent the Sabbath from becoming a day of business, with the exception of these three hours, or a day of public amusements, calling for a new edition of the Book of Sports? Why may not our theatres, music halls, museums, national galleries, and the other numberless places of attraction be opened, and for the sanctities and the services of so blessed an institution, substitute the hilarities and the doings of a sensuous and sensual age? The Bill has already passed the House of Lords; but we fondly hope that its progress will be effectually arrested in the House of the People. All nature calls for its periodical rest; and man is no exception. He must have his Sabbath, his seasons of rest and recreation; and far distant, we trust, is the day when England will ever give up her Sunday, or convert that day which was made for man, to subserve the interests of soul and body, into a day of public business or popular festivity. We are neither Pharisees nor Ascetics, but we believe in the ordinations of Heaven and in the happiness of man; and therefore we deem it the part of true wisdom to "remember the Sabbath, and keep it holy."

X.

NAPOLEON III. AND THE STATE OF EUROPE.*

OF all the political questions which can at the present moment be proposed, there is not one which can be compared in importance to that which is indicated by the title of this article. An English Reform Bill may be delayed for a Session or two, and nobody be any the worse. The Peers may interpose a month's delay in the removal of the Paper Duty, and the utmost mischief will be that the penny periodicals will be printed for a little longer upon coarse straw paper. "Refreshment-houses" may have their licenses trembling in the scales, and the nation will wait with patience till Parliament shall make up its mind how to deal with the question. The same temper which prevails in England will be found in other countries also with regard to all that has merely a domestic interest. In fact, all minor questions are swallowed up in the absorbing one:—Are we to have peace? Are the arts and sciences, commerce and literature, to develop their resources? Or are we to be exclusively occupied with new shells, rifled cannon, and improved military tactics? Are our taxes to go on increasing as our means of meeting them diminish? Is education to be discouraged by that general insecurity which a great—almost a universal war engenders? Are we to retrench all expenses which can be retrenched because our country calls for augmented armaments? And are we to act as those Carthaginians who cut off their hair to make bowstrings? Domestic matters must all depend on this preliminary question, and it is to the solution of this problem we now proceed to address ourselves.

Peace or War!—and on whom does it depend to decide? We hesitate not to say—ON THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT. It seems to be generally agreed by our alarmists that there is but one quarter from which it is at all likely that war can arise, and they are not far wrong in this conclusion. When the Crimean War was concluded, he who originated it slept with his fathers, and his empire, longing for progress, willingly put off to some more convenient season the accomplishment of those designs which never sleep in the bosom of a Russian Czar. Austria is alike bankrupt in character and finance; she would willingly remain at peace with all nations, and it is doubtful whether anything short of depriving her of a province would stir her to warlike enterprise. Prussia has nothing to gain by fighting, which might not be more easily gained by diplomacy; and all the minor German States could not, were they to combine their forces, raise an army really formidable to any one of the Great Powers. As to Spain, she has already declared her intention not to interfere on behalf of the Bourbon dynasty at Naples, and has thereby

* The right of translation is reserved.

pledged herself to a peaceful policy. The other Powers are all too much engaged with domestic business to be desirous of war; and there is, therefore, only one which has unquestionably the power, and may have the inclination, to embroil Europe in a long and ruinous struggle. It is a matter of great importance, therefore, at the present time, that we should make ourselves, as far as possible, acquainted with the policy of that Power. If we are to have a war, it will be one of a most tremendous and destructive character; and if, as is most probable, we should emerge from the contest victorious, it could only be at such a loss of blood and treasure as to leave us but little cause for rejoicing.

But, is such a war inevitable? A great number, if not an actual majority, of thinking men among us say that it is; and their argument, which we will be careful not to understate, is as follows:—The Emperor of the French has declared, they say, that he is the heir of his uncle's policy, as well as the occupant of his uncle's throne. He has not scrupled to say that he represents a defeat—and that defeat is none other than Waterloo. He has accepted St. Helena as a solemn legacy, and has struck a medal to commemorate it; and lest these declarations should lose their significancy, he has made warlike preparations such as place France at the head of the military and naval world. Her navy is but little inferior to our own; her army immeasurably more powerful. Her coasts are defended by fortifications of the most costly and elaborate character, and her military schools are kept up to the highest point of efficiency. At no time was the French army better officered than at the present, and among those who hold the first commands, there is not one who more thoroughly understands the art of war, and is a more able and practical soldier, than he who directs the operations of half a million of armed men. If, then, these are the results of the Empire, for what purpose are they intended? Against whom are these armaments set on foot? Against what foe are these coasts so carefully protected? The answer is to be found in the Emperor's declaration, that "he represents the defeat of Waterloo!" and that "the treaties of Vienna must undergo a revision." It would be absurd to suppose that France would arm to so great an extent, were not the power which she intends to oppose a great naval power, and there is no naval power, save England, which she could not easily and speedily repress.

With these reflections in mind, the reasoners in question say, without the slightest hesitation:—The Emperor only waits a favourable opportunity to make a descent upon our coasts; to annihilate our naval supremacy, and to revenge to the very utmost the defeat suffered at Waterloo! Now, as he is not a man changeable of purpose, and as he has never relaxed his warlike preparations for a moment, as he has from time to time practised his troops in European warfare, and has had the satisfaction of finding them equal to any emergency, and in all probability superior to the best regiments of his uncle, the time of his carrying his designs into effect is all that remains to

be settled. The war may be postponed for a while ; but, ultimately, it must and will come. Moreover, there is another, and even more potent reason for expecting it, and that, at no distant period. Napoleon III. is in the position of those Roman Emperors who were the creatures of the Prætorian Guard. He rules by the will of the army. So long as their bayonets support him, he reigns ; directly their influence deserts him, he falls. He must, therefore, consult their interests and flatter their passions. War from time to time they must have, and a great nation like France cannot wage little wars. To wipe out in English blood the disgrace, as some call it, of Waterloo, would be a task worthy the descendants of those veterans who fought at Austerlitz, and the glory is one which every French soldier looks forward to share.

From this combination of feelings and interests, it is argued that peace is impossible ; and it is only a question of years, or months, before Europe shall again become the theatre of war from one end to the other. We believe that in the foregoing pages we have fairly stated the position of the alarmists, and we must admit that it is by no means a weak one ; but we must complete the picture. If we ceased here, it might be said that the whole theory was consistent, whether correct or incorrect, and it would be to the advantage of the alarmist that we should do so ; but we are bound to give the whole case, and shall proceed therefore in our task. We are reminded of the grasping ambition of the French Government ; we have their African conquests pointed out to us, and the plans of M. Lesseps are alleged as further exhibitions of the same spirit. French influence is said to be paramount in Turkey and increasing in Egypt. The Isthmus of Suez is to be cut through by a canal, which must tend to the peril of our Eastern possessions ; stations are to be established along the western shore of the Red Sea, and finally a French Empire is to be founded in the east, having Madagascar for its nucleus, which is to extend along the coasts of that mighty continent, casting out the Portuguese as it grows, till at last the French and English colonists meet face to face in south Africa. It is presumed, first, that all this is intended ; secondly, that it will take place ; and thirdly, that it must tend to the injury of our colonial empire.

We have said nothing about the French claim to the boundary of the Rhine, both because we shall have by-and-by to consider it in detail and at some length, and because in the alarmist scheme it forms but a small item in a vast plan of foreign conquest ; for the same reasons, we have said nothing about the recent acquisition of Nice and Savoy. This, then, is the prospect held out by those who regard the Empire of Louis Napoleon as a focus of disturbance.

Let us now take a review of what has been hitherto the policy of that Empire, and see how far we are warranted in such gloomy anticipations. The Emperor has declared that he is the heir of his uncle's policy, save that he repudiates the idea of foreign conquest ; he has said, *L'Empire c'est la Paix*. He has announced himself as the inheritor of a defeat, the effects of which he is to undo. Our first

inquiry is, then, what is the policy which, setting foreign conquest aside, may be designated Napoleonic? First it means the restoration of the Empire as it was under the first Napoleon. All French speaking populations in Europe must, to its completion, be united under the sceptre of a French monarch, and be subject to that wonderful code, the *Code Napoléon*. The Empire must have strong *natural* boundaries; and these two conditions give us precisely the limits which marked the dominions of the first Napoleon. If we trace on a mere physical map of Europe, that is, a map from which all artificial divisions are removed, the boundaries of that realm, of which Paris is the capital, they will naturally arrange themselves thus:—From the southern boundary of the Pyrenees, the line will extend along the summits of those mountains to the Bay of Biscay; from thence it will follow the line of coast defined by that Bay and the British Channel to the mouth of the Rhine; it will then proceed along the course of that river till it touches the Alps, and taking their western slopes, will reach the Mediterranean, proceeding along that coast till it finds a natural termination on the summits of the southern Pyrenees. These are the limits given by nature; this was the extent of the Empire under its great founder, and this is the “idea” of the Empire entertained by the present occupant of the Napoleonic throne. But, besides the evident convenience of this arrangement, besides the compactness which it gives to the realm, something more is required before we can willingly accept so considerable a change in the distribution of Europe. If we look on Austria as the map presents her dominions, there is a great compactness of appearance presented by them; they seem to lie in a ring-fence, and to be exactly what is most desirable both to rulers and ruled; but when we come to make further inquiries, we ascertain that there is no national homogeneity—no sameness of language. Here we find an Italian province hating Germany and the Germans with a deadly hatred. Here a Bohemian kingdom, with a capital and language of its own, and scarcely yielding to the Italian in his detestation of the dominant race. Here lies the Hungarian realm, equally restless and dissatisfied; while the Croat, the Carinthian, and the Illyrian, have each their distinct nationality, and all feel equally enslaved by their German masters. Against such an incongruous mixture, there are reasons which cannot be overthrown by the mere convenience of geographical arrangement; and if such be the case with the provinces which go to make up the Napoleonic Empire, the “idea” is an unphilosophical one, and it could only be realized by an unprincipled ambition. But when we come to examine the case, we shall find that throughout the whole region the educated classes speak habitually French; that all classes are gradually adopting it as their language, and that there is no idea so popular along the left or western bank of the Rhine as that of annexation to France. On this point there is now no longer any doubt—it is too manifest to escape the notice alike of tourists and politicians. Within the before-mentioned limits, with a small exception, which we shall come by-and-by to consider,

French is the language spoken, and French law is the law desired. Were there no external obstacles in the way, it would hardly be worth raising a question about it; it would be unhesitatingly acknowledged that the best thing for France, the best thing for the provinces in question, and the best thing for the integrity of Europe, would be the adoption at once of the frontiers so indicated, and the absorption of all the territory within them into the French Empire.

Now, it was by the treaties of Vienna in the year 1815, that Europe was parcelled out by the Holy Alliance; the partition of Poland was recognized, but a republic was permitted to exist at Cracow. Prussia was allowed to extend her territory beyond the Rhine. Venice and Lombardy were stamped as parts of the Austrian Empire, and the kingdom of the Netherlands was made out of Holland and Belgium. Furthermore, it was declared that no member of Napoleon's family could be capable of reigning in France, and the Emperor himself was removed to St. Helena to pine and die. These treaties have become by the lapse of time so much waste parchment—a Napoleon reigns in France—Lombardy is separated from Austria, and Belgium from Holland. The Holy Alliance has died a natural death. England and France have been allied against Russia. The republic of Cracow has been abolished. The Bourbons have been driven out of France, and are about to be driven out of Naples. Algeria has been consolidated and annexed to France, just as India has been to England; and it is difficult to say what remains of the provisions so carefully made by the treaties of 1815. It is clear that Louis Napoleon is right in demanding that they should be revised. The very existence of his own monarchy is a standing protest against them, and those potentates who admit him as a member of the family of sovereigns, are at least bound to remove and annul a treaty, every stipulation of which is stultified by their present acts.

These treaties are the result of the battle of Waterloo, and if they were abrogated, the defeat would be avenged. A raid into England could not do this, nor even a victory over the Prussians; but the scattering to the four winds of heaven those papers which have long been a dead letter—the reconstruction of the Empire on the basis of the first Napoleon's plan—the absorption of Belgium, and the Rhenane provinces of Prussia into France,—this would, indeed, be a vindication of Napoleon's policy, which might well become the heir of that great man to obtain. It was with this reconstruction in view that the Emperor made that memorable declaration—“*L'Empire c'est la Paix.*” “Let us have,” he would say, “the Empire—and Europe will as a necessary consequence have peace; but the Empire of Napoleon and the kingdom of Louis Philippe were not the same thing. If I can do no more for France than merely preserve the purely arbitrary frontiers of the ‘*roi citoyen*,’ she will justly exclaim, that the restoration of the Empire is a merely nominal change. She requires that weight in the councils of Europe, which under the Bourbons she could not obtain; she demands that all in the continent of Europe who speak her language

and desire her laws should be incorporated with her dominions. She demands from all Europe the formal as well as the virtual recognition of that Government which she has thought fit to adopt; and the more so, as this is the second time she has adopted it, and as it was put down in 1815 by the absolutist powers of Europe, aided, and mainly subsidized, by England. This recognition can only be made by the revision of the treaties of Vienna." This is the demand made on the part of France by the Emperor when he declares—" *L'Empire c'est la Paix.*" This granted, it is *la paix*;—this refused, there is no promise that it shall not be *l'épée*.

But if this be in reality the demand of France, the question next arises, has she any right to make it?—that is, to make it as States make demands; viz., with a readiness to enforce compliance at the point of the bayonet? And to this question we answer, undoubtedly not—no more than England had to annex Ireland in the reign of Henry II. or Wales in that of Edward I. Nor, indeed, does it appear likely that the demand will be made in any such way. We have seen how a part of the programme has been accomplished, not indeed without war—but not by means of war waged for the avowed purpose of obtaining such advantages. Such a war would be contrary to the general opinion of nations, and it will be gradually that the various provinces included within the limits of the first Empire will be "*revendiquée*." It will suffice for the present that France has given all Europe to understand what she requires. No one need allege ignorance of the demand, and few will be prepared to say that its accomplishment will be other than beneficial to the provinces concerned. If then this be granted; if it be admitted that the treaties of Vienna need revision, and are in fact at the present moment a dead letter; if it be granted that language is the best test of nationality, and that nationalities are to be respected, then it will appear that the demand of France is not in itself an unreasonable one, and that the sooner and the more completely it is complied with, the better for the peace and prosperity of Europe.

And here, perhaps, will be the place to say a few words on the mighty armaments which have occasioned in this country and in Germany such panic and such suspicion. Some French authorities have denied that anything has been done more than to raise the army and navy of France to that standard which the Napoleon of Peace, as Louis Philippe delighted to be called, considered necessary. All this we must frankly acknowledge to be mere pretence. The war-like preparations are preparations for war. The war may not come, but France must be prepared for it. Let it be imagined that the Emperor were to claim at this moment the boundary of the Rhine; it would unquestionably be refused, and he would then be compelled either to retract his demand, or to resort to war in order to enforce it. Either alternative would be calamitous: the one would be a loss of honour, and would make his very throne insecure; the other would be the signal for a general European conflagration, which would probably last many years, and occasion unspeakable

misery. It will be seen, then, gradually and as circumstances pave the way for it, that the ancient limits of the Empire will be regained, but every step in the progress will require the presence of an army, and it may be a navy also. Had not the French army been in the highest degree disciplined, had there not been facility for throwing two hundred thousand men into Italy at a week's notice, Lombardy would still have groaned under Austrian rule. Parma, Modena, and Tuscany would still virtually have formed portions of the Hapsburgh's dominions. Sicily would have been still suffering under Mariscalco. Perugia and all the other cities of the Romagna would have been subject to the cardinal virtues, and Bomba II. would have looked forward to a long reign of cruelty and oppression. Directly or indirectly, the French army has reversed all this, and in return has *rectified* the south-east frontier of France, restoring the limit in that direction of the First Empire. Similar events may happen again, there is much that requires *rectifying* in Europe besides the French frontier; and the existence of a powerful army and navy in France may render diplomacy far more effectual than it would be if unsupported. Many nations may prefer to deliberate rather than to fight, and deliberation can hardly fail to be in favour of France in this respect—that her claims are not unreasonable, and can be satisfied without war.

We, in this country, are hardly just to our Great Rival; we are continually suspecting her of treachery, of a longing desire for territorial aggrandizement, and for advantages which can only be gained at the expense of other States. We complain of French influence in Turkey and Egypt—we are suspicious if we hear of a French alliance with Russia or even Denmark—we fancy that France encouraged Spain in her attack upon Morocco—we are jealous of the French having stations on the Red Sea—we cast an evil eye upon M. Lesseps and his scheme of a Suez Canal; but would it not be well that we should look at home? We are not an ambitious people:—oh no! quite the reverse; we do not want to interfere with any other nation; we do not seek for commanding posts, from which we may control the commerce of the world: yet somehow or other we have Gibraltar in Spain, commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean; Malta and Gozo in that sea, placed so as to enable us to intercept any sail between Italy and Africa. Alexandria is, to all practical purposes, an English port. Corfu commands the entrance to the Adriatic, and gives us a vast power over both Turkey and Austria. The other islands of the Septinsular Republic lie along and threaten the shores of Greece. On the very coast of France, and naturally belonging to it, lie Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark,—islands, the inhabitants of which are more intensely English in their feelings than the English themselves. These islands are admirably placed so as to shelter fleets operating on the coast of France, and we have taken care to fortify and prepare Alderney accordingly. Off the mouth of the Elbe we have Heligoland, and at the entrance to the straits of Babel Mandel we possess the island of Perim. We have a very good right

to all these ports. We should resent, and very justly, any attempt to take them out of our hands ; we are not likely to do any mischief by means of them, but, on the contrary, they are necessary for us, as enabling us to carry on a commerce which is for the benefit of the whole world. But having them, and intending to keep them, we certainly have no right to inveigh against France for desiring a few stations on the shores of the Red Sea, or a certain amount of influence in the court of Abyssinia. As to M. Lesseps and his scheme, we are quite satisfied in this country that it will never pay ; we know from the reports of our engineers that it is very doubtful whether the Canal can ever be made, and quite certain that it will be filled up with sand before it be finished. Besides, even if it were made, it is difficult to see what harm it would do us ; our ships could make use of it as well as the French, and the more stations there are between Suez and Aden the better for travellers. It seems scarcely worth while to expose the folly of objecting to French colonization in Madagascar. Even if the French were to occupy the whole of that fine island, so much the better would it be for the world. Algeria is better off in itself, and infinitely more profitable to other nations now than it was in the days of the old pirating Algerines ; and were the French tricolour flying from every fort and harbour in Madagascar and Eastern Africa, along the range of the Atlas and throughout Morocco, civilization and the cause of humanity would gain immeasurably by the change. Why should we object ? We have an infinitely greater and mightier Empire, far more extensive than that of ancient Rome even in her palmiest days ; and if France proposes to herself such conquests as those which we have indicated, they will be conquests over barbarism and brutality. It is time that we learned to give up a jealousy which neither becomes us as a great nation, nor aids in any way our real progress.

But we must return to Europe. Hitherto we have endeavoured to show that the policy of the Empire is an intelligible one, that the claims of France are not in themselves unreasonable, and that the success of that policy would be an advantage to all the other Powers. But we have only done so by exhibiting it as essential to the continuance of peace. It would be well for the Trans-Rhenane provinces of Prussia to be absorbed into France, their populations speak French, they desire French laws, and would be all the better for annexation ; but what can France do to convince Prussia that *she* will be better without these outlying provinces ? And we cannot expect that the Government of Prussia will surrender an extensive tract of country for no better reason than that the inhabitants desire it, and feel that they should be the better for the separation. A glance at the map will show how to solve this problem. Prussia might have an equivalent in actual value, and far more important for her. The kingdom of the Hohenzollerns has been increasing since its sovereigns were merely electors of Brandenburg, year by year, till it has become one of the Great Powers. Here a province has been obtained, and there a hamlet—now a dukedom, and now a prin-

cipality ; but each separate from the rest, and often with the territories of other petty princes intervening. The kingdom forms a series of blots on the map, each blot surrounded by the dominions of some other High Mightiness, whose whole estate is often not larger than an English county ; and thus it resembles what England would be, did half-a-dozen counties boast an independent government—a right to make war and peace independent of the British crown—and if all Scotland, with the exception of half-a-dozen isolated shires, rejoiced in a similar independence. Removing all considerations of foreign policy out of sight, it will be evident that the best thing for the whole of Northern Germany would be the absorption of these petty states into Prussia. Their quasi-independent sovereigns might be recompensed with high dignities under the Prussian crown, and a sufficient sum might be set aside out of their revenues to support the dignity thus bestowed. That these little States, scarcely more than a few parishes in extent, should have each a government and a policy, a law establishment, a church, an army, and a police, is clearly a very expensive way of managing the matter. The sovereign cannot be independent, the subject must be taxed more heavily than is necessary, and the sooner the farce comes to a conclusion the better for all parties. One such sovereign, and he by no means the smallest among them, openly declares his acquiescence in this doctrine. Ernest, Duke of Saxe Coburg, the brother of our Prince Consort, has announced his readiness to give up his nominal independence of rule, and accept office under the Prussian crown. The effect of such a step extensively carried out, would be to consolidate the Prussian kingdom, to diminish the burdens of some millions of German subjects, to abolish a fertile field for petty intrigues, and to give us a powerful, because a united Protestant Germany. It would be a question for further consideration whether Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemberg should not be mediatized as well as the States with less lofty denominations ; there are many reasons which might be urged in favour of such a proceeding. Saxony is a Protestant kingdom, with a Roman Catholic king ; Wurtemberg is too small by far for its rank, it counts for nothing in the policy of Europe ; and Hanover, though possessing a little more territory, derives more importance from its dynastic connection with this country than from any power or resources of its own. States like these are anomalies in the midst of the Great Powers. They have no claims as nations, and nothing that can be said in favour of their continued isolation can have half so much weight as that by their consolidation they would create a Protestant and a United Germany. With these additions to her territory, Prussia might again establish the old German Empire, and the balance of power be brought to a far more equitable condition than while there are some six and thirty sovereign houses, each claiming its own separate internal and foreign policy.

It may be well to notice that if French aggression be the thing to be feared, this plan would build up a bulwark against it, such as no other scheme could supply. England and Germany, united under circum-

stances such as these, could effectually keep France within her proper boundaries, should she desire to overleap them; and there is no reason why England and Prussia should stand alone.

But there is another Power to be consulted. In the year 1830, the Belgians rebelled against the King of the Netherlands, and Lord Palmerston, siding with the insurgents, cut them off a slice of the Low Countries, gave them Brussels for a capital, and Leopold for a king. Now, the Belgians are on the left or western bank of the Rhine; they speak French, and almost to a man desire annexation to France. In this case, there is a royal family to be satisfied; and it may not be easy to find an equivalent for a kingdom so comfortable, a capital so elegant, and a civil list so unexceptionable. But here, at all events, there is no ancient tradition to be preserved, no hereditary prescription to be respected, and the changes which will in all probability take place before long in the east of Europe may satisfy the parvenu royalty of Belgium without endangering the peace of the world.

But these are the things which, in their uncertainty, render it necessary for the Emperor of the French to be prepared for a terrible and devastating war. "Is it likely," the French Cabinet may argue, "that England will allow Belgium to be absorbed, seeing that Belgium is a creation of her own? Is it likely that she will allow Prussia to be dismembered, seeing that the royal families of England and Prussia are so closely connected as it is, and likely to be still more closely connected hereafter?" Those provinces which may be given as an equivalent to Prussia are German provinces; and is there a German court which England is not likely to support, so thoroughly Germanised as the court of England is itself? Will the interests of the Hanoverian family be neglected, or will even the ideas of Hanoverian policy be passed by? And if England and Prussia be resolved to maintain the *status quo* in Germany, would Austria be a reliable ally to France on the other side? It is scarcely possible to think of her except as joining with the other German Powers. Hanover, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria are sure to be members of the league; and their contingent, united with that of Belgium, would alone make a formidable army, and with Prussia, England, and Austria, in spite of the bankruptcy of the latter, might defy the world in arms. It would be very unlikely that Russia would aid France in case such a league were formed. Russia is essentially a Conservative Power, and one which is by no means anxious to spread French political principles, whether they take the form of Republicanism or that of Imperialism. The French Government would possibly have Spain, and probably Italy, as allies; but Spain has foreign possessions to lose, and would certainly lose them in the very first campaign. Cuba and the Philippines would be transferred to English rule, and the former might very likely be sold to the United States at once. The Spanish colonies in Africa would not be held, and it is hardly likely that even the French navy, great as it is, would suffice to keep the French flag afloat anywhere save in France itself. All these possible, nay probable results would have to be deliberately borne in mind;

and if the boundary of the Rhine be a necessary result of the Empire, the Emperor must be prepared to fight for it; and he must be prepared to do this under certain very disadvantageous circumstances. It is quite true that the good sense of England may lead her to prefer peace at home and abroad to the interests of a few German dynasties. Prussia herself may see that her true policy lies in consolidating her own empire, and in securing a homogeneous, that is, a German-speaking population. The evils which have fallen upon Austria, through the composition of her people, a people of divers races and languages, must have served as a warning to the sister German Power, and one that can hardly fail to have been understood and appropriated. If the Belgian family can be provided for, and the interests of the petty German States be consulted, and Prussia compensated, there need be no war, even though the French people, speaking by the mouth of their monarch, demand their natural frontier. But will England be wise enough to understand this? Shall we allow the voice of common sense to prevail? Will our Court prefer the interests of England to the interests of Germany? This remains yet to be seen; and if there be a doubt in the mind of the public here, much more must there be a doubt in the mind of Louis Napoleon; and till that doubt be solved, he must, in the interests of France, keep up a fleet and army capable of making head against a coalition such as we have described.

The state of Europe at this time is very peculiar; there is a general gravitation of small States towards larger ones. In the north, everything tends to the formation of a great Scandinavian kingdom by the union of Denmark to Norway and Sweden. The royal family of Denmark have no claims on the Danish people; and it is becoming more and more evident that Denmark is too small to stand alone. The union of the Scandinavian race under one head, and the clear severance from Germany of the Northern kingdom, will be the best guarantee that Europe can have against the further encroachments of Russia in a western direction; and if religious toleration be established throughout the realm, Protestantism will then reign over all the North of Europe, with the prospect of continued and increasing success.

But it is not only in the north that this gravitation manifests itself. In Spain, there is a strong party which desires the union of Spain and Portugal under the sceptre of the House of Braganza; the scheme is one which gathers new adherents continually, and has in it many elements of popularity. We shall soon see an Italian kingdom, with Victor Emmanuel at its head; and by far the best thing which could happen to the Septinsular Republic would be the disintegration of its territories, the taking of Corfu as a permanent possession of the British crown, and the annexation of the other six islands, either to the kingdom of Greece, or to that Power, whatever it may be, which shall ultimately take Constantinople for its capital. Small States are too expensive. Portugal is all but in a state of bankruptcy at the present time; she keeps up a fleet and an army

far beyond her means, and for which she has not the slightest necessity. The Papedom is the worst and most expensively-governed State in the world; and there are sovereign princes in Germany who make up their revenues by a monopoly of the various trades of baker, butcher, laundress, and undertaker. In the interests of monarchy, these anomalies ought to be suppressed, and sovereigns be made everywhere powerful enough to command respect, and to obtain some weight for their States in the councils of Europe.

A notion seems to prevail among some French politicians, and it is warmly taken up in Servia, Wallachia, and the adjacent States, that Austria alone should possess Turkey in Europe whenever the heritage of the Sick Man is broken up; and they propose to give her only a Slavonic and Rouman population, annexing the German part of her dominions together with the Tyrol to Bavaria, and thus erecting that State into a Great Power to counterbalance the increased weight of Prussia in the north. It seems doubtful whether this plan be feasible, and it certainly involves many elements about which it would be imprudent at present to speculate; but we notice it here as a proof of the direction which the Continental mind is taking, and as showing how great changes are gradually looming in the distance, and familiarizing themselves to the political inquirer.

We have now endeavoured to show what the policy of the French empire is;—what is the meaning of those important words—“*L'Empire c'est la Paix* ;”—and how certain it is that nothing less than the restoration of the First Empire, as it was in 1811, can satisfy the requirements of France! We have endeavoured to show that those demands are not unreasonable in themselves, and that their concession would be for the advantage of all Europe. We have indicated more than one manner in which they may be granted without danger, and have shown that the very steps taken to gratify France can be only so taken as to strengthen and consolidate Germany. It will be almost wholly with our Government to decide what shall be done; if we decide for peace, peace it will be; if we decide on war, we have only to take up the cause of the small German Principalities, and decree that they shall continue nominally independent, with just as much power of free action as to prevent the united action of Prussia and Austria, and to be a thorn in the side of either.

There is only one rational objection to the whole frontier of the Rhine, and that is, that at the mouth of that river Holland is divided into two parts. Now, no effort of imagination can make out a plausible case for a French nationality here. Nothing can make the Dutchman look, talk, cook, or feel like a Frenchman. It seems indispensable that Holland should be preserved; she might be rendered neutral, and placed under the joint protection of France, Prussia, and England; the latter Power being introduced in case of hostilities arising at any time between the two former. And this brings us to the state and claims of Switzerland. It seems highly desirable that that country should be permanently neutralized; neither would nor will any difficulty be presented by this; it is convenient alike for

France, Italy, and whatever German Power may rule on the south-western frontier, that there should be between them a neutral territory, nor do we see any reason to believe that any one of the three Powers has any intentions to the contrary.

But a matter of far more moment than this is the policy of the Emperor towards ourselves. He has again and again declared that he desires peace with us; and the only reason why this declaration is not universally believed is, that he has kept up, and is keeping up a navy, the only use of which can be to oppose England. In the preceding pages we have endeavoured to show that this step was necessary to his position—necessary for his avowed policy; and so far as we have succeeded, so far we may lay aside any fears of hostilities: but there is much to be said on the other side of a positive nature. Can we tax our Imperial Ally with a single act of bad faith towards us? Has he ever shown himself backward in offering or rendering aid to our fleets and armies? If he tendered aid in quelling the rebellion in India—if he be co-operating with us in reducing the Chinese barbarians to submission—is it likely that now, when we are infinitely stronger by land and by sea than we have been since his accession—now that the whole country is bristling with the rifles of our Volunteers—now that the national mind is thoroughly awake to the necessity of a navy strong enough to sweep all others from the seas—he should contemplate an invasion? It is, of course, impossible to say what is in the mind of any man; but certainly nothing seems more improbable. And what, then, should be our policy? Certainly not one of distrust, still less one of defiance and insult. The recent Treaty is to a great extent a pledge of peaceful intentions; we have received it as such, and have largely reciprocated its advantages; we must see that no needless cause of quarrel arises out of the complications of European politics. If we adhere to a strict system of non-intervention, it is hardly likely that any one will meddle with us; and we must resolve on this course of action. Above all, we must not allow ourselves to be entangled with German policy. The Germans are, it is true, our brethren; they are eminently a trustworthy people, and we must on no account neglect our German alliances; but we must learn to regard them from that point in which their interests and our own coincide. We must learn, if it be necessary, to separate the small German dynasties from the great German people, and we must sacrifice any amount of the former to prevent a collision between Prussia and France. There is a great appearance of chivalry in standing up for the weak and defenceless, and going to war with a Great Power for the sake of some Palsgrave of Saltsplash, or some Grand Duke of Hoch Stieffelnberg Narrenstein; but our Government has to consult the interests of a vast Empire, and to remember that a war between England and France means a war to extend over the globe, and to last for half a century. We do not, however, recommend to give up the cause of the weak, merely because they are weak and their adversaries are strong. We do not counsel a complicity in, or even a connivance at, any act of injustice

or oppression, no matter by whom performed ; nor do we say that we are to take the tone of our policy from a nation, the whole character of whose government is so different from our own as that of the French. We believe that the present Emperor of the French has been a loyal and faithful Ally ; we believe that it is his firm resolve to continue so, and we think that he has a right to our confidence and respect. But Napoleon III. is not immortal ; and should it please Providence to remove him before he has completed his great work of restoring the Empire, and placing France in that position of internal and external prosperity which he desires, we would give very little for the chances of European peace. We fear that should a calamity so frightful as this occur, the state of France would be like that of the Chariot of the Sun when deprived of its charioteer. Ovid can tell the story to those who wish to know more. While, therefore, we meet our Great Ally with confidence and cordiality, we must not relax in our own preparations for war ; we must multiply our present riflemen by at least five ; we must increase our volunteer artillery ; we must place our navy on the most perfect footing, and we must cement our alliances with Prussia and Russia as firmly as possible. No trouble and no expense must be grudged, and we must willingly submit even to another sixpence in the pound income-tax, should such a measure be necessary to pay for our national defences. We shall be best carrying out the designs of the Emperor himself by consolidating our own resources, and being prepared for whatever events the next few years may bring forth. The welfare of the world for the next half century depends on the life of Napoleon III. and the wisdom of the British cabinet.

Brief Notices.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE, with Notes, &c. &c. Vol. I. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE first volume of this truly national work now lies before us, and it would be difficult to conceive of anything in our modern literature and art to be compared with it. Whether we refer to its literary, artistic, or mechanical execution, it is a work of unparalleled interest. We are glad to find that in the text there is no departure from the authorised version; that the notes, which are not too long—of itself a great commendation—are simply explanatory, “not designed to supply what is commonly termed a commentary, but rather to give the deeper meaning of certain words and phrases, to illustrate certain usages and allusions in the sacred text by a reference to the manners, customs, laws, and religious rites of the Eastern world, and to embody in a few words the vital truths and practical lessons of the Book of God.” An amazing amount of reading and of knowledge is compressed and embodied in these notes, not to be found in any one existing commentary. The various readings are given in the margin with the parallel passages, which latter are rather scanty.

The illustrations, which “are introduced with a profusion and a freedom never before attempted,” have been prepared, we are told, “at an enormous outlay,” and we can fully believe it. In fact, looking at the paper, type, wood-cuts, maps, and the whole getting-up of the work, it is one of the marvels of this marvellous age. The wonder is, how it can be published and sold at such a price; and it reflects infinite credit on the truly enterprising and generous publishers.

VOL. IV.

To ministers, students, and Sunday-school teachers, it will be found of invaluable service; while to the myriads of England's people it is a positive boon:—neither hall, nor house, nor cottage should be without this Bible.

THE WORKS OF THE REV. JOHN MACLAURIN. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Goold, D.D., Edinburgh. In two volumes. Edinburgh: John MacLaren, 1860.

WORKS which have stood the test of critical examination and of public approval for nearly one hundred years, need no commendation from our pen. Maclaurin was not only “the most profound and eloquent Scottish Theologian of the last century,” but deserves to be placed side by side with the philosopher and the theologian of any age and of any country. His works are a noble monument to his colossal intellect and his sanctified genius. Let any one read his essay, entitled—“Prejudices against the Gospel,” or his sermon on “The Sins of Man not chargeable on God,” and say whether he can find anything in Bishop Butler or in John Foster more profound or more philosophic. Such an appeal to the intellect and the heart is seldom to be met with. Then as to his well-known, because more frequently-published discourse on “Glorying in the Cross of Christ,” we are quite prepared to adopt the words of the editor, that “no sermon in the English language has been more admired and praised by the best judges; it is marked from the beginning to the close by eloquence of the highest order, consecrated to the illustration of the noblest truths. * * * The singular genius of the author appears in the

skill with which he so copiously weaves into his appeals the various facts in the history of our Saviour. Events with which we have been familiar from childhood, acquire a strange and singular freshness under his treatment. * * * The effect of the whole is enhanced by the abruptness of the conclusion. The preacher has risen to a height from which he cannot or will not descend." For true, impassioned, impressive eloquence, the sermon stands unequalled.

This edition of Maclaurin is enriched with additional notes and extracts from his manuscripts still in existence; with letters truly "replete with interest;" and with his attestation to the Revivals which took place in various parts of Scotland in his own day.

We give our cordial thanks to the publisher and the editor for this improved and enlarged edition of a work which deserves to live till all earthly things are wrapped in the flame of the great final fire.

THE WORKS OF JOHN ANGELL JAMES; onewhile Minister of the Church Assembling in Carr's-lane, Birmingham. Edited by his Son. Vol. III. Sermons. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1860.

At present we simply introduce this third volume of Mr. James's works to our readers, reserving our criticism and remarks till the whole series of volumes is published. There is one thing, however, which we cannot fail to notice in the present volume, and that is, the utter disregard to all chronological order in the arrangement of these sermons and addresses. The volume opens with a sermon on the death of Mr. James's brother, in 1852; and onward more than two-thirds we have the address delivered at the grave of the lamented and eloquent Dr. McAll, in 1838, and other chronological inaccuracies. Had the productions of our departed friend been given in the order of their com-

position, it would have given us a far better idea of the growth and development not only of his intellectual powers, but also of his moral and Christian consciousness. The present arrangement introduces a not favourable inequality into the work, which is as disappointing to the reader as it is unfair to the honoured man whose words are precious to us. The editor may have his reasons for this arrangement, but we are in perfect ignorance.

THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A. Second Edition. London: Ward and Co. Paternoster-row.

WE are not at all surprised that a second edition of this volume should have been so soon called for; and we have but to repeat our former high commendation of the work, only with the same limitation and reserve. In his preface, Mr. Brown has made too much of the mistake—singular and unaccountable as that mistake is—which his critic in the *British Quarterly* fell into; and far too little of the objections which have been taken by the great body of his Reviewers against certain portions of his work. Some little deference surely was due to their collective judgment; and if, in conformity with their suggestions, he had omitted or modified some few passages, the volume would have suffered nothing in force or in value. He says:—

"The criticism with which my doctrinal positions have been assailed, fails to touch me, because it supposes me to ignore principles which I have earnestly asserted and steadfastly maintained. The statement of my most candid reviewers comes to this:—'There is something beside the Father's relation to us in God. He is lawgiver, ruler, judge; the administrator of the law on whose integrity the system of the universe is hanging, which he may not imperil, whatever be the tenderness of his fatherly heart.' If I failed to see all this, I should deserve

the severest judgment. Nothing seems to me more opposed to the true spirit of the Gospel, than the view of God's Fatherliness, which makes Him incapable of administering judgment, and inflicting its sentence on the rebels against His love. I regard the Divine Fatherhood as essentially inclusive of all which is pleaded for by those who seem to seek to discover diversities, and develop oppositions, in Him, who, weak as may be our grasp of the great fact, is One. Because, I find the Divine Father so inflexibly righteous, so maintainant of the honour and truth of law, I see that there can be no reconciliation between the Father and the guilty rebellious child, but on the basis of mediation—the atonement, offered by the God-man for our sins, and the work of the Holy Ghost as the author, the nourisher, and the perfecter of the Divine Life in the Soul."

It would have been well for Mr. Brown to have said these things in their proper place in the volume itself, and not have needlessly subjected himself even to the shadow of suspicion. Henceforth, we must interpret the work by its preface, and not the preface by the work.

COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS: Embracing the Latest Results of Criticism. By David Brown, D.D. Professor of Theology, Free Church College, Aberdeen. Glasgow: William Collins, Buchanan-street.

THE author of this admirable little work tells us, that this "is an experiment how far it is possible to furnish the English reader with an independent and fresh exposition, embodying the great outlines and mature results of criticism, ancient and modern, English and foreign, on this portion of Scripture, without the aid of any language but his own;" and a most successful experiment it is. The Epistle to the Romans is the most profound and the most comprehensive of all St. Paul's writings; and no man not possessed of riper scholar-

ship, not familiar with the principles of genuine criticism, not bound by the laws and canons of enlightened interpretation, not experimentally acquainted with the truth of God, and not the subject of a deeper and a wider Christian consciousness, is qualified to be a commentator on such an Epistle. We therefore congratulate Dr. Brown on the task which he has performed, and the whole Christian Church on the boon which she has received at his hands.

On the much-controverted passage in the seventh chapter, he has written clearly and with power. On the words, "I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members," he thus comments:—

"In this important verse, observe, first, that the word 'law' means an *inward principle of action, good or evil, operating with the fixedness and regularity of a law*. The Apostle found two such laws within him; the one, 'the law of sin in his members,' called (Gal. v. 17, 24) 'the flesh which lusteth against the spirit,' 'the flesh with the affections and lusts,' *i.e.* the sinful principle in the regenerate; the other, 'the law of the mind,' or the holy principle of the renewed nature. Second, when the Apostle says he 'sees' the one of these principles 'warring against' the other, and 'bringing him into captivity' to itself, *he is not referring to any actual rebellion going on within him while he was writing, or to any captivity to his own lusts then existing*. He is simply describing the two conflicting principles, and pointing out what it was the inherent property of each to aim at bringing about. It is 'THE LAW OF THE MIND' renewed by grace, to set its seal to God's law, approving of it and delighting in it, sighing to reflect it, and rejoicing in every step of its progress towards the complete embodiment of it:—it is 'THE LAW OF SIN in the members' to dislike and seduce us out of all spirituality, to

carnalize the entire man, to enslave us wholly to our own corruptions. Such is the unchanging character of these two principles in all believers, but the relative strength of each is different in different Christians. While some come so low, through 'iniquities prevailing against them,' that 'the law of the mind' can at times be scarce felt at all, and they forget that they have been purged from their old sins; others, habitually 'walking in the Spirit,' so 'crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts,' that 'the law of sin' is practically dead. But it is with the unchanging character of the two principles, not the varying strength of them, that this verse has to do. Third: when the Apostle describes himself as '*brought into captivity*' by the triumph of the sinful principle of his nature, he clearly speaks in the person of a *renewed* man. Men do not feel themselves to be in captivity in the territories of their own sovereign, and associated with their own friends, breathing a congenial atmosphere, and acting quite spontaneously. But here the Apostle describes himself when drawn under the power of his sinful nature, as forcibly seized and reluctantly dragged to his enemy's camp, from which he would gladly make his escape. This ought to settle the question, of whether he is here speaking as a regenerate man or the reverse."

There are two or three other passages on which we should have liked to give the opinion of our Author, did not our space interdict us. To the mere English reader, this little volume will be of immense service; and even to the more advanced student in theology, and the divine, it will be found to be no mean help.

CHRISTIAN BELIEVING AND LIVING. By F. D. Huntington, D.D. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co. 1860.

THIS work, which is an American product, is entitled to the deepest

study of every Christian man. In a series of twenty-two short Essays, the Author expatiates with great freedom, and with no little force, over the whole field of Christian life and consciousness. Though we are not prepared to subscribe to all his views or statements, the Volume is pervaded by a fine healthy tone which cannot fail to give an invigorating character to the inner spiritual life of the soul.

LAW AND GOSPEL: Discourses on Primary Themes; to which is added, True Revival. By the Rev. George C. Hutton, Paisley. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co. 1860.

THE late Dr. Hamilton, of Strathblane, wrote a very able treatise on this very subject several years ago, from which the work before us differs materially. Still, the present volume has its pretensions and its claims. It discovers a perfect knowledge of the subject, with no little amount of intellectual power and sanctified genius. In the Sermon on Justification, we rather demur to some of the representations and statements. In what sense can we speak of a sinner's "legal innocence," or of his "legal merit?" If he has sinned, he never can be pronounced legally innocent in time or through eternity. He may be legally pardoned, but he can never be legally acquitted. If he cannot be legally acquitted, then he can have no legal merit; though, on the vicarious doings of another, he may be legally favoured and blessed. Of the doctrine of justification by faith in the righteousness of Christ, we have not even the shadow of a doubt; but the mode in which that vital truth is put forth is anything but defensible or felicitous.

Mr. Hutton's work is rich in evangelical statements; and the truths which he elucidates are pressed home on the conscience with an earnestness and a heartiness as refreshing as it is vigorous, and worthy of commendation.

VICE-ROYALTY; OR, COUNSELS RESPECTING THE GOVERNMENT OF THE HEART. Addressed especially to Young Men. By Benjamin Smith. London: John Mason, City-road. 1860.

AFTER a very appropriate introduction of some twelve pages, the work is divided into four chapters, embracing the Nature, Extent, Importance, and Maintenance of good Self-government. A subject of more practical importance could not be approached, and as addressed to young men in an age of unwonted temptation and danger, it becomes one of the most vital moment. Our Author has so treated it as to make the perusal of his Volume at once attractive and entertaining, instructive and practical, moral and impressive.

A REMEDY FOR WANDERING THOUGHTS IN THE WORSHIP OF GOD. By the Rev. Richard Steele, M.A. First published in the year 1673. London: Ward and Co. Paternoster Row.

THIS is a reprint of an old but valuable little book, which was written as "an antidote against the most common disturber of God's people in His worship," and to this end it is well adapted. To teach a Christian how to concentrate and fix his thoughts in the holiest and sublimest service, is itself no mean service; and to have well learned such a lesson is no mean attainment.

THE ATONEMENT BY PROPITIATION. By the Rev. Charles Hebert, M.A., Officiating Minister of Brunswick Chapel, Marylebone, and formerly Rural Dean of Newcastle-under-Lyme. London: James Nisbet and Co. 21 Berner's-street.

THE Sermons of which this little *brochure* is a keen and discriminating examination, are no indistinct utterances, no half-finished articulations. The Author knows what he means to say, and he speaks out with a freedom and an emphasis not to be mistaken; he labours to make himself under-

stood. The drift of his two Sermons is to set aside the idea of Atonement by Propitiation. He maintains that "there is not a word in the Bible about the punishment due to our sins being inflicted by a just God upon His own Son;" that Christ only "shared our sin in the sense of it, in sorrow for it, in a vicarious confession of it, and in the miserable consequences of it;" and that God can forgive without requiring any punishment on account of the breach of His law.

In examining and replying to these bold assertions, Mr. Hebert confines himself wholly to the argument from Scripture, and only to such portions of the argument as are involved in the texts quoted by the Author of the Sermons. Had he taken up the whole Scripture Testimony, he must have written a ponderous volume instead of a short Tractate. So far as he has gone, he has shown himself master of his subject. He proves with all the force of a moral demonstration, that if Christ's death was not in the fullest sense of the word *expiatory*, then it is impossible ever to vindicate the conduct of God toward the Son of His love; that God is a Moral Governor as well as an Indulgent Father; that law has its penalties just as really as it has its requirements; that if its requirements are not met, its penalties must be inflicted; that if the punishment fall not on some voluntary and accepted substitute, it must fall upon the transgressor himself; and hence, that it is morally impossible for the holy and righteous God to be gracious to the sinner without a Propitiation in which justice is neither surrendered nor modified. Mr. Hebert can expatiate quite as eloquently, and with an equal glow of feeling, as the Author of the Sermons on the grace of God, but it is grace reigning through righteousness. His soul, too, can kindle as he dwells on the love of God in Christ; but it is love revealing itself in light. If there be those who would tear *justice* from the choir of divine attributes as if it had no rela-

tion to all the rest ; so there are those who would in like manner separate *love* from all the rest, as if there were no harmony between them and it. But all must learn that there is such a fact as mercy and truth meeting together, righteousness and peace embracing each other.

But we must pause, and urge our readers to lose no time in making this triumphant refutation of a growing heresy their own. It will well repay the most thoughtful, prayerful perusal.

CENTRAL TRUTHS. By the Rev. Charles Stanford, Author of "Power in Weakness;" "Memorials of the Rev. W. Rhodes." London: Jackson and Walford.

THE revival of pulpit literature is a notable fact of our times. Some of our noblest classics have been bequeathed to us in the form of sermons. Latimer, Chillingworth, Tillotson, Barrow, Howe, Jeremy Taylor, and Butler, made the sermon the vehicle of their finest disquisitions and profoundest thoughts. They wrote with a view to a wider circle and a more enduring influence than was given to the momentary delivery of their discourse; this ultimate inference, it is true, often over-weighted their sermon, and impaired their vivacity and force for spoken utterance, but this was not a necessary consequence. In fact, the purest examples alike of clear English, solid thought, and genuine feeling which these great authors have produced, are sermons, quick, from beginning to end, with that vital pulse, that *mouvement* which distinguishes the sermon from any other form of composition, and by an electric sympathy touches and opens the hearts of a surrounding audience.

Since, however, these great sermons of the 17th century till the present time, sermons have been a drug in the book-market. But now they seem, and most deservedly, to

have regained their popularity, and to be resuming their early power in the press; we noticed in our last number some volumes of sermons by Nonconformist ministers, recently published and well received by the public.

The volume we now notice contains a series of sermons preached last year by a distinguished Baptist minister, and we predict for it a success and an enduring fame equal to any contemporary volume of sermons. It has its own distinct features, which we briefly enumerate. There is, first, a remarkable compression and felicity of expression, which at once surprises the reader's attention. The gleams of poetic light glance upon the rolling paragraph, like glittering sunbeams on the full flowing stream. There is an exquisite finish, a solidity of power, a lightness and refinement of touch about these sermons which yields inexhaustible pleasure. This very excellence, however, detracts from the energy and grandeur of these sermons. Their delicacy and calm eloquence belong to the essay rather than the sermon. They want the rapid fervour, the ganglionic knotting, the lightning strokes, which tell so immensely upon a listening auditory.

Again we commend these sermons for a most rare and valuable peculiarity. We mean the novel, rich, varied, and beautiful illustrations with which they set off the simple doctrines of the Gospel. This is the novelty we desire in the pulpit;—not in the theme, but in the handling of it. The resources of learning, the devotion of the heart, the fertility of the imagination, the patient, long-continued, and ever renewing thought of the study, brought to illumine with fresh lights, to garnish with new ornament, to establish with added evidence, to publish with growing power and acceptance, the old unchangeable facts of Christianity, which remain from everlasting to everlasting the same. In this respect we especially commend Mr. Stan-

ford's volume as a study for ministerial students. His gifts few may possess but his aim all may seek.

THE CAVENDISH PULPIT. Sermons by the Rev. Joseph Parker, Minister of Cavendish Street Chapel. London: Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row.

THESE sermons are printed from reporters' notes, and are only cursorily corrected by the preacher. By this circumstance they seem to be removed from the bar of the literary critic. They are too noticeable, however, to be overlooked, as they indicate the power of a young preacher who has achieved a most honourable success in Manchester, and bear upon them the stamp of an original, strong, and peculiar mind. Two characteristics attract our special regard and criticism. One is the force which stamps its brand upon every sentence, compressing it, and thrusting it out with an almost violent energy. This must give a massive momentum, a fiery onset, to the paragraphs before us, if delivered with a spirit like that which thrills and burns in the letters, and not over-acted. For quiet reading, of course, this force seems at times to be exaggerated and spasmodic; and doubtless if these sermons had been drawn from the alembic of the study and slowly refined, instead of being run off from the glowing furnace of the pulpit, a chaster, calmer, finer, tone would have pervaded the style. Even for the highest pulpit effect we question if a more quiet tone would not give relief and increased impressiveness to the impassioned passages, and accordingly we are exceedingly pleased to see in a little book, by the same author, styled "Emmanuel," containing selections from discourses in the history of our Lord, a placidity and repose of thought, accompanied with great beauty of expression. If this refinement but restrain so as to modulate and not subdue the force manifest in this first volume of the "Cavendish

Pulpit," we shall have a second which will become a legacy to the next generation, as it will be a valued possession of this. The second characteristic of these sermons is the happy, expert method by which Mr. Parker extricates from the narrative, or the few words of his text, the principles he wishes to inculcate, and the clear, bold, incisive way in which he condenses and states these in brief, pungent, memorable propositions. This we conceive a great excellence in a preacher. In no modern sermons have we seen the power of enucleating thought more fully displayed than in this volume, and therefore we note it with our highest commendation, awaiting, for the present, yet higher and more perfect sermons from the mind which has already produced these.

LIGHT AT THE END. London: John Snow.

THE soft light of hallowed memory now gathers like evening twilight over the Daughter—the Friend who has sunk to her rest. It is so as to the bereaved mourners on earth. But upon her, the morning light has fallen. On this side the globe there is the dusk deepening into night; on the other, there is the dawn brightening into day; so while the shadowy light lingers over the grave, and rests on the sorrowing group around it, on her the cloudless morn is breaking. The little *brochure* whose title we have given contains a most pathetic address delivered by the Rev. B. S. Hollis, at the funeral of Martha Rose Sherman, youngest daughter of Rev. James Sherman; and two sermons delivered on the following Sunday at Blackheath Independent chapel by the Revs. S. Martin and J. H. Allon. The names of these eminent ministers avouch the excellence of these discourses, but the solemnity of the occasion, and the personal affection

of the preachers, give a thrill to their words, a pathos as of tears, which awes and subdues the reader, as it must have melted all but the stoney-hearted who heard them.

ENGLAND AND MISSIONS. By the Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A., Bristol. London: Henry J. Treasider, Paternoster Row.

CHRIST'S CONSECRATION AND OURS. By the Rev. Henry Allon. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row.

THESE two Sermons, preached before the directors and friends of two great Missionary Institutions, differ wholly in their character, and yet they are most intimately related. Mr. Bosworth sweeps in thought and imagination over the whole field of Missions, and gives us the most graphic and interesting sketch of what the Christian Church has undertaken and done in these modern times for the heathen world; and it would be impossible to lay our hand on any other such epitome of Evangelical Missions.

Mr. Allon, on the other hand, takes for granted that his hearers are fully acquainted with the field of Missionary operations; and on the fact of the Saviour's sublime self-consecration to the work of human redemption, he founds an argument—beautiful as it is forcible—for our consecration to the service of Christ; and on both he rests his appeal, urgent and affectionate, to the whole Christian Church, to give proof of more entire self-surrender and sacrifice.

The large audience who encircled the preacher were overpowered and subdued by one deepening emotion, which spread like a flame as they listened to the solemn quickening thoughts of the preacher, rapidly delivered with an absorbing, resistless earnestness of tone and action which gave them startling clearness and stirring impulse.

Both discourses have our highest and heartiest recommendation.

TRAVELS, RESEARCHES, AND MISSIONARY LABOURS, during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa, together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Urambani, Shea, Abessinia, and Khar-tum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mornbag to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Krapf, with an Appendix, &c. &c. London: Trubner and Co. Paternoster-row.

ADOPTING Livingstone's profound axiom, that "the end of the geographical feat is the commencement of the missionary operation," we hail the appearance of this beautiful volume with unmingled pleasure. Dr. Krapf is worthy of being named with Dr. Livingstone, and of being held in the same high and almost universal esteem. In childhood his desire for travel was greatly fostered by the study of geography, and by reading voyages and travels, and in his fourteenth year, his ambition was to become the captain of a ship, and to visit foreign lands. When only a year older, he heard the Rector of the school in which he was being educated read an essay "On the Spread of Christianity among the Heathen," which awakened within him the desire of missionary labour. This desire he cherished, in opposition to the feelings of his parents and friends, and subsequently entered the Missionary College, at Basel, in which a friendship sprung up between the missionary Fjelsadt and himself, which ripened with the progress of years, and through whose assistance, counsel, and words of comfort, he reached, after some severer struggle, the joyful conviction, that he ought to dedicate himself to the service of missions, and find in the starting point of his career its goal and resting place. In 1837, therefore, he set out in connection with the Church Missionary Society on his long and difficult journey to Abessinia, the land of his youthful dreams and aspirations; but it was not without tears at parting, or without fear and trembling, that he took up his pilgrim's staff and bade adieu to many dear friends and to the home of his childhood.

We should like to accompany our intrepid traveller and devoted missionary in his various journeyings, and to note his self-sacrificing labours. His stay at Adowa, the capital of Tigre, and the seat of the Abessinian Mission, was very short; in Shea he accompanied the King in many of his expeditions, and thus became better acquainted with the Galla tribes, whom he believes to be intended by God for the fulfilling of some sublimer destiny;—his exploring expeditions are full of the most living incident and interest; and so are his numerous journeys of observation;—his settlement at Rabbai Mpia, with the erection of his house and little church, forms a very interesting chapter in his history, together with the working of the Christian element there, and the geographical results of the mission in general. These are inviting topics, and so are many others included in the work; but we must not be tempted to follow our author. We do look upon him as “a pioneer of important geographical discoveries, and a most successful labourer in the field of Hametic philology;” while his efforts “to introduce Civilization and Christianity into the benighted Continent of Africa,” will give him a place in the very first Christian circles of England.

It is a fact, not to be overlooked nor lightly estimated, that while Livingstone was proceeding from the south towards the coast of Mozambique, Krapf was proceeding from the north to the same point, and that the two travellers approached each other within five degrees. Would that they had met! What a moment of interest would that have been in the life of two such men!

Dr. Krapf looks upon Uniamesi as the great country of the interior, and would fix the thought of the Christian Church on this as the grand centre of missionary enterprise in the Evangelization of Africa.

The work of Dr. Krapf is a valuable contribution, not only to geographical

discovery and Evangelical Missions, but to commercial enterprise. We are now better acquainted with the country—its soil, its products, and its capabilities. As a consequence, the merchant will track the step of the traveller, and the Missionary will track the step of both to give to the people that Christianity of which both our commerce and our discoveries are but the fruits.

With whatever interest our readers may have perused the work of Livingstone, we can safely say that with unabated interest will they read this truly delightful volume.

GEMS FROM THE CORAL ISLANDS; or, Incidents in Savage and Christian Life in the Islanders of Eastern and Western Polynesia. By the Rev. W. Gill. London: Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

THESE “Gems” have been sparkling in the light for some few years, and they will give back their lustre to any one who will take the pains to examine them. Everything connected with the introduction and development of Christianity in the South-Sea Islands is, to our minds, replete with interest; and here we have the most authentic and reliable information brought down to a comparatively recent period. The work is written with graphic power, and possesses the most thrilling interest. Let the lovers of romance, and those who are fond of the marvellous and the unusual, only sit down to its perusal; and here they will find facts strange as fiction, incidents equal to any tale of wonder, and scenes surpassing fable.

THEOLOGY IN SCIENCE: for the Use of Schools and of Private Teachers. By the Rev. Dr. Brewer, Trinity Hall, Cambridge. London: Jarrold and Sons, St. Paul's Churchyard.

A CAPITAL little book. It embraces a great variety of subjects, and floods the youthful mind with the clearest light. The facts of science and the

discoveries of philosophy are shown to be in perfect and never-varying harmony with the truths and disclosures of Divine Revelation.

FARQUHAR FRANKHEART; or, Incidents in the Introduction of Methodism into Yorkshire. A Tale. By the Author of "Popham Upton," &c. &c. &c. London: Ward and Co. Paternoster Row.

A TALE, but well told. The history of Methodism is full of startling, stirring incident; and here we have one of its most racy chapters. Our Author tells us that Farquhar Frankheart, the hero of his story, "wore the honours and wielded the authority of a chief" in his native village; that "when the rustics met to devise mischief for the benefit of some neighbouring village, or to settle the details of a fight with some reputed champion, Farquhar held high place in the assembly, and was listened to when he spoke with a degree of veneration that would have flattered an oracle not very susceptible of adulation, supposing such a one could be found." But he became a convert to the Christian Faith, united himself with the followers of John Wesley, became an active member of the Body, devoted himself to the work of the ministry, through whose agency and instrumentality the highest ends were reached and realized. Around this man, as a central figure, the Author skilfully groups many of the earlier labourers in the cause of Methodism, and makes his life and career the key to his well-written and entertaining story, which we think will be very popular with a large class of our readers.

CHAPTERS ON WIVES. By Mrs Ellis, Author of "Mothers of Great Men." London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

It might seem as if Mrs. Ellis had a prescriptive right to speak to women. She has spoken often to them, and always well—a fact which now dis-

poses us to listen with an open ear to what she has to say to our wives. Very much of a man's earthly comfort depends upon his wife. Her character and conduct may give complexion to his whole life, and leave an impress on his history for ever. Therefore it is that, in proportion as we love our wives, and confide in them, we recommend to them the deep and repeated study of these Chapters. They are rich in practical lessons of wisdom and worth; and if their lessons be received in the spirit of love, many a home of wedded life may become sunnier and happier, and men and women find that in wedlock they are lovers still.

A LADY IN HER OWN RIGHT. A Novel. By Westland Marston. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THERE is no reason why a Novel should not have its moral and practical element; and this element is faithfully preserved in the work before us. Lady Rainford is left a widow with two children. The son and heir dies in comparative youth; and her ladyship, who was fond of travel and the gay life of capitals, resigned her daughter to the care of Mrs. Arundel, the wife of a retired Chancery-barrister in Herefordshire, whose husband managed the Rainford estates. This child, on the death of her brother, came to the rank, title, and estates of the Rainford family, and was thus a lady in her own right. Mr. Arundel had a son, who was being educated for the Church, of manly character and of noble bearing, who fell in love with the Lady Caroline Faulkner now Baroness Rainford; but though his fair one had an "unfeigned love for all that was noble in act or thought," she had yet many errors to be corrected, and not a few lessons of heart yet to learn. Difficult as was the task, Ralph Arundel undertook to teach and to train her. And now the rest of the story is soon told. The young Baroness lived upon the smiles

and the favour of men. To her their smile was life, their frown was death. But Ralph was ever seeking to impress her with the duty of living above both the one and the other—to settle what in itself was *right*, and then to act independently of the favour or the frown of men. She learned the lesson, but not without an effort—a struggle; became Ralph Arundel's wedded wife; and as, on a bright autumnal evening, he rides up "the pleasant approach to his house, from which the fire sheds its ruddy welcome, a light step meets him in the hall, and goes with him to the hearth;" and folding her to his heart, he thanks God, and exclaims—"She is mine!"

As a work of fiction, nothing could be more pure or healthful.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE GOSPELS. By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THIS is really a student's book, and one of a higher order. Its professed object is "to place in a clearer light the great laws of the interpretation of Holy Scripture," and in the prosecution of his design the author has most wisely confined himself, in many cases, "to the mere indication of lines of thought and inquiry, from the conviction that truth is felt to be more precious in proportion as it is opened to us by our own work;" and hence he tells us, that "from this cause a combination of references to passages of Scripture often stands for the argument which it suggests," and that "claims are made upon the reader's attention which would be unreasonable if he were not regarded as a fellow-student with the writer."

The work is divided into eight chapters:—I. The Preparation for the Gospel. II. The Jewish Doctrine of the Messiah. III. The origin of the Gospels. IV. The Characteristics of the Gospels. V. The Gospel of St. John. VI. The differences in detail of the Synoptic Evangelists.

VII. The Differences in Arrangement of the Synoptic Gospels. VIII. The Difficulties of the Gospels. To which are given six Appendices on—The quotations in the Gospels; the primitive doctrine of inspiration; the apocryphal traditions of the Lord's words and works; some of the apocryphal Gospels; a classification of the miracles of the Gospels; a classification of the Parables of the Gospels.

In the treatment of a subject which involves so vast a literature he has availed himself of every help within his reach; and on one question alone has he "endeavoured to preserve a complete independence." On the subject of inspiration he has trusted less to reading than to individual independent thought; conceiving "that it might be a more useful task to offer the simple result of personal thought and convictions than to attempt within narrow limits to discuss a subject which is really infinite." To this point he has devoted an introduction of some forty pages or more, and which we have read with great satisfaction. His idea of Inspiration will be discovered in the following quotation:—

"Inspiration may be regarded in one respect as the correlative of Revelation. Both operations imply a supernatural extension of the field of man's spiritual vision, but in different ways. By inspiration we conceive that his natural powers are quickened, so that he contemplates with a divine intuition the truth as it exists still among the ruins of the moral and physical worlds. By Revelation we see, as it were, the dark veil removed from the face of things, so that the true springs and issues of life stand disclosed in their eternal nature. This idea of Revelation which regards power, and truth, and beauty as veiled, and yet essentially existing beneath the suffering, and sin, and disorder which is spread over the world within us and without—over man and nature—seems to be pecu-

liarily Christian. Probably nothing but the belief in the Incarnation could give reality and distinctness to the conception of a 'restitution of all things;' and St. Paul describes the possibility of a clear vision and transforming reflection of the divine glory as the especial privilege of believers. The change wrought in philosophy by the vital recognition of this idea penetrates to the very foundations of knowledge and hope. The 'recollection' of Plato becomes intuition, and we can now by faith reverse the words of Plotinus, who thanked God that 'he was not tied to an immortal body.'

"But while the idea of Revelation in its fullest sense appears to be essentially Christian, every religion pre-supposes the reality of inspiration, of a direct, intelligible communication of the Divine will to chosen messengers. The belief in such a gift is, in fact, instinctive, and equally at least with the belief in a Supreme Being possesses the testimony of universal acceptance. Even intellectually the idea of inspiration offers no extraordinary difficulties. To enlarge or inform any faculty is evidently a secondary operation of the same power by which it was first given and quickened. The intercourse between the Creator and the creature must, in common with all spiritual manifestations, remain a mystery; but that it does take place in some form or other, is a matter of constant experience. And if we may venture to regard inspiration merely as a mental phenomenon, it is not more remarkable that man's spirit should be brought into direct connection with the Spirit of God, than that one mind should be able to exercise a sympathetic influence upon another. That man is complex and finite, introduces no difficulty which is not present in the ordinary processes of thought and life. And, on the contrary, this consideration fixes a limit to the extent of our inquiry, for all abstract analysis of Inspiration is impossible, since the

Divine element is already in combination with the human when we are first able to observe its presence."

Though not prepared to accept every *dictum* of our Author, there is much that is both rich and rare in his volume; and in his own words we conclude our notice:—"In this and other points of controversy, we cannot remind ourselves too often that arguments are strong only as they are true, and that truth is itself the fullest confutation of error."

MEMOIR OF JOHN BROWN, D.D. Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. By John Cairns, D.D., Berwick-on-Tweed. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE had the pleasure, in comparative youth, of being introduced to the late Dr. John Brown; and the impression which we then received of the man remains to this day. Eminent as was the name which he bore, his was a character of true nobility, and included a rare combination of intellectual and moral excellences. These are given with great truthfulness by Dr. Cairns at the close of the volume now upon our table. In speaking of the depth and intensity of Dr. Brown's religious convictions, and their controlling influence amidst the varied and troubled scenes of life, till they inspired and exalted a death-bed of peculiar solemnity and interest, he says:—"If this Memoir have any value, it is in showing how a strong, vehement, and passionate nature, uniting many of the highest elements of manhood, may be completely subjugated by Christianity, so as not only to work with energy, but also to believe with humility, and to suffer with patience. It exhibits a mind of the 'Pauline type,' with masculine intellect, ardent temperament, and unyielding will, brought under the de-

cisive influence of the Cross, and expending all its energies in subduing other minds to the same obedience of faith. It sets before us an independent inquirer, of high and rare gifts, who, amidst the doubt and scepticism of an unsettled and shifting century, resigns his whole being to the empire of the Word of God, employs his entire powers in its study and defence, and proclaims more and more earnestly to the last, that the great Bible doctrines of Atonement and Sovereign Grace have been the solace of his life, and are his stay in death."

In describing the variety of elements which entered into the character of his venerable friend, and the fullness which it imparted to his life, he thus writes:—"The central quality of his mind was a singular clearness of apprehension, nearly allied to penetration and soundness of judgment. With this was coupled a depth of reflection on the one hand, and a strength of memory or capacity of acquisition on the other, rarely found in union, and in such perfect harmony as almost to conceal their full proportions. These qualities, applied to theology, made him a scholar, a critic, a philosophical divine. But there were also in his nature a fountain of tenderness and a sweep of impetuous indignation; and, with these ardent elements thus singularly and almost anomalously superadded, he became a vehement preacher, a zealous philanthropist, a stern Christian reformer, who, because he feared the Lord, hated evil, and defied and attacked it whenever it crossed his path. He possessed, in combination, a large portion of the fervour of Baxter and of the breadth of Owen, with something of the contemplation, not untouched with melancholy, of Howe. . . . The many contrasts blended in his character were tempered by the discipline of experience; and his life, in all its various activities, seemed to become more rich, genial, and harmonious, as it approached its close."

After dwelling on "the unity and consistency" of his lengthened career,

as another remarkable feature in Dr. Brown's character, he passes on to what he calls the completeness of his life, and says:—"In no department of his manifold usefulness were his purposes broken off or the thoughts of his heart unaccomplished. Above all, his Christian authorship was brought to its conclusion. Hardly any eminent writer, even though spared to old age, has presented in so full and regular a shape all his best and maturest conceptions. It seemed, indeed, at one time as if the accumulated treasures of youth and manhood were to be shipwrecked in their passage amidst the storms of controversy, and finally lost. . . . Dr. Brown was allowed thus to finish his course, and to do almost everything that his hand found to do. His life may be contemplated as resembling a work of epic art having a beginning, a middle, and an end; and the Divine order which reigns unseen, even when the most useful career is cut short, or the brightest genius snatched away, is not here shrouded in any darkness."

One great recommendation of this Memoir is its comparative brevity. There could have been no want of materials to have swelled the Biography of such a man into the dimensions of several large octavos; but Dr. Brown himself had a strong objection while he was living to any such lengthened records, and we are glad to find that Dr. Cairns has throughout so faithfully adhered to the principle of condensation. By so doing he has produced a Memoir of his departed friend which will be read with interest by every section of the one Holy Catholic Church.

NEW EXEGESIS OF SHAKESPEARE: Interpretation of His Principal Characters and Plays, on the Principle of Races. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1859. Pp. 338.

THE washing of Black-a-moors white is proverbially a tedious and unsuc-

cessful enterprise ; and yet we find it undertaken (metaphorically) every day. Judas Iscariot is a loyal subject, on the showing of Archbishop Whately ; and Tiberius has long been held up as a model Emperor. Even Nero has had his admirers : "Some hand, unseen, strew'd flowers upon his tomb." Richard, the Humpback, was no more deformed in body than reckless in soul ; and Lady Macbeth, according to Dr. Maginn, was all that was gentle and tender-hearted in woman. There are certain men, born under Cancer, all whose movements are the reverse of their fellows, and whose idiosyncrasy leads them to read history, poetry, criticism backwards—to invent some new thing, which shall not be only novel, but subversive of what is old. Of such a class—not, perhaps, exactly within the limits of our definition, nevertheless of a sufficiently paradoxical kind to answer to the terms—is the anonymous Author of the *New Eccegenis* ; who is ingenious, acute, and pleasing, but, we fear, we must add, not correct. A note of his scheme is an apocalypse of his theory. He takes it that "the divine Williams" has constructed his Iago as a type of the Romano-Italic race, Hamlet as a type of the Teutonic race, and Macbeth as a type of the Celtic race. What other races, then, are represented in the hundred other personages who appear upon the Shakespearian stage ? Let the echoes answer. We contend, on the whole, a purely English element prevails. After accrediting the half-savage "Hieland laird" Macbeth with all the virtues under the sun, our expositor of the new Shakespearian creed requires us to believe the startling article that "the Celtic race is, among the known varieties of the species, *the race of gentlemen*." As gentlemen are persons who exemplify their breeding by their gentleness of demeanour, we are cosmopolitan enough to believe that gentlemen of this quality are to be found amongst all races. That Shakespeare himself was no Cambro-Celt, we consider proven by the whole

tone of his writings and thoughts. Where in the world shall we find more English appreciation of the land, and all that is English, than in those grand and never-to-be-forgotten lines, wherein he makes one of his characters portray the happy island of our birth—lines never more significant and sweet than now !—

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise ;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat, defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal
kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their
birth,
Renown'd by their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son :
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear
land !
Dear for her reputation through the
world !"

In the presence of such a picture as this it is something to be an Englishman, and we are proud of it. Our Celtic friend is clever and interesting, but we must hold his thesis unproven.

THE MUTINEERS: A Poem. By John McGilchrist, M.D. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

WE have read Dr. McGilchrist's poem with more interest than we anticipated, and have marked passages of unquestionable power, and which manifest the possession alike of cultivation and of genius. But, in the sense of its popular mistranslation, we cannot help asking *cui bono* ? The poem narrates with not a little circumstantial detail the history of the Mutiny of the Bounty. It is divided into six cantos: *The Ship, The Mutiny,*

The Islands, The Settlement, The Insurrection, The Last Man. The hard, harsh tyranny of Captain Bligh; the play of feeling and passion in the mutineers; the extreme beauty of some of the islands of the Pacific, and especially of Pitcairn, together with other incidentals of plot-evolution and circumstance, are ably, vividly, and interestingly described.

But of these things we have long known. There is scarcely an average schoolboy in the country who is not familiar with the source from which Dr. McGilchrist's materials are derived. And, though we know very well that it is the prerogative of poetical genius to clothe ordinary materials with extraordinary beauty, and to describe what is familiar with extraordinary vividness and power, we yet question whether our author has done wisely in making so positively familiar and so comparatively recent an event and history the subject of his poetical endeavours.

It appears to us, moreover, that, with his eyes wide open, Dr. McGilchrist has run into dangerous error—that is, if it is an error, as we venture to maintain, to neglect historical or biographical accuracy, in order more easily to produce rhetorical effect, or, with less demand upon the creative and inventive faculties, to meet the exigencies of one's plot. Dr. McGilchrist may at least plead that he has behaved with admirable candour in this matter, for he makes known to us beforehand that he has availed himself "of a customary poetic license to invent or alter the portrait of a character, or the turn of an event." Against such license we respectfully and earnestly protest. It is the source of incalculable and incurable evil. And, notwithstanding sundry examples from great masters, we are bold to maintain that the interests of poetry are the interests of history, that both alike demand truth, and that, to sacrifice justice to convenience or effect, is to mistake the highest functions and possibilities of good which the poet, above all men,

should ever have in view. We have, however, no desire to speak censoriously of this poem. It shows taste, training, and genius; but the subject seems to us unfitting, the materials unpromising, and the success at least as great as there was ground to expect.

LESSONS OF LIFE FOR FEMALE DOMESTICS. By Grandfather Gray.

A VERY valuable little book, after the pithy and graphic manner of Old Humphrey, for female servants and for senior-girls in Bible classes. We most cordially commend it as one of the best books of its class.

ECCLESIASTES: Its Meaning and its Lessons. By Robert Buchanan, D.D., London: Blackie and Son, Warwick Square, E.C.

Good, substantial, elaborate, well thought out, and elegantly expressed—albeit somewhat heavy. A good specimen of Scotch exposition; which, though more instructive, is perhaps neither so quickening nor impressive as the sermonizing style which English preachers and congregations prefer. Greater condensation, less amplified remarks on passages which are plain, and a fuller discussion of some that are difficult, would have made it a better book. As it is, the ordinary reader will find it a sound, useful exposition of a somewhat difficult portion of Scripture; and even the student may consult it with profit.

THE FOUR P's; or, the Fortunes of Frank on his Road to Wealth. A Tale of the Sea for Boys. By M. H. Barker, Esq., the Old Sailor. London: Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.

THIS is a book which cannot fail to be read with the most lively interest by our sons. The Author sets before them the example of the good and

the wise as their rule of future action ; and shows them, by these examples, that Patience, or the power of endurance—Prudence, or the faculty to choose the best means to accomplish our ends—Perseverance, or the exercise of sustained, continued energy—and Piety, or the consecration of the heart and life to the service of God—are the four P's, which lead to the highest distinctions and the most unfading honours.

SIX STEPS TO HONOUR ; or, Great Truths Illustrated. By the Rev. H. P. Andrews. London : Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.

VERY true is it, that "one of the most difficult tasks of literary labour is to prepare suitable books for children ;" but in the present instance the Author has admirably succeeded, and his work has our hearty recommendation.

SCHOOL-ROOM POETRY. London : Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Paternoster Row.

THESE poetical pieces are intended as a sequel to "School-Room Lyrics ;" and a very good sequel they will be found.

COUSIN MINNIE'S TALES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN ; or, All for the Best. By Mrs. U. Cousins.

TALES pleasantly told, and admirably adapted to the hearts and the feelings of the young.

THE WAY OF LIFE, and other Poems. By Joshua Russell. Second Edition. London : J. Heaton and Son, Warwick Lane.

IN these poems there is a rich variety, and they sound like music from the strings of some purer, nobler heart.

THE OTTOMAN CONVERT : A Narrative of Facts. With an Introductory Preface by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Islington. London : Worthem and Co, Paternoster Row.

AT a time when the interests and the probable destiny of the Turkish Empire are exciting so much attention in the Protestant religious world, this narrative will be read with no common degree of satisfaction and hope.

THE DAWN OF LOVE. By Calder Elliot. London : J. Blackwood, Paternoster Row.

"THE Dawn of Love," is love revealing itself in all the works and ways of God, till its light culminates in the life, and freedom, and blessedness of immortality.

SCRIPTURE PSALMODY. By J. T. Pearsall. Second Edition. London : John Snow, Paternoster Row.

A VERY well-arranged selection of Scripture chants and anthems for Congregational use.

THE ECLECTIC.

AUGUST, 1860.

I.

THE OXFORD SCHOOL.—No. II.

IN our former critique on the volume entitled "Essays and Reviews," we found that the first three of the professedly independent Writers would have us believe that the human race have now reached that point of development at which it might "be left to itself, to be guided by the teaching of the spirit within;" that the man first "learns unconsciously by the result of his inner powers," and the secret but speedy accumulation of experience, then by reflection, and finally by mistakes and much contradiction, so that "from the storehouse of his youthful experience he begins to draw the principles of his life;" that though we may need an external revelation on which to rest our philosophy and our science, any communication from God to man, on what is of infinite moment to him as a moral being, with an immortal destiny before him, is a "mere fiction;" that while Nature may be relied on, the Bible may not; that though we may believe in our own intuitions, yet we must have no faith in the Inspired Writers; that while we may safely confide in our own experience, we must never depend on the testimony of others; that "most of the Christian miracles could only be evidential at the time they were wrought, and are not so at present;" that the appeal to miracles "as the sole or even the principal external attestations to the claims of a Divine Revelation, is a species of reasoning which appears to have lost ground even among the most earnest advocates of Christianity;" that "a Revelation is most credible when it appeals least to violations of natural causes;" and that "if miracles were, in the estimation of a former age, among the chief *supports* of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its reception." All this is startling enough; but there are other points to be examined, and other

positions to be assailed, and the whole ground to be made sure on which we may calmly and triumphantly repose our faith.

The subject of the Fourth Essay in the volume, is entitled "The National Church," in the treatment of which the Writer, who is no other than Henry Bristow Wilson, B.D. Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts, tells us that it is a mistake for those who believe in the independency of each Christian society, to say "that the Individualist principle supplies the true basis of the Church, and that by inaugurating the union between Church and State, Constantine introduced into Christianity the false and Pagan element of Multitudinism:"—on the contrary, he maintains that the Multitudinist principle, instead of being either unlawful or essentially Pagan, was "recognized and consecrated in the example of the Jewish Theocracy; that the greatest victories of Christianity have been won by it; that it showed itself under Apostolic sanction as early as the day of Pentecost, for it would be absurd to suppose the three thousand who were joined to the Church on the preaching of Peter to have been all converted persons in the modern Evangelical sense of the word;" and hence that "the Churches which claim to be founded upon Individualism fall back themselves, when they become hereditary, upon the Multitudinist principle." This principle he conceives to be involved in the very idea of Nationalism, and the only one which can give popularity to any Ecclesiastical organization. And hence, in looking back on the past history of his own Church, he feels himself justified in asserting—

"Its roots are found to penetrate deeply into the history of the most freely and fully developed nationality in the world, and its firm hold upon the past is one of its best auguries for the future. It has lived through Saxon rudeness, Norman rapine, baronial oppression and bloodshed; it has survived the tyranny of the Tudors, recovered from fanatical assaults, escaped the treachery of the Stuarts; has not perished under coldness, nor been stifled with patronage, nor sunk utterly in a dull age, nor been entirely depraved in a corrupt one. Neither as a spiritual society, nor as a national institution, need there be any fear that the Church of this country, which has passed through so many ordeals, shall succumb, because we may be on the verge of some political and ecclesiastical changes. We, ourselves, cohere with those who have preceded us, under very different forms of civil constitution, and under a very different creed and externals of worship. The 'rude forefathers,' whose mouldering bones, layer upon layer, have raised the soil round the foundations of our old churches, adored the Host, worshipped the Virgin, signed themselves with the sign of the cross, sprinkled themselves with holy water, and paid money for masses for the relief of souls in purgatory. But it is no reason, because we trust that spiritually we are at one with the best of those

who have gone before us in better things than these, that we should revert to their old-world practices; nor should we content ourselves with simply transmitting to those who shall follow us, traditions which have descended to ourselves, if we can transmit something better. There is a time for building up old waste places, and a time for raising fresh structures; a time for repairing the ancient paths, and a time for filling the valleys and lowering the hills in the constructing of new. The Jews, contemporaries of Jesus and His Apostles, were fighters against God, in refusing to accept a new application of things written in the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms; the Romans, in the time of Theodosius, were fighters against Him, when they resisted the new religion with an appeal to old customs; so were the opponents of Wycliffe and his English Bible, and the opponents of Cranmer and his Reformation. Meddle not with them that are given to change, is a warning for some times, and self-willed persons may 'bring in damnable heresies;' at others, 'old things are to pass away,' and that is erroneously 'called heresy' by the blind, which is really a worshipping the God of the fathers in a better way."

"Grave doubts are entertained by many," he tells us, "whether the secular future of humanity is necessarily bound up with the diffusion of Christianity—whether the Church is to be hereafter the life-giver to human society;" seeing it is an undeniable fact, that there is "a very wide-spread alienation both of educated and uneducated persons from the Christianity which is undeniably presented in our churches and chapels;" and seeing, moreover, that "the influence of foreign literature is altogether insufficient to account for the wide-spread of that which has been called the Negative Theology,"—which is rather owing, he thinks, to "some of the doctrines which are to be heard at church and chapel; to a distrust of the old arguments for, or proofs of a miraculous Revelation; and to a misgiving as to the authority, or extent of the authority of the Scriptures." He knows, however, that there is nothing new in this moral phase of society. So leaving this ground, and casting his eye over the superficial extent of the globe, with its yet uncounted population, he asks:—"In what relation does the Gospel stand to these millions? Is there any trace on the face of its records that it ever contemplated their existence? We are told, that to know and believe in Jesus Christ is in some sense necessary to salvation. It has not been given to these. Are they—will they be hereafter the worse off for their ignorance? We cannot be content to wrap this question up, and leave it for a mystery as to what shall become of those myriads upon myriads of non-Christian races." We ask Mr. Wilson for his solution and his answer. But after objecting to our traditional belief as to the final condition of the heathen, and after question-

ing whether the Gospel was ever designed to overtake the whole human race in its provisions, he reaches the wondrous conclusion, "that all shall be equitably dealt with according to their opportunities!" Who ever said anything to the contrary? The merest tyro in Biblical knowledge—any child in our Sunday-schools could have told him this. He adds, "that the conditions of men in another world will be determined by their moral characters in this, and not by their hereditary or traditional creeds;" as if their creed had nothing to do in shaping and determining their character. And so the difficulty respecting the souls of heathendom "will disappear, if it be candidly acknowledged that the words of the New Testament, which speak of the preaching of the Gospel to the whole world, were limited to the understanding of the times when they were spoken; that doctrines concerning salvation to be met with in it, are for the most part applicable only to those to whom the preaching of Christ should come; and that we must draw our conclusions respecting a just dealing hereafter with the individuals who make up the sum of heathenism, rather from reflections suggested by our own moral instincts, than from the express declarations of Scripture Writers, who had no such knowledge as is given to ourselves of the amplitude of the world which is the scene of the Divine manifestations."

In combating the position of the Individualist, that almost all the corruptions of Christianity are attributed to the unholy alliance between Church and State, he appeals to the internal state of the various Christian communities anterior to the time of Constantine, and even to the Apostolic Epistles themselves, to show that neither in doctrine nor in morals did these primitive societies at all approach to the ideal which has been formed of them; that "the moral defects of the earliest converts are the subject of the gravest expostulation on the part of the apostolic writers, and the doctrinal features of the early Church are much more undetermined than would be thought by those who read them only through the ecclesiastical creeds;" that "the doctrine of justification by subjective faith, never was the doctrine of any considerable portion of the Church till the time of the Reformation;" that "it is not met with in the immediately post-apostolic writings, nor in the apostolic writings, except those of St. Paul;" that "with our Lord and His apostles, as represented to us in the New Testament, morals came before contemplation, ethics before theoretics;" that "there were among the Christian converts in that earliest period those who had no belief in a corporeal resurrection;" that "our Lord, although he expressly taught a resurrection, and argued with the Sadducees on this subject, never treated them as aliens from Israel because they did not hold that doctrine;" that though St. Paul "always

represents faith in the resurrection as the corner-stone of the Christian belief," and though he argues elaborately with those who still retained this Sadducee or Gentile prejudice, he yet never says one word about "expelling them from the Church;" that while one class was "defective in the Christian doctrine, and in the most fundamental article of the Apostle's preaching," another class was equally defective "in the Christian moral life;" that the Christian life is at least of equal value with the Christian doctrine; that there were retained within the Church "both those who were erroneous and defective in doctrine, and those who were by their lives unworthy of their profession;" that "they who caused divisions and heresies were to be marked and avoided, but not expelled;" that "it would be difficult to devise a description of a Multitudinist Church, exhibiting more saliently the worst defects which can attend that form, than this which is taken from the evidence of the Apostolic Epistles;" that "any judicial sentence of excommunication was extremely rare in the Apostolic age;" that "the distinction between the worthy and the unworthy members of the Church was marked, not by any public and authoritative act, but by the operation of private conduct and opinion;" that "the Apostolic Churches were thus Multitudinist, and early tended to become National;" that "it is merely a Calvinistic and Congregational commonplace to speak of the unholy alliance of Church and State accomplished by Constantine;" that "together with his inauguration of Multitudinism," Constantine unhappily also "inaugurated a principle essentially at variance with it—the principle of doctrinal limitation;" that "the members of a Calvinistic Church can never consider themselves but as parted by an insuperable distinction [arising out of their creed] from all other professors of the Gospel;" that "the exclusiveness of a Calvinistic Church, whether free from the creeds or not, is inherent in its principles;" that "there is no insuperable barrier between Congregationalists, not being Calvinists, and a Multitudinist Church which should liberate itself sufficiently from the traditional symbols;" that "doctrinal limitations, in the Multitudinist form of the Church, are not essential to it," nor is "a Multitudinist Church necessarily or essentially hierarchical, in any extreme or superstitious sense;" that "it can well admit, if not pure Congregationalism, a large admixture of the Congregational spirit;" that "a combination of the two principles will alone keep any Church in health and vigour;" that "too great importance attached to a hierarchical order will lead into superstitions respecting Apostolic succession, ministerial illumination, supernatural sacramental influence; while mere Congregationalism tends to keep ministers and people at a dead spiritual level."

Now, what is the design of the Writer in all this? Is it any other than to set aside the Bible as a standard of truth—to repudiate all traditional beliefs—to make doctrinal errors a matter of the merest indifference—to look upon a sound creed as compatible with bad living; or good living as not inconsistent with a heterodox belief—to sever moral character from moral convictions and opinions—to make a nation, notwithstanding all the varieties of theological belief which obtain among its people, and all the contradictions and contrarieties which exist in their moral characters, one and the same thing with the Church, or to make the Church inclusive of every possible element which is to be found in the creed and the life of the people?—to give it forth with all the weight and force of a conclusion, that “a doctrinal Church need not, historically speaking, be Christian; nor, if it be Christian, need it be tied down to particular forms which have been prevalent at certain times in Christendom;” that “many evils have flowed to the people of England from an extreme and too exclusive Scripturalism,” there being “something very agreeable to some of the feelings of the Englishman in the persuasion that he possesses, independently of priest or clergyman, the whole matter of his religion bound up in the four corners of a portable book;” but “the true Christian life is the consciousness of bearing a part in a great moral order, of which the highest agency upon earth has been committed to the Church.” That is, to sum up the thoughts and opinions of this Writer in one single sentence:—Individualism necessarily tends to Multitudinism; to this Multitudinism are to be ascribed all the past triumphs of Christianity; that this same Multitudinism incorporates itself into a national Church; that the Church is co-extensive with the country in which Christianity is established, and is inclusive of its entire population; that connection with the Church as the highest agency on earth, is the true Christian life; that this inward spiritual life has little, if anything, to do with an outward objective Revelation; and that, when such a Revelation exists, it is not necessarily to be received as a supernatural and inspired testimony!

And this from a Bachelor of Divinity, and a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England! No wonder if, when the Christian ground is cut from beneath their feet, the people should fall back upon Tractarian forms, or into the arms of the Romish Communion. Being denied the reality, it is no marvel if they grasp at a shadow. Rather than be without a creed, they will embrace the greatest error. If they are driven from the temple of Truth, they will soon be seen bending at the shrine of Falsehood; and if forbidden immediate access to the presence of God,

they will give themselves up to the idolatry of Reason, which, though more refined and spiritual than the idolatries of the heathen, will yet be found equally lifeless and fruitless.

Our reference to the Fifth Essay on the MOSAIC COSMOGONY need not be long. The Writer* professes to examine the respective theories of Chalmers, Buckland, and Hugh Millar, and their united, though somewhat differing attempts to harmonise the Mosaic account of the creation with the facts and discoveries of modern science. We are not in a position to congratulate him on his success. For minute analysis and triumphant refutation, we have a good deal of unguarded assertion; and while he charges those whose theories he assails, with "evading the plain meaning of language, and with introducing obscurity into one of the simplest stories ever told, for the sake of making it accord with the complex system of the universe which modern science has unfolded," yet he himself would have us believe that "if the value of the Bible as a book of religious instruction is to be maintained, it must be, not by striving to prove it scientifically exact, at the expense of every sound principle of interpretation, and in defiance of common-sense, but by the frank recognition of the erroneous views of Nature which it contains!" Take his own words:—

"It is refreshing to return to the often-echoed remark, that it could not have been the object of a Divine Revelation to instruct mankind in physical science, man having had faculties bestowed upon him to enable him to acquire this knowledge by himself. This is in fact pretty generally admitted; but in the application of the doctrine, writers play at fast and loose with it, according to circumstances. Thus an Inspired Writer may be permitted to allude to the phenomena of Nature, according to the vulgar view of such things, without impeachment of his better knowledge; but if he speaks of the same phenomena assertively, we are bound to suppose that things are as he represents them, however much our knowledge of Nature may be disposed to recalcitrate. But if we find a difficulty in admitting that such misrepresentations can find a place in Revelation, the difficulty lies in our having previously assumed what a Divine Revelation ought to be. If God made use of imperfectly informed men to lay the foundations of that higher knowledge for which the human race was destined, is it wonderful that they should have committed themselves to assertions not in accordance with facts, although they may have believed them to be true? On what grounds has the popular notion of Divine Revelation been built up? Is it not plain that the plan of Providence for the education of man is a progressive one, and as imperfect men have been used as the agents for teaching

* C. W. Goodwin, M.A.

mankind, is it not to be expected that their teachings should be partial, and to some extent erroneous? Admitted, as it is, that physical science is not what the Hebrew Writers, for the most part, profess to convey; at any rate, that it is not on account of the communication of such knowledge that we attach any value to their writings, why should we hesitate to recognise their fallibility on this head?"

While Buckland and others contend that in the Mosaic narrative we have simply "a case of leaving out facts which did not particularly concern the writer's purpose, so that he gave an account true so far as it went, though imperfect," Mr. Goodwin maintains the real difficulty to be, not that circumstantial details are omitted, which might reasonably be expected, but "that what is told, is told so as to convey to ordinary apprehensions an impression at variance with facts." He says:—

"It has been popularly assumed that the Bible, bearing the stamp of Divine authority, must be complete, perfect, and unimpeachable in all its parts, and a thousand difficulties and incoherent doctrines have sprung out of this theory. Men have proceeded in the matter of Theology, as they did with physical science before inductive philosophy sent them to the feet of Nature, and bid them learn, in patience and obedience, the lessons which she had to teach. Dogma and groundless assumption occupy the place of modest inquiry after truth, while at the same time the upholders of these theories claim credit for humility and submissiveness. This is exactly inverting the fact:—the humble scholar of truth is not he who, taking his stand upon the traditions of Rabbins, Christian Fathers, or Schoolmen, insists upon bending facts to his unyielding standard; but he who is willing to accept such teaching as it has pleased Divine Providence to afford, without murmuring that it has not been furnished more copiously or clearly."

And this in the face of the assertion, that Moses knew he had no authority for what he has so solemnly and unhesitatingly asserted! He, good man, was wholly ignorant of "our modern habits of thought," and of that "modesty of assertion which the spirit of true science has taught us!"

"The early speculator was harassed by no such scruples, and asserted as facts what he knew in reality only as probabilities; but we are not on that account to doubt his perfect good faith, nor need we attribute to him wilful misrepresentation, or consciousness of asserting that which he knew not to be true. He had seized one great truth, in which, indeed, he anticipated the highest revelation of modern inquiry; namely, the unity of the design of the world, and its subordination to one sole Maker and Lawgiver. With regard to details, observation failed him. He knew little of the earth's

surface, or of its shape and place in the universe; the infinite varieties of organised existences which people it; the distinct floras and faunas of its different continents were unknown to him. But he saw that all which lay within his observation had been formed for the benefit and service of man, and the goodness of the Creator to his creatures was the thought predominant in his mind. Man's closer relation to his Maker is indicated by the representation that he was formed last of all creatures, and in the visible likeness of God. For ages, this simple view of creation satisfied the wants of man, and formed a sufficient basis of Theological teaching; and if modern research now shows it to be physically untenable, our respect for the narrative which has played so important a part in the culture of our race need to be nowise diminished. No one contends that it can be used as a basis of astronomical or geological teaching, and those who profess to see in it an accordance with facts, only do this *sub modo*, and by processes which despoil it of its consistency and grandeur, both which may be preserved if we recognise in it, not an authentic utterance of Divine knowledge, but a human utterance which it has pleased Providence to use in a special way for the education of mankind."

A human utterance! Yes;—but is not the Knowledge divine? If Moses did not receive his account by immediate Revelation, whence did he get it? Can we believe that it "is simply the speculation of some early Copernicus, or Newton, who devised a scheme of the earth's formation as nearly as he might in accordance with his own observations of Nature, and with such views of things as it was possible for an unassisted thinker in those days to take, who looked at everything from a different point of view from ourselves, and, consequently, represented much quite different from the fact?" Who told the Writer that this Mosaic account is the product of "an unassisted thinker?" Could any unassisted thinker ever have devised such a cosmogony? The difficulties connected with such a hypothesis are infinitely more perplexing than any which are thought to be involved in the schemes of Buckland or Millar. We do not believe that any unassisted mind could have invented such a theory of the creation as the first chapter of Genesis supplies; and to tell us that such a theory differs widely from fact, is a gratuitous assumption. The Writer is indignant with Buckland for saying, that "the question is not respecting the correctness of the Mosaic narrative, but of our interpretation of it," and thinks that such "a proposition can hardly be sufficiently reprobated." According to him, it is far more likely that Moses was wrong, than that our interpretation is at fault! Does he need to be told that even we in this age of boasted advancement, are only in the infancy of science; that new facts are every day forcing themselves into the light; and

that with the progress of discovery, all our systems of philosophy are being modified? It may be that Geology has yet to gather up her principal facts, that with these facts may come new inductions; and with these before us, we may find that Moses was in advance of the knowledge of the nineteenth century of Christian Enlightenment, and that no interpretation of his Cosmogony can ever be accepted which contradicts the facts and the readings of Nature.

On the "TENDENCIES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ENGLAND FROM 1688—1750," which we have as the Sixth Article in this volume, we must not, inviting as is the subject, now enter. Here are materials for a good octavo; while the Essay before us provokes both criticism and remark. Instead of limiting his views and observations to the sixty years within which his subject would fairly have kept him, the Writer carries his inquiries forward to the latest point of time, and concludes his Essay with these words:—"Whoever would take the religious literature of the present day as a whole, and endeavour to make out clearly on what basis Revelation is supposed by it to rest, whether on Authority, on the Inward Light, on Reason, on Self-evidencing Scripture, or on the combination of the four, or some of them, and in what proportions, would probably find that he had undertaken a perplexing but not altogether profitless inquiry." Granted:—but what is the inference which the Writer would draw from this fact? Does he mean to insinuate that we have no real basis on which to rest the fact of a Revelation from God? Does he propose to place "the supreme authority of the Church" above the Divine authority of the Bible? Does he mean to say that no External Evidences can authenticate the message of God to man, and this because they lack the very first requisite—universality? What does he find "so hardy and irrational in the assertion of Calvin," that Scripture "shines sufficiently by its own light?" Whatever may be "the tendencies of religious thought in England," whether past or present, and in whatever direction some minds may drift away from the great Central Truths of our Christian Faith, we believe most firmly that the Bible, as a supernatural communication to man on all that most deeply affects his interest for time and eternity, will continue to hold its place in the judgment and the affections of the people.

By a very natural and easy transition, we now pass on to the last article, on "THE INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE," which is by Benjamin Jowett, M.A. Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, and which involves principles of infinite moment to the expositor and the teacher of Christian Truth. We agree with him in saying, that the very same course of interpretation which we apply to any merely human composition should be

applied to the Sacred Writings. Words are never used in the Bible in a non-natural sense, without some clear and unmistakeable evidence in the passage itself, or its immediate context, that they are so used. The grammatical construction is not different; nor is there any departure from the fixed and certain laws of speech. The meaning of words, and the connection of sentences, cannot but be the same here as in any other book. Every term has its definite sense; and in every passage the Spirit of Truth has one grand thought or idea to present through the mind of the writer or the speaker, to the mind and heart of the hearer. In some of the prophecies there is indeed a double sense, on the denial of which it is impossible to interpret the prophetic record; but in the absence of prediction, we may take it for granted that there was present to the mind of the Writer only one thought, idea, or truth, for which we ought diligently to search in harmony with the laws of language, and with which we ought to be fully and gladly satisfied. Our effort should be, not to try what we can force the Bible to say in obedience to our ingenuity, fancy, or creed, but to put ourselves in the position of the Author, and then determine the meaning which his words were intended to convey. There is much that is equally true and false in the following passage :—

“A history of the interpretation of Scripture would take us back to the beginning; it would present in one view the causes which have darkened the meaning of words in the course of ages; it would clear away the remains of dogmas, systems, controversies, which are encrusted upon them. It would show us the ‘erring fancy’ of interpreters, assuming sometimes to have the Spirit of God himself, yet unable to pass beyond the limits of their own age, and with a judgment often biased by party. Great names there have been among them,—names of men who may be reckoned also among the benefactors of the human race,—yet comparatively few who have understood the thoughts of other times, or who have bent their minds to ‘interrogate’ the meaning of words. Such a work would enable us to separate the elements of doctrine and tradition with which the meaning of Scripture is encumbered in our own day. It would mark the different epochs of interpretation from the time when the living word was in process of becoming a book to Origen and Tertullian,—from Origen to Jerome and Augustine, from Jerome and Augustine to Abelard and Aquinas: again making a new beginning with the revival of literature,—from Erasmus, the father of Biblical criticism in more recent times, with Calvin and Beza for his immediate successors, through Grotius and Hammond down to De Wette and Meier, our own contemporaries. We should see how the mystical interpretation of Scripture originated in the Alexandrian age: how it blended with the logical and rhetorical;

how both received weight and currency from their use in support of the claims and teaching of the Church. We should notice how the 'new learning' of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries gradually awakened the critical faculty in the study of the Sacred Writings; how Biblical criticism has slowly but surely followed in the track of philological and historical (not without a remoter influence exercised upon it also by natural science;) how, too, the form of the scholastic literature, and even of notes on the classics, insensibly communicated itself to commentaries on Scripture. We should see how the word Inspiration, from being used in a general way to express what may be called the prophetic spirit of Scripture, has passed, within the last two centuries, into a sort of technical term; how, in other instances, the practice or feeling of earlier ages has been hollowed out into the theory or system of later ones. We should observe how the popular explanations of prophecy—as in heathen, so also in Christian times—had adapted themselves to the circumstances of mankind. We might remark that in our own country, and in the present generation especially, the interpretation of Scripture had assumed an apologetic character, as though making an effort to defend itself against some supposed inroad of science and criticism; while among German commentators there is, for the first time in the history of the world, an approach to agreement and certainty. For example, the diversity among German writers on prophecy is far less than among English ones. This is a new phenomenon, which has to be acknowledged. More than any other subject of human knowledge, Biblical criticism has hung to the past; it has been hitherto found truer to the traditions of the Church than to the words of Christ. It has made, however, two great steps onward,—at the time of the Reformation and in our day. The diffusion of a critical spirit in history and literature is affecting the criticism of the Bible in our own day, in a manner not unlike the burst of intellectual life in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Educated persons are beginning to ask, not what Scripture may be made to mean, but what it does. And it is no exaggeration to say, that he who in the present state of knowledge will confine himself to the plain meaning of words, and the study of their context, may know more of the original spirit and intention of the authors of the New Testament than all the controversial writers of former ages put together."

We altogether deny the position that "the interpretation of Scripture has assumed an apologetic character, as though making an effort to defend itself against some supposed inroad of science and criticism." The fact is, that an unsanctified science and a Christless philosophy have set their discoveries and statements in antagonism to the teachings of Inspiration, and have thrown upon the advocates of Christianity the burden of defence. The warfare is provoked and forced on by those who are ever urging upon our

notice the contradictions which they profess to find between their modern science and our Divine Revelation, and who would thus rather undermine our belief in the Book of God than call in question their own reasonings and inductions. Having themselves thrown down the gauntlet and challenged us to the fight, would they not be the very first to charge us with cowardice, or as afraid of defeat, if we refused to take it up? Christianity apologetic! For what, and to whom has it to apologise? Christianity defensive! What threatens it, or what can succeed against it? Whenever those scientific and philosophic objectors shall assure us, that they have destroyed the pigment which gives colour to an insect's eye, we may then fear for our Christian Revelation. While we have been put upon our defence, our aim has been, not so much to protect either the Mysteries or the Revelations of our Faith, as to expose the pride and presumption, the fallacy and folly, the ignorance and impiety of our opponents. Truth never has perished in the grasp of an enemy, and it never can perish.

Inspiration, according to Mr. Jowett, is "the prophetic spirit of Scripture;" but what he means by this is not very plain, unless it be that we may deal with the letter of Scripture as we may, so long as we retain its spirit. Must not the spirit have a medium or a vehicle? And is not this vehicle to be found in the letter? From some verbal differences and slight discrepancies, he calls in question the veracity of the record. "What we want," he says, "is not the Book of Scripture, but the truth of the Book—the mind of Christ and His Apostles." In other words, "it is a life of Christ in the soul, instead of a theory of Christ which is in a book." Will he condescend to tell us, from his Professorial Chair, how we can have the truth of the Book without the Book itself? How long will the writers of this School overlook the fact that no verbal differences, and no ascertained or established discrepancies in the mere narration of facts, can ever invalidate the truth of the Record? When it is said that Jesus appeared after His resurrection to the Twelve, when on one occasion there were only Ten present, and on another there were only Eleven, it is clear that the point of information to be conveyed to us is not the number of those who were assembled together, but the fact that the Christ did actually appear in the midst of His followers when they were gathered together on these occasions. It is the central fact or truth we have to keep in mind as that to which the testimony is borne, and not the mere accessories of the narrative.

Much is said in our day of the want of harmony between the teachings of Christianity and the intellectual convictions and tastes of men; and Mr. Jowett, like many others who occupy the

same ground with himself, unaccountably charge this upon Christianity itself. These are his words :—

“ The harmony between Scripture and the life of man, in all its stages, may be far greater than appears at present. No one can form any notion, from what we see around us, of the power Christianity might have if it were at one with the conscience of man, and not at variance with his intellectual convictions. Then, a world weary of the heat and dust of controversy,—of speculations about God and man,—weary, too, of the rapidity of its own motion, would return home and find rest.”

It is not so much that the Christianity of the New Testament is at variance with man's intellectual convictions, as that men are vainly striving to place Reason above Revelation. They would rather charge the Bible with inaccuracy and error, than call in question their own theories ; rather make it bend to their conclusions, than suspect the soundness of their own reasonings. They seem to forget that neither science nor philosophy has yet reached its ultimate facts ; and that, with the discovery of these facts, they may have to take a new and altogether different position. Now, let their speculations be what they may, it is impossible that they can find rest otherwise than by first accepting, with the simplicity and the trust of a little child, the teachings of Revealed Truth, and then firmly believing, amid the conflict and the contradiction of human opinion, in the perfect harmony between the works and the words of God.

The obvious tendency of these Essays and Reviews is to lower the authority of the Bible, if not to suggest that the progress of the mind, in every department of physical and moral truth, has carried us far beyond the narrower limits of the Book. Not only is Revelation treated with the utmost irreverence, but there is such a degree of assumption, illogical statement, and unfounded assertion, as to fill us with a perfect amazement. In each of the Writers, and throughout the volume, the pride of intellect is much more apparent than the grace of humility. The fallibility is all on the side of the Inspired Penmen ; the infallibility belongs all to this riper age. In their human thoughts and utterances, there could not but be imperfection and error ; it is in our higher reasonings and inductions that there is absolute certainty. Give us the humility of the sanctified heart, with the efforts and the researches of a loftier intellect, and the teachings of this nineteenth century will be subdued and modified in tone.

II.

TRICENTENARY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

On the 1st of August, 1560, the Scottish Parliament met at Edinburgh. No sooner had the various initiatory forms been disposed of, and business had begun, than all minds and hearts in the assembly were thrown into one subject, and that the progress of the Reformation, and the determination of the people to have the Protestant Faith established as the religion of the realm. Deep and savage murmurs were ever and anon heard from the Highland chiefs and a few Lowland lairds, against the bald, *parvenu*, unceremonial, unimposing pietism which obtained, stripped as it was of prelate, priest, and altar. But there was no withstanding the pressure from without, and on the 17th of August, after very little more than a fortnight's consideration, the Reformation was proclaimed as an accomplished fact, and began to be established throughout the land, with its plain pastor and schoolmaster for each parish, pretty much after the same ecclesiastical form which now exists.

That was a great fact in the history of Scotland, and well does it become the Scottish people to stand still and consider it. Old superstitions, old associations, an imposing ritual, and a venerable hierarchy, religious beliefs and religious antipathies, all were swept aside to enable a simpler, stronger, sterner faith to do its work in the construction of the national character. And that it has nobly and successfully laboured will not be doubted by any who have studied the history of Scotland's progress, the habits of the people, the opposition it has had to meet, and the results with which the activities of the Scotch, in all quarters of the world, and in all departments of industry, have been crowned.

It was a noble idea, from whomsoever it originated, that of holding a series of emphatic services in Edinburgh, commemorative of the goodness of God, and expressive of unswerving confidence in Protestant principles, at the close of the third century of the Reformation. At the close of the first century, the people were too much engaged in watching the retrogressive tendencies of their rulers and partisans, to think of glorying much in their liberty. At the close of the second century, the painful memories of 1745 were still too fresh in men's minds, and the well-known lingering regard which clung to the fallen House of the Stuarts, made Christians wisely hold to their privileges without parading their profession. Circumstances are now entirely changed.

Loyalty to our beloved Queen is now as deep-rooted and enthusiastic in the Highland mind as ever existed for *Charlie*; and in the Lowlands, scriptural views of the king-rights of Christ in his Church, and attachment to Victoria as Sovereign in the State, were never more fully appreciated, or happily maintained.

Yet there are phases of Scottish society specially calling for such a Commemoration. Many of the aristocracy have imbibed the views held by the Tractarian party in the Church of England—identical in every sense with the Laudian Episcopacy, which has throughout characterised the Scottish Episcopal Church, and on account of which new energy, bustle, and expectancy, now pervade that body. Some Scottish nobles have gone over entirely to Rome, affording a pretext to Popery for putting forth new claims to public confidence—building on the forgetfulness of the people concerning the past. While the influx of Irish into the industrial districts of the country by hundreds of thousands, uneducated, not to be touched by the ordinary means of instruction existing for the population in general, never lost sight of by their priests, intermarrying with the lower classes of the Scotch, who also in their turn become priest-ridden—has drawn into Scotland thousands of Popish priests, who are constantly insinuating themselves among the people, and getting a footing in districts where formerly their sere and yellow look, their straight hair, their long surtouts and close waistcoats, their peculiar neckties, and broad brimmers, would have made them nearly as great curiosities to the inhabitants as Mungo Park was to the Africans. Thus Romish chapels are rising up in different parts of the country, Romish bishops are appointed to sees, these come with pomp to consecrate their churches, and the elements of a new struggle begin to work in the bosom of Scottish life.

The Tricentenary of the Reformation, in these circumstances, affords an opportunity which it were a sin on the part of Scotland to overlook, in which to recal the condition of the country under the supremacy of Popery; the darkness, superstition, cruelty and wrong under which the people groaned; the political slavery which existed, and the social misery with which it was associated. Nor must the state of the land during the reign of Laudian Episcopacy be overlooked; the ignorance of the clergy, the Lord's-day desecration which they encouraged, the persecution with which they sought to enforce their claims, and the rivers of blood drawn from the veins of the best and noblest of the sons and daughters of Scotland, which they caused to be shed. Nor ought the people to be permitted to forget that, sweeping as the Scottish Reformation was, pure as compared with the Reformation in other lands it undoubtedly was, still that it were folly to suppose it was perfect,

and ought to be stereotyped. Much remains to be done, and it is because of the opportunity which the Tricentenary Commemoration affords of a review of the defects, as well as of the excellences of the Reformation, that we devote a portion of our space to assist in the attainment of this most desirable object. To this purpose is this article devoted.

There is as little reason for believing that Paul planted Christianity in England, as there is for supposing that Simon Zelotes was the apostle of truth to Scotland. The best-supported theory in reference to the latter is, that during the persecution under Domitian, the twelfth and last of the Cæsars, many of the Christians fled from Italy and the continent to our shores, and, being pursued, betook themselves to the far north for shelter. This was about A.D. 96. There they appear to have laboured quietly, assiduously, and with success. From an incidental expression used by Tertullian, we learn, that at the close of the second century the religion of Jesus was known, and by numbers received in Scotland.

It was not, however, before the beginning of the third century that Christianity began to be much professed. Donald I., with his queen, and several of the nobles, were then publicly and with great solemnity baptized. From that time he did his best to extirpate idolatry, to establish a gospel ministry, and to turn the hearts of his people to the Lord—but with limited success. His constant wars with the Romans kept him from giving much of his attention to this great work. While the hold which Druidism had upon the minds of the people—with its mystic rites and awe-inspiring ceremonies—with its numerous and imposing priesthood, consisting of the statesmen, judges, and bards, as well as spiritual advisers of the people, required a strength and grasp of power of no ordinary description to enable the new religion to seize upon the soil. Time and patience, however, accomplished the task. New accessions to the staff of Christian missionaries were constantly made during the Roman persecutions; the missionaries themselves, holy men, *cultores Dei*, known afterwards as the Culdees, gained great respect from the people; and in the year 277, during the reign of Cratlinth, the Druids were expelled the country, and every memorial of their worship of any moment was destroyed. From this period is properly dated the commencement of the Christian era in Scotland.

For centuries the Romans, aided by the Piets, continued their wars against the Scots, with ever-varying fortune. For a time the latter were driven from the Lowlands into the mountain fastnesses, or over the Channel into Ireland—an error which the Piets had very soon occasion to regret, and the Scots were again invited to return.

Christianity, meanwhile, in its progress, ebbed and flowed—now largely successful, now sadly depressed, but throughout keeping a firm hold on the public mind. Rome, as yet, had no supremacy in Scotland; in fact, the simple ecclesiasticism of the Culdees—the superintendents among them being no bishops, but only for the time “*primi inter pares*,” afforded no opportunity for the exercise of an ambition evoked by an hierarchical system. Yet the thirst for supremacy on the part of Popery has ever been insatiable, and Scotland was not to be overlooked.

The occasion seized upon by the Pope for interference with the churches in Scotland, was the Pelagian heresy. That had raged for some time, causing much heart-burning and grievous division. At the alleged request of the orthodox party, Palladius was sent for. Insinuating himself into the good graces of the people, powerful in argument, and successful in the overthrow of doctrinal error, he rested not till he had obtained the consent both of king and people to create an hierarchy, and place the Church under the jurisdiction of Rome. This occurred about the year 450. Previous to this time Fordun, in his chronicle, tells us, that “the Scots, following the customs of the primitive Church, had for teachers of the faith and ministers of the sacraments only Presbyters.” Boetius adds, “that Palladius was the first who exercised sacred rule among the Scots, being made bishop by the Pope.” And this is confirmed by the venerable Bede, who records, “That unto the Scots, who believed in Christ, Palladius was sent by the Pope as their first bishop.” From this time, for centuries, Popery prevailed.

We must pass over a long era of darkness and death, heaving a sigh and dropping a tear over the depravity which could pervert “the truth as it is in Jesus” into a system of spiritual bondage and idolatrous worship—believing that many who lived and died during these generations were better than the faith they professed—others, alas! much worse. But all was not darkness. There were chroniclers who wove truth into their songs, there were monks whom Christ met with in their monasteries, and there were persons who were still able, though feebly, and apparently without much effect, to witness for God. For the time was not yet.

The beginning of the fourteenth century saw Great Britain sunk into a condition of the profoundest spiritual gloom and apathy. The light of true religion, if existing at all, appears to have been so enshrouded in error, as not to be able to make its influence felt. Popery was then full-blown and rampant, and a fearful condition of things was the result. The courts and the nobles, both of England and Scotland, were steeped in ignorance. The bishops and priests were so profligate that, according to the testimony of one

of Rome's own historians, "the Church was worthy only of the detestation of posterity." Her Popes were chargeable with the grossest immoralities; her monks and mendicant friars prowled about everywhere, like beasts of prey; from the highest to the lowest, associated with the priesthood, rottenness prevailed. From the tenth to the end of the thirteenth century had been introduced into the Church the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the dogma of the Seven Sacraments, the baptism of Bells, the prohibition of flesh meat on Fridays and Saturdays, the sale of Indulgences, Auricular Confession, and the refusal to the laity of the cup in the Sacrament and the use of the Scriptures; and as among the Waldenses and Albigenses sufficient light shone to secure their continued resistance to Rome—to punish all who fell into her hands, as well as to subdue or crush every rising spirit of independence in her own midst, the infamous Inquisition was established.

These false doctrines and foul practices were now in their fullest operation, and the power of Rome seemed absolute. Emperors crouched before the Pope, kings did homage at his feet, countries were fiefs of his pontificate. That the people should be in darkness, in such circumstances, was only a natural result; that liberty should be no more than a name, at such a time, ought not to be matter of astonishment. It has ever been so—it is so still—wherever priestcraft has supreme power, the people are enslaved. And such was the state of these lands then. But God does not allow unmixed evil long to rule unopposed—darkness undisturbed long to reign. In the fourteenth century it was when John Wycliffe, "the star of the Reformation," burst through the gloom, and began to teach, with a clearness and a power which to this day occasions wonder, the grand truths of the everlasting Gospel. The ground which from the first he occupied as a reformer was, the Headship of Christ alone in the Church—destroying, in his estimation, the supremacy of the Pope; salvation, through the perfect sacrifice of Christ, needing no supplemental sacrifice of transubstantiation; freedom of Christian worship, thus separating the Church from earthly government; and the right of the people to the Word of God, which led him to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue.

Amid abounding iniquity Wycliffe stood forth, like a giant refreshed with new wine, and laboured incessantly in denouncing the errors of the Papacy and the immorality of the clergy, calling on men to seek salvation alone through faith in Christ. Nor was he long without followers. The heart of these nations seemed sick of the sin and shame which passed for religion. Adherents flocked to him from all classes; and though he was twice cited to

appear before the emissaries of Rome, by the great interest which his undaunted courage had secured on his side, nothing was done to him. He died at his living of Lutterworth, having by his labours planted the pillars of the Reformation. His ashes were dug up by his enemies, scattered to the winds, and cast upon the waters. Poor spite towards one whom they could not touch while he was living. Yet there in history, after centuries, John Wycliffe stands—the first Protestant and Puritan!

The Lollards were Wycliffe's successors. They went everywhere preaching the same great truths, and many of them sealed their testimony with their blood. Wycliffe's Bible made its way both in England and Scotland. The seeds of truth soon became broadcast in both countries. Especially in the south and west of Scotland was this the case. So that, after Patrick Hamilton, Walter Mills, George Wishart, and others had watered the Word with their tears and prayers, and finally with their blood—when John Knox began his great work, he found a people prepared to his hand. And such was the effect of his energetic ministrations, that in a very few years a large proportion of the population of the Lowlands, including many of the nobility and gentry, had renounced Popery, and were ready to demand, with him, as the established religion of the land, the creed and the ecclesiasticism of the Reformation.

We must here, in a few sentences, ask the reader's attention, first, to the establishment of the Reformation in England under Elizabeth; and, then, regard its subsequent institution in 1560 in Scotland. This falls in with the order of events in point of time, as well as meets the object which we have meanwhile in view.

It was now a happy day for England—"the bloody Queen Mary" was dead. On the announcement of this fact, the Parliament was immediately assembled. The Commons were summoned to the bar of the Upper House, and were informed that, with their consent, the Lady Elizabeth should be proclaimed Queen. With one approving voice the announcement was met. At Hatfield, Elizabeth had been reared in comparative solitude. Hated by her sister Mary, and hating her in return, she seemed naturally to shrink from the parties, both in Church and State, who had previously encircled the throne, and had brought it into such disgrace. On the 17th of November, 1558, Elizabeth was proclaimed. Six days afterwards she made her public entrance into London. No one was struck with her beauty, but all were affected by her bearing. When a Bible was presented to her on her passage through the city, she kissed it and pressed it to her heart—holding it there amid the acclamations of the people. It had been well

had she loved it better, read it more, and acted more in accordance with its precepts.

"The new Queen, however, proved herself to be a genuine daughter of Henry VIII.; for she commenced her reign by forbidding her subjects to be reformed sooner, and closed it by prohibiting them from being reformed further than she chose." She announced to the Pope her accession to the throne. Sir Edward Carne, the English ambassador at Rome, conveyed the message. The aged Paul, who was then Pope, on hearing it, broke through all restraint, stamped with rage, declared that England was a fief of Rome, that Elizabeth was illegitimate, and that it was excessive temerity for her to assume the title and authority of Queen of England without his leave. This was a providential circumstance, for which our country has to be thankful to this day. Elizabeth, with all her faults, was not a woman to be trifled with; and, hearing of the Pope's conduct, commanded her ambassador immediately to leave Rome and return home. Then began her work of re-establishing the Reformation.

Taking time and advice in reference to this matter, Sir William Cecil, then Secretary of State, informed her Majesty that the largest portion of the nation, ever since her father's reign, inclined to the Reformation. King Edward's Liturgy was revised in Council; and though, to satisfy Elizabeth, it was made much less decidedly Protestant, on the 24th of June, 1559, it was established by law, in virtue of an "Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer." A clause was inserted in this Act, without which, Elizabeth informed Archbishop Parker, she would never have signed it, empowering her, as Queen, "to ordain further ceremonies." Among other things it gave her power to create a Court, infamous to all posterity—the history of a similar one in Scotland, during the Charles's, may be traced in blood—the Court of High Commission; every member of which was to be appointed by the Crown, and the purpose of which was to take cognizance of religion. Here, at the outset, was a great blot on the Reformation, as established by Elizabeth. *She* became Head of the Church, took the place of the Pope, and required all to submit to her supremacy.

Nor was this all. Elizabeth, acting on this authority, caused to be published fifty-three injunctions; among other things, ordaining that priests and deacons should not marry without leave of the bishops and two justices of the peace, nor bishops without the consent of the archbishops and the high commissioners; that private and family prayers should be discouraged, and that all prayer should be offered in the churches, where the Queen's will was supreme. She frowned upon preaching, and established for the Sabbath-day the Book of Sports. Bishop Sandys observes,

that "multitudes of persons did not hear a sermon once in seven years in the churches." As to her own religion, Elizabeth abjured nothing in Popery but submission to a higher authority than her own, and "was no further a Protestant than was necessary to make herself a Pope." In the Royal Chapel she had images, and crucifixes, and lighted candles; and when her chaplain, on one occasion, preached against the sign of the Cross, unable to contain her anger, she shouted out to him—"Desist from that ungodly digression, and go on with your text!" In all this the word and authority of the Lord Jesus were not regarded, though He alone is the "Head over all things to the Church."

It was scarcely possible that these things should be without something of that spirit being evoked which animated Wycliffe, and which lived in and led on to death for Christ his successors—the Lollards. Nor was it so. Elizabeth was not ignorant of the fact of Puritanism existing, standing boldly out against her usurpation of power, not in matters temporal, but in the Church of Christ. This she determined to uproot and destroy. The London clergy were summoned to appear before the High Commission, sitting in St. Paul's. A hundred of them obeyed the call. They had placed before them a certain Mr. Cole, dressed in full canonicals, as the Queen approved. The Bishop's Chancellor addressed them:—"My masters," said he, "and ye ministers of London, the Council's pleasure is, that ye strictly keep the unity of apparel, like this man [pointing to Mr. Cole], with a square cap, a scholar's gown priest-like, a tippet, and in the church a linen surplice. Ye that will subscribe, say 'Volo;' ye who will not, say 'Nolo.'" On attempting to speak, they were commanded to be silent; and while sixty-three subscribed, acknowledging that it wounded their conscience, thirty-seven would not subscribe, choosing rather to suffer, or even to die. These were the first Puritan pastors—many of them the most godly men, and most of them the best preachers of their day, at a time when not one minister in six could compose a sermon.

Now, there is not much, apparently, in a minister's dress—whether he preach in a black gown or a white, or in no gown at all. Nor indeed is there anything in the mere garment. A man may preach as well in a smock-frock as in a surplice—in a Geneva as in a Cambridge gown. But it is whether any principle is at stake in wearing it—whether or not it is *the badge* of a party. It was on the ground of opposing the Popish doctrine of the Mass that Ridley ordered the altars to be removed from the churches, and a simple table to be used. It was in opposition to Popery, and with a desire to uproot it from the Church, that Bishop Hooper refused to wear sacerdotal vestments. Bishop Jewel, in

the like spirit, declared the priestly garb to be "a stage-dress, a fool's coat, a relique of the Amorites, and promised to spare no pains to extirpate all such Popish remnants." This was the ground on which Puritanism took its stand. And well had it been for the Church of England to-day, had its voice been regarded and its counsels of wisdom been followed, instead of its noble men having been martyred. But the compromise, of which the English Church is the offspring, between Popery and Protestantism, has developed into many hideous conformations. Among others, observe this day how the seeds of the apostacy, left in the Church of England at the Reformation, are seen full-blown in Tractarianism, bearing bitter fruits, preparing and sending multitudes back to the bosom of the Man of Sin, proclaiming to the world that Oxford is the highway to Rome, and showing that, if England is ever to be Christ's, the Reformation has yet to be reformed.

The Reformation in Scotland was a very different matter to the Reformation in England. The Scottish sovereigns and Court were ever opposed to it. Popish to the back-bone, they did everything they could to stem the current of reforming opinions. But all was in vain. The people had put their hand to the plough, backed by many of the nobility and gentry; and, with a full realization of the "*perfidum ingenium Scotorum*," nothing could stop their progress, or induce them to look back. Hamilton, Wishart, and their compeers had laboured hard, and had laboured successfully, in exposing the entire rottenness of the Popish hierarchy, as well as in proving the unscripturalness of Popish doctrines and practices. John Knox followed in their wake, with all the rigour of Calvin both in doctrine and discipline, and with far more than Calvin's power. He was a bold man, was John Knox; and his bravery was just the thing to set on fire the sturdy hearts of Scotchmen for God and His truth. An iconoclast was Knox; and his disregard for mere form and ceremony—crucifix, cathedral, or consecration—went far to leaven the whole land with that spirit of freedom in religious matters which, whilst it has its extremes which ought to be avoided, had for that age its excellences; so that, despite the opposition of James v., his widow the Queen-Regent, and their daughter, the unhappy Mary, reforming opinion went on, gathered strength, and resulted, in 1560, in the most Reformed of all the Reform Churches, and in the purest establishment on the face of the earth, having neither priest nor prelate, but simple ministers, elders, and deacons.

Such is the Reformation, the Tricentenary of which in Scotland happens this year. For its realization we have much to be thankful. Greatly do we rejoice, therefore, that during this month, in Edinburgh, this great fact is to be brought to mind before God,

and on an extensive scale and catholic basis to be celebrated. This, we think, is as it ought to be. This will lead to a review of the whole subject—to a recalling to remembrance of those evils of Popery out of which the Reformation led, and about which now-a-days so many people appear to be indifferent—to a reconsideration of the Reformation itself, its worth and its weakness, its excellences and its defects, and to a devout appreciation, we hope, of the present mission of Christianity—pure, undefiled, and unshackled—which may lead to the putting forth of primitive power towards “the restitution of all things.” May the best expectations of the largest-hearted of the Christian men, who have originated and are labouring to carry out this celebration, be realized! and may even more than they foresee of freedom to all the churches of the saints be thereby advanced!

We should ill discharge our duty, however, were we to close our remarks without hinting at a few of the obligations resting on the Churches, and worthy of their devout consideration, in relation to the age, and as arising out of the deficiencies of the Reformation.

We have little or no fault to find with the Scottish Reformers in reference to doctrine. In respect to the great outline of Divine Truth, their opinions were scriptural and well defined. *About the work of Christ*, their views have ever appeared to us to be somewhat cramped, and their estimate of it limited; so that, taken in their legitimate application, their offers of Divine Mercy became, though they meant not so, all but necessarily circumscribed.

On the question of Church government, it has long appeared to us that the Word of God affords no ground for much dogmatizing. There are a few fundamental principles laid down in the New Testament on which we are required to act, and by which the Church is to be kept pure—all else seems left to natural development. A diversity, in this respect, was to be anticipated. Ecclesiasticism, fairly considered, is the utterance in action *without* of our spiritual life, and of the Church's spiritual life *within*. Where there is life, there will be variety. A forest of trees may all be pruned into one form in winter; but no sooner will the breath of spring begin to blow upon them, and the life of summer burst forth and shoot out, than you will find infinite diversity.

The more simple, however, our organization becomes, the more, we feel persuaded, will it accord with the character and claims of a Church of Christ truly spiritual. Complications and excesses of organization are not utterances of power, but of weakness. Not that a disregard is to be shown in the way and manner in which we carry on the work of God:—nor is a want of attention to the discipline of the Church ever to be manifested. A highly spiritually

educated mind, a highly spiritually educated Church, a highly spiritually educated age, will never be satisfied with anything but what God's Word approves, His honour demands, and His service requires.

The great difficulty in regard to all the forms of Church government which have for any length of time been mixed up with the State, lies in this—the amount of *the worldly governmental* which becomes embodied with and overrides the scriptural and spiritual. This has led to legislation instead of arbitration—to injunction instead of admonition—yea, to every form of compulsory enactment, up to Episcopal Decretals and Papal Bulls. The whole of these strike a death-blow at the voluntary character of true religion, as founded on individual conviction and action; and as their existence implies the presence and possession of power with man over his fellow-man—a power after which men naturally lust—so do they indicate the certainty of a struggle before the Church and the world get rid of politico-ecclesiastical authority, whether in the form of Synodical action, Prelatical dictation, or Papal anathema.

The great question with which the Churches of these islands have yet to grapple—a question handed down to us from the Reformation—is that of the union of Church and State. We do not here inquire whether a magistrate, as such, is bound to help the Church. We believe that every man is to use all the influence he possesses for his God. But a magistrate lives not on the bench, nor a king on the throne. Both the one and the other may cast in their positional influence for Christ, without carrying into the Church their magisterial authority. No government can long support, from the public purse, all sections of religionists in the land, yet all may be alike loyal. To select one sect to the neglect of all the others, is to elevate the one to the injury of the many;—it is to create pride on the one hand, and originate heart-burnings on the other:—it cannot vitalize for good the section which is selected—it is ever a bone of contention, working discontent among all the rest.

“Nothing, in our opinion, has been more injurious to the Church of Christ in the world, than its subserviency to secular power. There are certain unquestionable blessings which the possession of ‘pure and undefiled religion’ by a country, cannot fail to confer both upon its government and people; and there are certain rights and privileges which every government must concede, in order to the propagation and enjoyment of religion. But the moment the spiritual overrides the secular power, the State becomes oppressed by ecclesiastical tyranny; and the instant the secular power interferes with the individual Christian, or with

Christian Churches, in the exercise of their privileges, Christianity suffers from intolerance. The true equilibrium between them we believe to be, *when religion* is left free to do its own work in its own sphere, and *the civil power* in its sphere; then the former will further the ends of all good government, and the latter will possess enlightened and sanctified subjects among whom to exercise its highest and noblest functions.

"As it is, much of the time of senates, much of the wisdom and eloquence of statesmen, have been expended in endeavouring to settle disputes occasioned by the overreaching grasp either of secular or spiritual authorities. Much of the bitterness of parties is fomented and fed by clashing interests, originating in the same source. Separate these, giving "a fair field and no favour" to religion, and liberty to governments to devote themselves entirely to their own affairs, and speedily a new era will dawn upon the world. The prejudices of sect in the Churches will give place to the provocations of love; the useful in religious creeds will establish the real in them; the lordly priest will discover his honour in becoming the lowly minister; freedom of opinion will create respect alone for fairness of opinion; piety will shun pride as it would poison; wisdom will appear to be what it really is, both good and great, because great in doing good; nobility will become another name for exalted virtue and practical worth; and governments will exist in their true character, and in their proper place, as the executives of the public will for the protection of the lives, the liberties, and the properties of the whole people. Far is the world yet from enjoying this blessed condition of things; still, the anticipation of its realization is no mere chimera, but a predicted certainty, having the Gospel of Christ working out its fulfilment in the world, and the God of the Gospel presiding over the elements of its sublime consummation."*

What all the Churches of the Reformed Faith desiderate at this crisis in the world's history, is a baptism of life and power from on high. All have organization enough—all order and form enough. What is wanted is *vitality*. The bud bursts its shell, and casts off its coat, when the life within it rushes forth into blossom and fruit. So, Heaven's own life, coming down with resistless power upon the Churches, will finally prove the grand Restorer from all death within, and the great Reformer from all ecclesiastical malformations without; casting off the useless, and removing all that stands in the way of prosperity.

What, then, is the state of society around the Churches? The masses everywhere are moving, and craving after a better con-

* Dr. Brown's "Peden the Prophet," p. 144.

dition of life. Are the Churches moving, to meet, with God's own remedy, the craving of the masses? Or, do they dread movement, shrink from seeming disorder, fear novelty? Are they so orderly and so formal, that they shrink from the apparent vulgarity of going out of the ordinary way to do good? Do they stand on their dignity? Is there no danger of Churches dying of dignity?

In our day, all is movement. The arabs of the street and of the city are being gathered into ragged schools, the social evil is being grappled with at midnight, "the missing link" of woman's gentle hand is now bringing up from the dregs of society into the genial influences of regenerating love, and truth, the most hideous shapes of lost humanity. Omnibus men are being preached to in their yards, butcher boys meet for nightly prayer, cities and towns are being brought together in Christian conference about missions at home and missions abroad—missions to the young and missions to the old; and the cry is going up night and day to the Lord of Sabaoth—"Send, Lord, send now prosperity!"

What as Christians we have to regard is, that, individually and in union with our fellow-Christians, we take care that *our link* in the golden chain of instrumentalities is fully charged, and that it faithfully communicates its quota in the great work of moving, enlightening, and sanctifying the world. Let Christians, let churches be encouraged—for most assuredly will come the day, the long-expected day of earth's great jubilee, when from the south and from the north, from the east and from the west, Jesus shall receive his inheritance, and

"Justice and mercy, holiness and love,
Among the people walk; Messiah reign,
And earth keep jubilee a thousand years!"

III.

HUMBOLDT'S LETTERS.*

THAT "the world does not know its best and greatest," is a truth familiar to our German neighbours, no less than to ourselves. We rarely do full justice to those with whom we associate, till it is a little too late, and all that remains of the best specimens of humanity, is the dust and ashes of their graves. Though eminent men constitute the life of a nation's life, and often become the best

* Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt, written between the years 1827 and 1858 to Varnhagen Von Ense: together with extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters from Varnhagen and others to Humboldt. London: Trübner and Co.

benefactors of the age they adorn, leaving the treasure of an honoured memory behind them, to awaken, in distant bosoms, what Lord Kames calls, "the sympathetic emotion of virtue;" yet, by a strange perversion of our moral sentiments, we are too much disposed to overlook merits which, in our hearts, we are obliged to acknowledge, and, at a safe distance, shall be prepared to venerate and admire.

As man never acts without a motive, such as it is, there may be some foundation, in the nature of things, for this reluctant homage. It requires excellence to appreciate excellence, genius to estimate genius, and wisdom to discern those hidden qualities in mankind, which, like rivers flowing a long way underground, do not often disclose themselves to the light of day. We may be too near the statue to observe its elevation; or we have no admiration to spare, from that secret idol of every man's worship, his own dearer self; or we are touched with envy at the known superiority of a rival;—weary, like the Greek countryman, of always hearing Aristides called "the just;"—or we are too eager, too absorbed, too busy, or too trifling, to analyze another's title to estimation; besides that he may cross our path in too many ways. Not till they have passed away, and Death—which heightens the lustre of all that he touches, in the very moment of removing it—has made that which was beautiful, permanent, by placing upon it the seal of immortality, do we fully recognize all the excellence even of our dearest friends.

"For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we reck the value; then we find,
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours."

This tendency to magnify the dead, and to overlook or disparage living worth, is as injurious to ourselves as it is unjust to others, and robs both parties of many obvious advantages. All England felt that it was a wrong to humanity, that Havelock's military excellence was so long unacknowledged; and men grieved that he could not have known, before his departure, of the high estimation in which, for his latest exploits, he was held by his Queen and country. Lord Bacon only betrayed his intimate knowledge of human nature, and perhaps of the English side of it, when he bequeathed his name to posterity, after "three generations shall have passed away." Milton must have known, that the rich inheritance of his fame would increase as the years revolved, and

that, however dashed and chequered his renown might be, among his own immediate contemporaries, by reason of party strife, or political estrangement, he should yet leave behind him writings, in noble poetry or lofty prose, which the English nation, and Europe at large, "would not willingly let die." Humboldt himself, in one of these letters, suggests another form of the truth we have stated. "What men believe or disbelieve, is usually made a subject of discussion *only after their death*; after one has been officially buried, and a funeral sermon has been read over one by Sydow."*

It is a gratifying circumstance that Baron Humboldt may be considered as a marked exception to this prevailing rule; for he was not left to wait for his apotheosis, nor doomed to linger on to his latest day, in hope of tardy justice or posthumous renown. Before he had attained to the ordinary meridian of life, he was early recognized by his countrymen, and generally, on the Continent, as a distinguished person. From the publication of his *Personal Narrative* in 1805, he has been more or less considered, in this country, as an eminent traveller, possessed of nearly every requisite for the undertaking, especially in the department of natural science and philosophy, and in the art of managing men in the various countries through which he passed. We may well understand the depth of esteem entertained for him by his countrymen and by the present King of Prussia, from the language his Majesty employed when introducing Humboldt to the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, at Prague, some years ago.

"And who is the Baron Von Humboldt," says the Emperor, "that you present him to me with so much *empressement*? I have never heard of him."

"Not heard of him!" exclaimed the King with honest amazement: "why, he is the greatest man since the deluge!"

These letters, left by Humboldt, to be published as a posthumous legacy to the world, have created, we are told, a lively sensation over all Germany, where, within a few weeks after they were printed, a fifth edition appeared. They have been hailed, in the present eventful state of affairs, as fresh and startling evidence of the fact that liberal principles, and a strong feeling of German nationality and unity, have been steadily gaining ground, even among the highest classes of Prussian society. To this feature of the book, far more than to "the delicious bits of scandal in it," to some of which we shall feel it our duty to refer, the powerful effect which it has produced is mainly to be attributed.

* "Von Sydow, one of the chaplains of the Prussian Court, who usually preached the funeral sermons of people of rank or note buried at Berlin."

Some controversy has been awakened as to the propriety of publishing some of the statements; but the editor of the original letters, an accomplished lady, has ably vindicated herself from the charge of issuing them so soon after the writer's death. It appears that Humboldt sometimes wrote more than 2,000 letters every year to all sorts of persons; and he even protested against having unauthorized or confidential letters published after his decease. But those contained in this volume were expressly designed for publication, and were committed, for this purpose, to the care of his intimate friend Varnhagen, a man of great eminence, worthy of his confidence, more than his equal in the science of language and of thought, and to whose enlightened judgment he often deferred. But as Varnhagen died first, these literary treasures were bequeathed by him to his own niece, Ludmilla Assing, of Berlin, who also shared the regard of Humboldt; and they have been accordingly printed by her, as she asserts, "*unaltered and entire*," in which, as we think, she acted wisely under the circumstances. The collection is enriched by the letters of other famous and distinguished men, which exhibit Humboldt in his wide-spread intercourse with the world, and in his manifold relations to scholars and men of letters, to statesmen and princes, all of whom sought him and paid him homage. Humboldt's own letters are often illustrated by passages in Varnhagen's Diary, giving us the spoken as well as the written expression of Humboldt's thoughts. We learn from the Preface and Introductory Vindication, that Humboldt knew of Varnhagen's Diary, and himself repeated facts and statements to him with a view to publication, giving him, in a letter dated Dec. 7th, 1841, his fullest sanction:—" *After my speedy decease you may deal as you please with such property.*"

At the same time we are free to confess, that some of Humboldt's own letters have disappointed us, being scarcely equal to the reputation of the author. Many of the subjects are trivial in the extreme, and others, though not without a slight bearing upon the topics of that day, have totally lost, by this time, the limited importance they possessed. We mention this, in order that our readers may not expect from the volume more than they are likely to find in it. This must be the almost unavoidable result of letters, accumulated through a succession of years, and left to be published after the writer's death, when the whole state and frame of public affairs shall be totally altered, unless such letters relate to political events or transactions of permanent interest. They were committed also to the care and custody of an intimate friend, who, had he lived, would unquestionless have exercised a wide discretion; and would probably have left out Humboldt's pathetic reference to the

inconvenience he felt "from a wretched little whitlow on my toe." He might have expunged, without loss, some of those futile attempts at ironical wit and humour, most of which, if they ever had any, have lost, like salt, their Attic savour, in the translation;—and we hope also, that he would have cancelled some of those contemptuous allusions to religious men and religious things, which, to say the least, reflect no credit upon the good taste of his departed friend. The correspondence which relates to eminent men, or to the progress of his own writings, constitutes the chief interest of the work. It is no treason to say, that the evident design of the collection must chiefly have been to illustrate the fame of the celebrated traveller, by showing the estimation in which he was held by those of his contemporaries, who stood in the nearest political or intellectual rank to himself.

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt was born at Tegel, near Berlin, in September, 1769 — a year remarkable for the birth of great men. Napoleon Buonaparte, the late Duke of Wellington, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, George Canning, Sir James Mackintosh, Marshal Ney, Marshal Soult, and Von Humboldt, all first saw the light that year. He was educated, with a view to employment in the direction of the Government mines, successively at Gottingen, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, at Hamburgh, and at the mining-school at Frieberg; but he soon broke away from the trammels of trade and became a traveller.

At the age of eighteen, he seems to have formed the plan of those pursuits in which he was destined to attain so much honour. In company with George Forster, a friend of kindred tastes, he made excursions to several parts of Europe, the Alps, and Italy; and in 1790, visited Holland and England—the result of which was his first publication, "On Certain Basaltic Formations on the Rhine."

Charmed by the discoveries of Galvani, in electricity, he gave himself to the study of that science, and published the result in two octavos at Berlin in 1796, with notes by Blumenbach. Having failed to obtain any appointment, in connection with Government expeditions, he determined to rely on his own efforts; and accordingly, in 1797, he travelled with M. Aimé Bonpland, the eminent botanist, in various excursions in Spanish Guiana, from whence they returned to Cumana in 1800. They next pursued their scientific researches on the continent of South America. On the 23rd June, 1802, they climbed Chimborazo, and reached a height of 19,300 feet—a point of the earth higher than any that had been before attained: after which he spent some months in Lima and Mexico. In January, 1804, he embarked for Havannah; paid a visit of two months to Philadelphia and other parts

of the United States; returned to Europe, and landed at Havre in August, 1804—richer in collections of objects, on the great field of the natural sciences, than any preceding traveller.

Humboldt, upon his return to Europe, was warmly welcomed by the *savans* of Paris, where his brother William was settled for some years as an attaché from the Prussian Court. Paris at that time offered a great assemblage of scientific aids, and Humboldt took up his abode there; and then commenced a series of gigantic publications in almost every department of science. Having visited Italy in 1818, with Gay Lussac, and afterwards travelled in England in 1822, he permanently took up his residence in Berlin in 1827; and, having enjoyed the personal favour of the then Sovereign of Prussia, and of his successor, he was made a Councillor of State, and was entrusted with more than one diplomatic mission. In 1829, at the particular desire of the Czar, he visited Russia, Siberia, and the shores of the Caspian Sea, in company with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg. They accomplished a journey of 2,112 geographical miles onward to the south-east slope of the Altai, towards the Chinese frontier, returning by Astracan, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. In 1836-9, he published his "Critical History of Geography, and the Progress of Astronomy in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries."

It must not be supposed, however, that he was only a traveller or a man of letters. On the contrary, he was much occupied with thoughts and speculations upon the political condition of Germany, France, Russia, and England. He appears to have looked upon the state of affairs, even then, with a wide forecast as to the probable consequences. In Varnhagen's Diary, quoted in these letters, of 1838-9, we have such remarks as these, which have been verified in our own times:—

"Humboldt, in a long visit, gave me the news from Töplitz. Both the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia avoided being alone with each other, as each apprehended embarrassment from it. The Emperor spoke very contemptuously of the present form of the French Government, and was particularly severe on King Louis Philippe. Prince Metternich was gay and careless; for the present he was wholly without apprehension, but harboured the gloomy foreboding that with Louis Philippe's death, affairs would take a fresh turn and war would be inevitable. In dealing with Metternich, one must always apply the test of seeing how far any particular opinion fits in with his present position."

Again, April, 1839:—

"Visited Humboldt, who told me a great number of things, and

showed me a fine portrait of Arago. He spoke much of the Anglo-Russian complications in the East Indies and Persia, and related to me what he had heard from the mouth of the Russian Emperor himself on the subject. *The Emperor was embittered against the English, and thought it of the highest importance to counteract their dominion in Asia.* Humboldt allows that I am right in saying that a good fifty years must pass away before any real danger from Russia will threaten the English in the East; but that apprehension and zeal might, even without necessity, produce a conflict in Europe before it would come to a collision in that quarter: both sides, however, would bethink themselves before bringing matters to that pass." [Letters, p. 41, 42.]

Humboldt's political sagacity has been fully confirmed by the events of 1854, by the Crimean War, by the Persian Outbreak, and by the Indian Revolt. "Apprehension and zeal" really brought about struggles of no mean dimensions, the probability of which Russia seems to have more fully foreseen than England or France, her own sinister policy having had much to do in bringing them about; just as the dishonest juggler is likely to know more about shifting the cards than the unsuspecting bystander.

In 1842, the Baron came to England in the suite of the King of Prussia, on occasion of the baptism of the heir apparent of these realms. It was supposed in Germany, that the visit was planned and arranged by Bunsen, and had contributed to make his appointment as ambassador palatable at the English Court. Among the honours and attentions which Humboldt received, in his public career, few, it is said, were more signal or gratifying than the marks of respect and esteem evinced towards him in the highest quarters; and his reception, in scientific circles, was not less welcome. These attentions, however grateful to him at the time, do not appear to have abated his usual tendency to look upon men and things with a somewhat unfriendly and cynical eye. It is no unusual thing, we believe, with our Continental and American neighbours, to file their tongue, and speak most favourably of what they see and hear while they are in England—flattered in the extreme, as they must be, by the courtesies they receive from public men, and those who dwell in noble houses; but reserving it to their after correspondence, upon their return, to right the balance, and thus relieve themselves of that burden of gratitude, which always sits ill upon mean natures, by remarks of a disqualifying or an acrimonious kind. From no one did Humboldt receive greater indications of respect than from the late Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who then stood high in the councils of their Sovereign; but as it is just possible that they may have failed to go all the lengths which the Baron's egregious

self-love would have desired, he contrives, after the most approved fashion, in the midst of his other encomiums, "to hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

After Humboldt's return, Varnhagen writes, evidently at his friend's dictation:—

"Humboldt has given me a very favourable account of England. At court, great splendour, but a simple and natural mode of private life; conversation easy and friendly, and good-natured in its tone, even between the members of rival political factions. *PEEL he does not like; did not like him before; says that he looks like a Dutchman; is rather vain than ambitious; has narrow views.* Lord Aberdeen's taciturnity is invincible. It has, however, the effect of making folks believe he could, if he would, say something good. Bunsen has in numerous instances shown an utter want of tact: all the world is against him. The king more than ever disposed to take his part. Even Englishmen say, 'The whole affair of the king's journey is only an intrigue of Bunsen.'"

But we suppose that the memory of Sir Robert Peel, and the reputation of the now venerable Earl of Aberdeen, are not likely to suffer, with any reflecting man, from observations so flippant as these; which, like the attacks of Zoilus on Homer, or the critics of his own day on Dryden, or Macaulay's estimate of Lord Bacon's philosophy, are far more likely to injure the writer than any one else.

Whilst we are upon this ungracious topic, we may add that his reference to Prince Albert, betrays a captiousness not quite worthy of the author of *Kosmos*. "As to Prince Albert," he says, "I had at his own request, when he was at Stollenzels, ordered a copy of my *Kosmos* to be laid in his apartment, and he had the politeness not to thank me for it." But it seems that, shortly after, the Prince Consort sent him not only a handsome letter of thanks, but also presented him with Catherwood's book on Mexican Monuments ("Views in Central America,") wishing it might be considered as a sequel to Humboldt's own large work on Central America. This, however, displeased the Baron, as he had purchased the work some time before, and thought he should have liked a copy of Byron's works better—circumstances which the Prince could not be expected to know. He criticises the style of the letter of thanks—especially the use of the words, *terraces of stars*, which Prince Albert had quoted—but he lets out the real secret of his dissatisfaction in the fact that it contained no reference to the Queen. "*It is strange, too, that he never mentions QUEEN VICTORIA, who perhaps does not find my book on Nature sufficiently Christian.*" It is creditable to

the better taste, and better nature, of Varnhagen, that he strongly rebuked his friend for his injustice to the Prince. On which Humboldt adds, "You were right in scolding me for my too great severity against the man of the star-terraces. I am severe only with the mighty ones, and this man made an uncomfortable impression on me at Stolzenfels."

Our readers will regret with us that the Baron, who has so many claims to estimation, on the nobler side of his nature, should have occasionally betrayed such littleness of mind, which derogates more from his own honour than from that of any other person. If the Queen did not think Humboldt's writings "*sufficiently Christian*," an opinion which many others equally share, it might be wise on her part not to let her name appear; and we are truly glad that the religious sentiments of Her Majesty, in favour of Divine Truth, should be so well known and appreciated abroad, and have a due weight among literary men. But it is quite possible that the Prince Consort wrote the letter of thanks, on his own personal spontaneity, without implicating Royalty at all in the matter.

Be this as it may, these observations upon sentiments uttered in private, unless given by permission of the persons principally concerned, involve a tacit breach of confidence between man and man. Such instances, if often repeated, tend to sow distrust between different orders of the community. They may, not unreasonably, be expected to deter aristocratic or royal persons from associating quite so freely with strangers, as they might otherwise be disposed to do; at least till the moral and interior nature of visitors, introduced within the favoured circle, shall be sufficiently known and attested, to give probable indication that those in high places, whether princes or public men, shall be safe from gratuitous insult or misrepresentation, in after time. N. P. Willis, in his letters from America, some years ago, after his visit to this country, grievously offends in this particular. But Baron Humboldt might have known better, if Willis, and others of his tribe, did not. We have heard it stated, by those most competent to form an opinion, that Mrs. Stowe's own reminiscences would have been none the worse for a little careful revision and weeding in this respect. Not having the privilege of an acquaintance with her, we speak without a particle of prejudice; but it will strike any one at a glance, that opinions and conversations find a record in her "Sunny" pages, which could never have been uttered, with a view to publicity, by the parties whose noble hospitality she had shared.

It is no more than just to say, that these ebullitions of feeling and temper must be considered as rather exceptional with the Baron than habitual to him. It is certain that, through life, most of

those who knew him retained a deep-felt and most cordial regard to him, for it is said that he never lost a friend. He was always most assiduous in the service and assistance of men of science, extending available help to Liebig, to Agassiz, and to others, in the most generous manner. Lady Morgan, who, at a later period, knew him well at Paris, assures us that his company was universally sought, and that the noblest minds delighted in his society. Madame de Houchien, indeed, says that he was thought to be "given to sarcasm and mystification;" but she worthily adds, "I never hear his name announced, without rising with involuntary deference. His presence recalls all that is most sublime in the capability of human nature. His gigantic labours, contrasted with the pleasant familiarity of his conversation, indicate the universality of the highest order of mind. He is like the elephant, who can with equal ease tear down an oak, or pick up a pin. With me he always 'picks up the pin,' and we fall into persiflage as usual."

No city in the world was so rich in men of science as Paris was then, and with all these he was on terms of intimacy. Among his scientific friends in Paris from the year 1807, we may reckon Biot, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Laplace, Arago, Berthollet, and others. Varnhagen, who met him at Paris in 1810, says:—"In the *salons* of Metternich (who was at that time Austrian ambassador at Paris) I saw Humboldt only as a brilliant meteor, so much so that I hardly found time to present myself to him. Rarely has a man engaged to so great a degree the esteem of all, the admiration of the most opposite parties, and the zeal of all in power to serve him. Napoleon does not love him! He knows Humboldt as a shrewd thinker, whose way of thinking and whose opinion cannot be bent; but the Emperor and his court, and the high authorities, have never denied the impression which they received by the presence of this bold traveller, and the light which seems to stream from it in every direction."

From this time, for twenty years together, after his great Russian journey, his life was without any remarkable incident, being chiefly taken up in preparing his works for the press; and in later years he resided chiefly at Berlin, by the wish of the King of Prussia, whose friend and guest he was; and his official duties, not very laborious, demanded constant attendance at court on given occasions.

Humboldt's last considerable publication was his "*Kosmos*," by which he is likely to be most permanently known, and which he speaks of as the work of his life. It was the one thought of his thoughts—his first and last conception—"the most majestic statue of his house of life." "Its undefined image," he wrote in 1844,

"has floated before my mind for half a century;" while his object, to use his own fine expression, was to show "the order that pervades the universe, and the magnificence of that order." Writing to Varnhagen, he says:—

"I am going to press with my work—the work of my life. The mad fancy has seized me of representing, in a single work, the whole material world,—all that is known to us of the phenomena of heavenly space and terrestrial life, from the nebulae of stars to the geographical distribution of mosses on granite rocks; and this in a work in which a lively style shall at once interest and charm. Each great and important principle, wherever it appears to lurk, is to be mentioned in connection with facts.

"My title at present is *Kosmos*; outlines of a description of the physical world. I know that *Kosmos* is very grand, and not without a certain tinge of affectation; but the title contains a striking word, meaning both heaven and earth."

This would have been a great undertaking, to occupy a life in prospect, but to finish it when between seventy and eighty-nine years of age, seemed a hopeless anticipation. He was fully aware of the difficulty. He says, "I will finish the *Kosmos*, although at the entrance to many sciences (such as Universal History, Geology, and the Mechanism of the Heavens) dark apparitions stand threatening, endeavouring to prevent me from reaching the interior." The last page of the fifth and last volume was finished on September 14th, 1858. It was a happy day with Humboldt, for he had completed his life-long task, and on his eighty-ninth birthday! Never did conqueror receive greater congratulations from so many persons, as he did from his friends.

Varnhagen humorously says:—"To console him on the score of his age, I wrote to Humboldt, that even eighty years may become comparative youth—witness Fontenelle, who, at a hundred, wishing to pick up a lady's fan, and not being able to do it quickly enough, exclaimed regretfully:—"Que n'ai je plus mes quatre vingt ans!"—"Alas, that I have no longer the vigour of eighty!" To which Humboldt replies:—"Heartiest thanks, for having offered me the consolation of the characteristic, and to me uncommon, expression of Fontenelle's; but twenty years are by far too short to see better things."

His best friends were sincerely delighted at the acceptance and popularity of his latest work, and no one appeared more surprised than Humboldt himself. He writes to Varnhagen: "How is it that *Kosmos* has achieved such an unexpected success? Partly, I suppose, from the train of thought which it awakens in the reader's mind, and partly from the flexibility of our German

tongue, which renders word-painting (representing things as they are) so easy."

Some of the letters of Metternich in this volume are highly characteristic; especially one, in which he avers that his own proper taste and bias had always been, not towards politics, but to the study of the natural sciences, had not circumstances drifted him from his desired career. "*Le sort m'a éloignée de ce que j'aurais voulu, et il m'a engagé dans la voie que je n'ai point choisi.*" He speaks of having had an absolute disgust for public affairs, which it had been necessary for him to overcome; but once embarked on that tide, he could now only take scientific studies as a solace, instead of making them the one object of his pursuit.*

It would have given not only ourselves but the entire Christian world unspeakable satisfaction, to have discovered any mark of the happy influence of genuine religious principle over his mind; but something the reverse of this will often force itself upon those who peruse this Volume. No distinct recognition of the grand realities of Revealed Religion can be discovered in these Letters, nor perhaps in his works at all, with the exception of a passage in his *Kosmos*, eulogizing the Hebrew Writers for their noble descriptions of the works of Nature, which we gladly hail. He speaks of Nature as obedient to the primary impression given to her—"la nature obéissante à une première impulsion donnée,"—and then observes, all beyond the domain of the physical world, and its phenomena, belongs to a class of speculations more exalted—"et appartient à une autre genre des spéculations plus élevées"—but what those more elevated speculations are, he does not define. This is all the proof he cares to give of his THEISM.

Many persons know the value of religion, not so much by the experience of its blessings, as by the painful sense of the calamities that uniformly mark its absence; for they give frequent token that whoever else may have lost happiness, they, at any rate, have not found it. To this remark, the experience of Baron Humboldt offers no contradiction or counterpoise; for under the weight of years, the loss of friends, the frustration of hope and object, and the near approach of eternity, he betrays emotions for which the Gospel would have been the best balm, and the only one. In January, 1858, he says, "I live joyless in my eighty-ninth year, because of the much for which I have striven from my youth, so little has been accomplished." After the death of Von

* "Une fois lancée, je me suis soumise sans perdre de vue ce vers quoi portèrent mes inclinations; et il m'est résulté, que ce que j'eusse désiré pouvoir regarder comme le but de ma vie intellectuelle, n'en est devenu que le soulagement." (p. 169.)

Buch, he emphatically adds, "This burial was to *me* a prelude." "C'est comme cela que je serai dimanche"—and in what condition do I leave this world? I, who remember 1789, and have shared its emotions. However, centuries are but seconds in the great development of advancing humanity. Yet the rising curve has small bendings in it; and it is very inconvenient to find one's self on such a segment of its descending portion." Again, after his first seizure, which caused a temporary paralysis, leaving the "gait unsteady," but the mind free, he eloquently, but mournfully subjoins:—

"The nature of my nervous complaint has remained incomprehensible to me. There are magnetic thunderstorms (the Polar light), electrical storms in the clouds, nervous storms in man, strong and weak ones, perhaps only a sheet-lightning, a forerunner of the other. I have had grave thoughts of DEATH; *comme un homme qui part, ayant encore beaucoup de lettres à écrire*. Other interests, that will ever remain alive in me, fix my thoughts in the recollection of yesterday! I believe myself in course of full recovery, but having had to rest much unoccupied in my bed, sadness and discontent with the world have increased with me. This I say only to *you*. Everything around us excites a feeling of shame."

This is his closing testimony to the emptiness of the world; but it says nothing relative to a better hope. Such testimony, we think, is a melancholy farewell.

The last letter but one in this collection, refers to an act of royal courtesy extended to the venerable old man, by our beloved Sovereign. Writing to Varnhagen, the Baron says:—"As you and your gifted niece, Miss Ludmilla, love "*Curiosa*," and, in my patriarchal eye, all shame of self-praise has long since disappeared, I communicate to you a letter from QUEEN VICTORIA; who, through the Princess of Prussia, has asked me for *a few passages in my own handwriting*, from the 'Aspects of Nature,' and from 'Kosmos,' a poetical description of nature." Varnhagen says, "He praised the youthful Princess Victoria, as being not exactly pretty, but as having pleasing and simple manners, and eyes full of soul."

Baron Humboldt died on the sixth day of May, 1859, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. A few moments before his death, the blinds were opened, and the full blaze of the sun poured into the chamber. "How grand those rays!" he murmured; "they seem to beckon earth to heaven." He closed his eyes, like a wearied child, and slept the long, long sleep. Prince Albert, who presided at the British Association, at Aberdeen, last year, paid a generous tribute to his memory, and

mourned the loss that science had sustained in his removal; adding, that the day on which the Association had met, happened to be the anniversary of the birth of that great man, whose decease all Europe deplored.

IV.

CORRELATION OF MIND AND BODY.*

Not long ago there arrived in breathless haste at the capital of Prussia a student from the United States of America, eagerly demanding to be instructed in the philosophy of Hegel. The Berliners are by no means so addicted to ridicule as the inhabitants of Paris, yet they could not forbear a shrug of the shoulder and a quiet smile as they contemplated his impetuosity, and reflected how far he was behind the age—quite as far as America is later than Germany in receiving the rays of the sun. About the time when Hegel was rising in England and America, he was beginning to sink or set in Germany. Hegel was carried away by cholera in 1831; his body lies buried yonder in a quiet sandy church-yard, out of the Ouranienburger gate at Berlin, where, however, the American or any other traveller will not find it so easy to discover his grave, despite of a handsome monument over it, containing a fine medallion bust, with a marked intellectual countenance; for Hegel is quite forgotten by, or rather was never known to, the dwellers and loungers in these quarters. In the social movement of 1848, Hegelianism sounded high its imposing nomenclature and its grand abstractions, but was found utterly unfit for ruling and controlling human nature, which declines being subjected to any such dialectic formulæ. From that time it began to wane, partly in favour of more genial or empirical views, but mainly before a re-action against the whole style of speculation of which it was the perfection—or, as we reckon it, the *reductio ad absurdum*. In Berlin, the student wishing to see the past in the midst of the present, may get an hour's rare amusement by going to hear Professor Michelet, with amazing earnestness and liveliness of manner, demonstrating that all things are different and yet identical—"you and me," "mind and body," "God and the world," "truth and error;" but if he carefully inspect the class he will find

* *Contributions to Mental Philosophy, by Immanuel Hermann Fichte. Translated and edited by J. D. MORELL, LL.D. 1860.*

Mind and Brain; or the Correlations of Consciousness and Organization. By THOMAS LAYCOCK, M.D., F.R.S. Professor of the Practice of Medicine, &c., in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. 1860.

that it numbers only twenty or so; that scarcely any of the youths implicitly believe in the lecturer; that some of them have a droll quizzical look while they listen, and that there is only an earnest big-headed fellow here and there who is seriously pondering if this be sense or nonsense. In the theological department of the same University, Professor Vatke may be heard accounting for the Old Testament upon the ideal-real-historico-development theory of Hegel, but his class is still more easily counted, and sits heavily under him. The American or English student will soon discover that the laborious fervor of the students in Berlin (and of the other German Universities, when he visits them,) flows in far different channels. He will observe among the general students an intense study of philology and the natural sciences, and in the theological classes a most devoted gathering of notes by crowded classes from those professors who expound the Word of God on comparatively orthodox principles; but among the students as a whole, he will not be able to discover a very deep interest in speculative philosophy. Upon making further inquiries, he will find that among those students who do enter in earnest upon the study of philosophy, there is a disposition towards Anti-Hegelian, and especially towards the more realistic and experiential schools. If now he turn from the Universities to look upon the general community, he will soon perceive that the German public never did feel much interest in the higher metaphysics. In Deutschland, the reading public is not nearly so large as in this country, and all books of a high order are not only written by scholars, but exclusively for scholars. Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, were never much known in Germany, except among theologians and other men of learning, and it was only through these—as they went forth into their parishes or other fields of labour—that they have had influence (which, however, in this indirect way was very great) over the people. And now, over the country generally, there is a strong reaction against the *à priori* style of speculation. First, there is an influential school giving itself over to a wretched empiricism. Thus we find Vogt and Moleschott writing small treatises to show that the whole wondrous appearances of the universe can be accounted for by matter and force; and their ephemeral publications are extensively read and relished by large classes of the community—such as physicians and schoolmasters—who have been drifted away from the Bible by the neological critics. Among the reading public of Germany generally, there is a profound indifference to all such speculations. Evangelical Christians avoid them as fitted to lead to infidelity, and practical men turn away from them as never having led to any utilitarian result. No book on philosophy, published in Germany in these days, could have such a sale as Mansel's Bampton Lectures have had in our country. In this land of ours, all averse though it is supposed to be to philosophy, Hamilton's Reid is stereotyped; and Hamilton's Discussions, Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, Thomson's Outlines of the Laws of Thought, and Mill's Logic, have all reached a

second, third, or fourth edition—a stage seldom or never reached by a German work. This condition of things in Germany is to be grieved over, and not to be rejoiced in by thoughtful minds. For, as intellects of a higher order cannot be kept from speculating, it is certain that if a country has not a good philosophy, it will assuredly have a bad one. Materialism of a refined character branching off from the physiologists of the school of Schelling, and from the extreme left of the school of Hegel, has numerous adherents among the finer spirits of the country, while the more animal men, who drink beer and waltz in the dancing gardens, are greedily devouring the same doctrine in the grosser form of “Stoff and Kraft.”

In giving this account of the reaction against the higher metaphysics, we would not leave the impression that philosophy has disappeared from the German soil. The speculations of Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Hegel, have twined themselves round the higher thought, the language and literature of the country, round indeed its very poetry and legislation, and can never be separated from them. There is still an immense amount of activity, ability, and learning devoted to the service of philosophy, without, however, awakening that profound interest which the bold speculatists did thirty years ago. Dr. Trendelenburg, of Berlin, has considerably large classes, and is listened to with profound attention, while scattered over Germany we have such men as the historians of philosophy, Ritter and Brandis, and as the metaphysicians, Erdmann, Ulrici, and Chalybaeus, writing books, so many that it would require a lifetime to read them. In particular, there is great attention paid to psychology, some prosecuting it more in the mathematical style of the school of Herbart, and others labouring to connect it with physiology and the study of the vital forces, of the nervous system, and the soul of the lower animals. In particular, we have an intensely active and voluminous writer in the younger Fichte. We propose giving a passing notice to a little work of his lately translated into pleasing and graceful English by Dr. Morell.

Immanuel Hermann Fichte is the son of the famous Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who acted so important a part in the higher philosophic speculation which ran its course, for good and for evil, towards the end of the last century and the first half of this. He has not the daring speculative genius, nor the high impulsive character of his father, and will certainly never influence speculation as he did. On the other hand, the younger pays more regard to observation; he disavows all Pantheism, and delights everywhere to avow his deep belief in a personal God, in a special Providence, and in Christianity. Immanuel Hermann was born in 1797. He received his academic education at Berlin, where he eagerly studied philology. He tells us, in the book under review, that in the formation of his philosophic opinions he received impressions from his own father, from Kant, Jacobi, Fries, Schleiermacher, Steffens, Schelling, and Oken. In 1832, he began himself to publish on philosophic topics. About 1836, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy in Bonn, whence he

was removed to Tübingen in 1842. For the last twenty-eight years, he has been issuing one work after another, some of them very small and others hugely bulky, and he is a constant contributor to the "Zeitschrift für Philosophie," of which he is one of the editors, the others being Wirth and Ulrici. The work before us is styled a "Philosophical Confession," and gives a *résumé* and general defence of the theories advanced and conclusions reached in his "Antropologie," and others of his more elaborate works.*

It was while he was Professor at Bonn that he had among his auditors young Mr. Morell, who has now translated this work of his old master. And here we are tempted to say a word in regard to Mr. now Dr. Morell. He came all at once into notice when he published his "History of Modern Speculative Philosophy." We set a high value on this work, for what it is in itself, and for what it has done for philosophy in this country. No doubt it does not do justice to the British school of thinkers—in this respect it is but an echo of the utterances of the German metaphysicians; and it talks a little too enthusiastically of what German speculation and M. Cousin have done. But Dr. Morell may claim the credit of being the first to translate the German philosophy into intelligible English; and he has thus brought considerable riches of thought to many who were not in circumstances to go and seek for it in the original mines. Many of those who admired and enjoyed his History of Philosophy, were grieved exceedingly when they found him rushing so prematurely into theological discussions for which he was not prepared. His "Philosophy of Religion," is a confused book, and is, at best, a reproduction of Schleiermacher, with some incongruous elements added from the Eclectic school of Cousin. There is the same unsoundness and confusion in his lectures on the "Philosophic Tendencies of the Age." At a later date we have had his "Psychology," and his small but very excellent compends of Logic and Grammar. In his Psychology, following too implicitly the Schelling and Hegelian idealists, and the physiologists who were influenced by them, he tells us, without proof—"In proportion as metaphysics have broken down the ESSENTIAL DISTINCTION BETWEEN MIND AND MATTER, the way has been

* While we write we have before us the following works of the younger Fichte:—"Sätze zur Vorschule der Theologie" (1826); "Ueber Gegensatz Wendepunct und Ziel heutiger Philosophie" (1832); "Religion und Philosophie in ihrem gegenwärtigen Verhältniss" (1834); "Ueber die Bedingungen eines speculativen Theismus" (1835); "De Principiorum Contradictionis, Identitatis, Exclusionis Tertii in Logica Dignitate" (1840); "Beiträge Zur Characteristik der neueren Philosophie" (1841); "Ueber die christliche und antichristliche Speculation der Gegenwart" (1842); "Ueber den gegenwärtigen Standpunct der Philosophie" (1843); "Grundzüge zum Systeme der Philosophie" (3 Theile, 1846-47); "Grundsätze für die Philosophie der Zukunft" (1847); "Die Republik in Monarchismus;" "Einige Grundzüge zum Entwurfe der künftigen Deutschen Reichsverfassung" (1848); "Die Idee der Persönlichkeit und der individuellen Fortdauer" (1855); "Anthropologie" (1856); "Ueber der Unterschied zwischen ethischen und naturalistischen Theismus" (1857); "Zur Seelenfrage" (1859). Surely this is a proof of the industry of the Teutonic mind.

paved for the acceptance of the fundamental *homogeneity of all vital and psychical processes*, as well as their derivation from one Infinite mind, as the source and *substance* of all creation."* We scarcely expect to have from Dr. Morell a very comprehensive or profound original work on philosophy; but he is greatly capable of receiving and reflecting from his own soul what is high and noble in others, and of expressing it in perspicuous and flowing language. In particular, we thank him for translating this work of the younger Fichte, and for the clear account which he has given of the drift of the work in the Preface.

Turning to Fichte's "Seelenfrage," we find it dealing chiefly with the relations between Soul and Body, and the questions thence arising. He maintains that the soul is not unextended, that it is a space-forming and space-taking-in existence; that it is in all points of the whole existing bodily organism; that it builds for itself the body according to its own properties—in all of which assertions he has met with a formidable opponent in Lotze.† Fichte is for ever appealing to facts; very frequently to abnormal facts, such as mesmerism, spiritual *media*, visions, and *clairvoyance*, which have been so abused by pretenders, and so overlooked by metaphysicians. But the work, as a whole, is not conducted on the rigidly scientific principles of the Baconian logic. It is at best a speculation, in which facts are drawn in to support a theory which is ingenious throughout, and in some parts of which there may, *for aught I know* (as Butler would say,) be some truth, but which is not substantiated by a basis of facts sufficient to bear the superstructure reared. He asserts everywhere the doctrine of a personal God, and of a personal human soul; but he lands himself—I believe logically, according to his hypothesis—in the eternal pre-existence of the individual soul. "The idea, accordingly, of an eternal pre-existence even of the individual creature has become necessary to the facts already before us" (p. 153). It seems at least to be necessary to the hypothesis which he brings to explain the facts, and this we reckon as a confutation of the whole hypothesis—it leads necessarily to preposterous consequences. His father and the old ideal Pantheists would have found no difficulty in giving a place to this idea of an eternal pre-existence in their systems, for they would have made it an existence in God. But what sort of existence can the younger Fichte give to this eternally pre-existing soul when he makes it individual and personal? This is one of the incongruities which are ever cropping out in this work—as well as in that of Dr. Laycock; they would take up the Pantheistic views of nature and the soul, and yet refuse the Pantheism to which they logically lead. Fichte adds, in explanation, "Whether this pre-existence consists merely in the form of ideal thoughts—or whether it includes some conceivable reality *beyond* the ideas—this question

* See page 78, with the doubtful portions put by us in italics.

† See a clear account of the controversy in the last number of the "Zeitschrift für Philosophie."

obviously transcends the limits of human investigation." This is an ingenious way of getting rid of difficulties (not in nature itself, but) created by himself. It would have been better if he had acknowledged that the whole speculation which conducts him to such a conclusion belongs to the same region, lying beyond human intelligence.

The transition from Fichte's work to that of Dr. Laycock is easy. Dr. Laycock treats of the very same subject, and has drunk deeply into the spirit of the physiologists who have been influenced by the idealism of the school of Schelling and of the Left of Hegel. He tells us he has been speculating on the relations of mind and body for the last thirty years. He had given us hints and precursors of his views in papers published in various medical journals. We are glad that we have now a full exposition of his method, of his co-ordination of facts, and of his theories, in these two elaborate volumes. The public is now in circumstances to determine what is true, what is unsatisfactory, and mystical, and confused speculation, in the thoughts that have long been working in his mind. He has first a dissertation on "Method," which has some good remarks, and embraces interesting statements of scientific facts, but bears no marks of the comprehensiveness of mind and the prescience of a Bacon. He has then a discussion on "Metaphysics," in which he shows that he has been reading Kant, Hamilton, Mill, and Whewell, and lost himself in the ingenuities of Ferrier, without being able to come out with a masterly or consistent system. Then follows a disquisition on "Mental Dynamics, or Teleology," in which the accomplished author sets before us a most instructive series of facts, brought together from the latest science, but in which there is a great confusion of thought; for example, in confounding Dynamics with Teleology, or force with final cause. In the second volume, we have the "Principles of Scientific Psychology," in which we have the results of much reading and ingenious reflection, but an incapacity of distinguishing between the physical or vital actions that call forth mental states, and the mental states themselves, such as emotions, ideas, desires, determinations. The two last parts, on the "Principles of Mental Physiology," and the "Principles of Mental Ogranography," we regard (though we rather think he does not) as the most valuable parts of the work, as he is here able to bring his extensive physiological reading and observation to bear on the parts of the frame most intimately connected with mental action. But throughout the whole work there is a mixture of metaphysical and physical discussions, of theistic and pantheistic elements, which will not coalesce, and his enunciations of laws in his high generalizations are of so vague a character that they may be twisted into a dozen forms to explain a fact, according to a hypothesis which is not sustained by either physiological or psychological data sufficient to bear it up. We cannot, within our limits, discuss the whole of the innumerable questions treated of in the volumes of these two authors. We select two of the most important:—

I. ARE THERE UNCONSCIOUS MENTAL OPERATIONS?—The idea that there are such was first introduced into modern speculation by Liebnitz, who connected it with his fanciful monadical theory. It was eagerly seized by certain of the great Pantheists of Germany, who supposed that the Divine Power or Idea awoke to consciousness according to certain laws. This prepared the way for the doctrine that the human soul had first an unconscious or preconscious, and then a conscious state; and that still many of its acts are unconscious. The doctrine has been adopted by some who would rescue it from all alliance with Pantheism. The younger Fichte adopts it: but in tracing back this action he is obliged to give the soul some sort of existence *à priori* and eternal. The late Sir William Hamilton promulgated it in those lectures on metaphysics which have lately been published. It constitutes an essential part of the theory of Dr. Laycock. Dr. Carpenter has so far sanctioned it as to speak of an ‘unconscious cerebration,’ the result of mental action. There is a body of facts which may be urged in behalf of this view. There are great truths which these facts abundantly support. We shall endeavour first to explain briefly what we conceive to be true doctrine, and this will enable us to shake off certain extravagances which are running away at the present moment with some of our more advanced physiologists and psychologists.

(1.) We hold it to be certain that the soul from the very first is endowed with certain powers and tendencies. Even matter has such capacities, which lead to action and changes of state when the needful conditions are fulfilled. Thus every piece of matter attracts every other, and bodies have all a certain chemical affinity one towards another. The soul certainly has original properties, which come forth into action according to these laws. In all this, however, there is no action, but simply a capacity of action. At this point we have no unconscious action. Fichte seems to confound these *à priori* powers or regulative principles of the mind, of which we are certainly not conscious, with the actions that proceed from them, and of which we are conscious.

(2.) The mind, by action, is ever acquiring and laying up power, capacity, tendency. We have something analogous in physical nature. Advanced natural science tells us, that in the old geological ages, the plants, in drinking in the sunbeams, acquired a stock of power which went down with them into the earth as they sank in it, which abides in the coal which they helped to form, and is now ready to burst out into flame and heat in our fires, and to exhibit itself in mechanical power in our steam-engines. There seems to be a sort of analogous storing up of power as the result of mental action. In doing an act, we have acquired a greater capacity, along with a tendency to do it again. Thus it is that we are, all our lives long, and on every day of them, acquiring powers, tendencies, inclinations, habits, dispositions for good or for evil, which are to abide with us and influence us years hence or for ever. What is once done, and especially what is repeatedly done, leaves its trace on the

soul, and may burst out in deeds long, long after. This is certainly one of the elements which gives its awful powers to habit. It is one of the regulating principles in the reproduction of our mental states generally, and particularly in the association of ideas. Ideas which have been together simultaneously, or the one immediately after the other, have a power and a tendency to come up together, and this in proportion to the mental energy which has been expended in producing them, and under this to the frequency with which they have been together. But let it be carefully observed, that in all this we have not come in sight of unconscious mental action. The mental action was conscious at every stage, and we are responsible for it throughout. It is only of the power acquired that we are unconscious, and this only so long as it does not come forth into action. Those who were present at the Great Exhibition of 1851, can never witness the same scene again; they have laid up the power of recalling it; but when it is recalled it is in consciousness. Sir W. Hamilton, in arguing that mental reproduction implies unconscious action, seems to confound this unconscious, acquired power, with unconscious acts.

(3.) The mind may act on the body, or on the forces—mechanical, chemical, or vital—in the body. It is very probable, in particular, that psychical action in man and beast may have an effect on nervous action, and throw it upon the organism,—say on its form or shape. Materialistic physiologists represent high mental capacity, as resulting from a large or finely-constructed organism. The more probable theory is, that a high organism results from lofty mental capacity and activity. It is not the casket that forms the jewel, but it is the jewel that determines the size and shape of the casket. The high organism thus produced may, in man and in the lower animals, go down by the ordinary law of transmission from parent to offspring. It is thus that in certain of the West India Islands, we can tell by examining the size of the heads of a particular tribe of negroes, when their forefathers were transported from Africa. But let it be observed that in all this the mental action is conscious throughout. It is only the bodily effect of which we are unconscious.

We have not space to work out these truths to their consequences. They imply far-ranging results, mental and organic. But these are not the precise doctrines set forth by those whose opinions we are reviewing. Not satisfied with native powers, and acquired powers, and bodily effects, which are all unconscious, they insist that there is a mental activity of which we are not conscious. They are not agreed among themselves as to what the nature of this action is. According to Pantheists it is the Divine Idea working. Sir W. Hamilton supposes it to be action of the individual soul, but cannot allow that it is intelligent thought; for, according to him, "consciousness is the universal condition of intelligence." But, according to Fichte and Laycock, it is thought, and the highest kind of

thought,—it is the thought that constructs the bees' cells on mathematical principles, which bursts out in the highest products of genius,—artistic, literary, and philosophic, and gives birth even to inspiration. As to brute instinct, we shall have occasion to return to the subject. In regard to genius, we account for it on far different principles: we explain it by high native mental endowment, and by mental laws, often stimulated into high action by a peculiar nervous temperament. We really have no proof that prior to Rubens painting the "Descent from the Cross," at Antwerp, or Shakespeare writing Hamlet, there was unconscious mental action. There were lofty original gifts in both, and also a training, which left their effects; but when these came forth into action, we apprehend that painter and poet were quite conscious of them, though they might not have been able to give a metaphysical analysis of them.

As to the ordinary phenomena, which these men would explain by latent action, we account for them on much clearer and more certain principles. It seems to us that we are, at the time, momentarily conscious of all our mental actions, but that it has been mercifully provided that we do not remember them all, and are not capable, in ordinary circumstances, of recalling every one of them. Can the reader of this article tell what he was thinking at the same hour a year ago, or a month ago, or a week ago, or a day ago. Unless peculiar circumstances occurred at these times to fix his attention, he will find that he cannot. Yet he was no doubt conscious of what passed through his mind at the moment. How often does it happen, that we cannot tell what we were thinking of an hour before, or a minute before; though if we had been called specially to reflect on our thoughts, we should have found that we were conscious of them all the while. We walk home of an evening from a friend's house, in a *brown study*. In order to our reaching our dwelling, there must have been a number of mental acts involved, as we threaded our way along the possibly complicated road. Next morning we remember the topics gone over in the reverie, but have forgot the acts of will guiding the members of the body. But we venture to affirm, that at the time we were conscious of both; that we were conscious of the guiding volitions, and that we should have seen this, and acknowledged this, and remembered it, had there been any thing to call our attention to it. But as all was the result of long-acquired habit, and no interest or feeling gathered round it, it has passed into oblivion; whereas, there may have been something pleasing or exciting in the mental ideas, and some of them may yet rise up before the mind when we wish to recal them.

II. WHAT ARE THE CORRELATIONS OF MIND AND BODY? In regard to this subject we are in possession of curious facts upon which there has been reared an immense amount of rash speculation.

Fichte maintains that the soul possesses extension, and would in this way account for our necessary space perceptions. But it is surely just as supposable that the mind unextended in itself is so

constituted as to localise the bodily organs, and to know them as extended. We are glad to find Dr. Morell separating himself from Fichte on this point.

Physical science has of late years established the doctrine of the "Correlation of the Physical Forces," a doctrine which was beautifully stated and illustrated by Grove. We have a most interesting account of the latest discoveries on this subject by Dr. Laycock.

"Some of the experimental illustrations of the convertibility of forces into motion (and, consequently, of the indestructibility of force as to quantity,) which Liebig quotes, are very interesting and conclusive. 'It has been established experimentally, that 13,500 blows of a hammer weighing 10 pounds, falling on a bar of iron from the height of one foot, produce an amount of heat sufficient to raise one pound of water from the freezing point to that of ebullition. This fact may be represented in another way, by saying that 1350 cwt. of water falling from a height of one foot, will raise the temperature of one pound of water from freezing to the boiling point; or, in other words, that this amount of heat corresponds to a working-power capable of elevating 13½ cwt. to the height of one foot. It has been found that the same amount of electricity, which, when converted into heat by the resistance of the conductor, raises by one degree the temperature of one pound of water, generates a magnetic force capable of elevating a weight of 13½ cwt. to the height of one foot. Again, it has been proved by careful experiments, that the same amount of electricity will produce, by the decomposition of water, so much hydrogen as will, by its combustion, raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree. In vital processes the same law is manifested.' 'The force set free during the changes in the blood and tissues, upon which the fundamental phenomena of life depend, is convertible, not only into motion, but also into heat, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity.'"—Vol. i. pp. 227, 228.

Such discoveries have tempted Dr. Laycock to endeavour to trace a like correlation between the vital and the mental forces, and to leap to the conclusion that physical, vital, and mental action are modifications of one actively adapted force, and that the mind is to be studied by observing the brain and nervous system.

He complains keenly of the attempt to study the laws of mind by internal consciousness, and of the separation of psychology from physiology, and expects immediate and mighty results from the union of the two. Now, in regard to this, we maintain that the conscious mind must always be mainly studied by the consciousness which alone can look directly on its workings. By the senses and the sciences which use the information which they furnish, we can know what shapes are, and weights are, and forces are; but it is only by consciousness that we can know what sensations are, and perceptions are, and beliefs are, and judgments are, and necessary convictions are, and emotions are, and wishes are, and determinations are. All these can best be ascertained by the immediate introspection of the internal sense, always along with the products of mental action in the words and deeds of men. Again, we believe that most branches of physiology will be most effectually prosecuted by the majority of its votaries without their troubling themselves much with psychology. A man may look through a microscope very successfully, and watch the changes of tissues and nervous action, without being a profound metaphysician. In the hands of ordinary psychologists and

physiologists, the two may go on contemporaneously, and side by side, but independent of each other. Let such men as the late Sir W. Hamilton investigate the laws of mind, and such men as Bois de Raymond, Kölliker, and Carpenter, investigate the laws of the nervous system and brain, and both parties will be rewarded by a certain measure of success. At the same time we freely admit that much light will be thrown on both when the two sciences are ready to combine their scattered rays. From time to time there will arise a person fitted to engage in both branches of inquiry, and he too may be successful, provided he does not speculate beyond his facts. But before we can get anything like a full theory of the correlation of mind and body, there must be progress made in the study of each taken separately. It was only after a long course of investigation in regard to mechanical force, chemical force, and electric and magnetic and heat force, that they were shown to be correlated. Farther, those who would seek to combine them must know thoroughly the separate phenomena of mind and body, and the method of observation peculiar to each. Without this double capacity and attainment, great blunders will be committed. What ridiculous mistakes, for instance, did writers in the medical journals of London and Edinburgh fall into when they wrote about the Irish Revival of last summer? They ascribed it to hysteria, and found that they could not define hysteria, which is a vague word, embracing a variety of processes, all very complex. They talked about sympathy, but never tried to give an account of sympathy as a mental affection, or scientifically to trace its effects on the body. Not one of them showed that he had ever set himself to consider how mental feeling, how fear, sense of sin, peace, joy, work on the bodily organism. Such men would have been more appropriately employed in looking through their microscopes on objects really before them, than in speculating on matters which had not fallen under their notice, and in which deep religious feelings were working with pathological consequences. And now we are in danger of physiologists, eminent in their own department, endeavouring to explain the whole wondrous and varied phenomena of the mind by nervous action. Dr. Laycock tells us, that "mind and its laws can only be known through the phenomena of life and its laws," and that the "brain and nervous system are the proper subject-matter of a true science of mind." We maintain that a man might study the brain and nervous system for a lifetime, and never come near the leading phenomena of mind—say its mathematical or other necessary judgments, the perception of moral good, or the adoration of God.

We believe that every part of God's works in the knowable Cosmos is related to every other. This has been long known and acknowledged in regard to the bodies in the universe; atom is related to atom, planet to earth, and sun to sun. It is now shown, too, that forces have a relation to each other, which does not prove, however,

we beg to say, that these forces are identical. We regard it as certain that soul and body are nicely adapted to each other by Him who gave to each its powers and activities. We never could see the least plausibility in the doctrine of Descartes and Leibnitz, that they cannot act immediately on each other. But all this does not even tend to prove that mind and body, that mechanical, vital, and mental forces are one and the same. Let us remark how little we know of the vital forces,—say of life in the plant or in the animal. It is the very vagueness of our knowledge in regard to life, that has tempted so many German speculators to explain all things, including mind, by it. Yet to explain mind by life, is not to explain the *ignotum per ignotius*, but the *notum per ignotum*. For of mind we do know something; we know it immediately as doing such acts as thinking, feeling, approving, disapproving; and logic has discovered some of the laws of thought, ethics some of the laws of our moral nature, and metaphysics some of the laws of our intuitions. There is proof that mind and body are adapted to each other, but there is no proof that the mental force is correlated to the physical forces, as these last are to each other. It is quite true, that the power laid up in coal, when it is lost to the coal, goes out into mechanical steam, or some other force. But when the lion dies, will Dr. Laycock say that the soul of the animal is manifested in some other form, or in what form? Such a plain case as this, shows that there is a great hiatus in the extension of this theory beyond the departments in which it has been established by rigid induction. And then I never can believe that the burning zeal of the patriot, that the self-sacrifice of the hero or heroine in high or in humble life, that the determined fight against temptation and sin in the heart of the Christian, and the love of God which he cherishes, are correlated with heat or mechanical force as these are correlated with each other. Dr. Laycock, in asserting that they are, is overlooking and omitting the very peculiarities of the mental phenomena.

Dr. Laycock's book is full of intensely interesting facts, drawn from the latest discoveries in physical and physiological science. It may be read with profit by many who will not concur with all his speculations, or be able to see how his facts support his theory. It is characterised throughout by an elevated moral tone, and it is quite clear that he looks on all his hypotheses as quite consistent with a lofty spiritual Christianity. But his enunciation of laws is commonly of a most mystical character. He has got vague glimpses of real truth, but he has not properly caught it, nor formularised it, and he confounds a great diversity of things under certain very wide laws and high-sounding names. We see this very particularly exhibited in the explanation which he is giving of all things by Ideas, Cause, Final Cause, Life, and Force. He tells us, very properly, that the entire scheme or plan of the universe is "the Idea of the Designer," and then, "that in the grand scheme of creation, and in all its subordinate and infinitely varying details, the ideas themselves are the causal agents—i.e. the immediate antecedents of the phe-

nomena;" and then, "that mind is the final cause of those phenomena," and "the final cause of order in creation;" adding, "it may be the *Fate* of the Atheist, the God of the Theist, the Fetish of the savage—still the same great truth can be traced through all." "This is what is termed Mind. Mind is the 'universal element' in our cognition of both the physical and the vital forces, and consequently of all the known forces of creation;" and adds, "Mind is the First Cause;" "mind is the final cause of all phenomena, and therefore of the physical forces themselves; motion and order are thought in act;"—"the primary cause of all the phenomena of creation is the transference of force to ends." To explain this and everything else, he calls in "a law of design," an "adaptive power," "a great teleiotic principle," and tells us, that "all the vital processes of organisms, whether vegetative, instinctive, or mental, are necessarily prescient in their nature. The teleiotic idea of the future is well manifested in all stages of development, for organs are developed (as lungs in the mammalia) in anticipation of the needs of the organism;" and then, rising from life to soul, he thus explains the love of the sexes:—"the second desire is that to continue the species in time and space,—a desire to correlate the unity of Life and Organisation in time and space." To account for the love of heaven, he enounces such laws as that, "unity and perfection correlate each other."*

Such wide but indefinite expressions as these may mean something, anything, or nothing. There was undoubtedly an idea or plan of the world in the Divine Mind, but this cannot with propriety be described as a cause of all phenomena. Surely, Dr. Laycock would not represent the plan which the architect has of a building, as the cause of its actual erection. It is the forth-putting of the Divine Power according to the Idea which is, properly speaking, the First Cause. In the execution of this work, the Divine Being uses instruments, or physical causes; it is the proper business of the ordinary physical inquirer to discover what these are by a process of induction. In these vague statements, there is a confounding of the first and final cause, and a confounding of the physical and final cause, which have been carefully distinguished by Aristotle, by Bacon, and by all accurate thinkers. The Divine Being has so correlated the physical agents that they work together to produce an End, or Final Cause. This End, or Final Cause, can often be discovered, and the evident correlation of the agents producing it, is a proof of the existence of a pre-arranging, designing mind. In vegetable and animal physiology, the discovery of the Final Cause is one of the objects aimed at, and when discovered, it helps to further the general study of the organism. But the idea of this end, and the nice adaptation of the forces, mechanical, chemical, and vital, to produce them, is not—as the Pantheists, followed by Dr.

* See vol. i., pp. 273; 212, 213; 222-226; and 272. Vol. ii., pp. 201; 36; 121; 132.

Laycock, maintain—in the forces themselves, but in the Divine Mind. Dr. Laycock speaks of all these—Force, Life, Design, Final Cause—as being mental. But in what mind, we ask? Those from whom he has borrowed this sort of view and representation, could give, if not a correct, yet an intelligible answer:—being Pantheists, they said “in the Divine Mind,” identified by them with the mechanical, chemical, vital, and mental powers, which they supposed to be capable of having a final cause, first unconsciously, and then consciously. But Dr. Laycock, who is no Pantheist, can give no satisfactory reply; and as he attempts to give one, loses himself in vague expressions about design being in the force, and mind being in the force, and life being identical with mind.

In consequence of this mystic confusion, he imagines that he explains many things which he does not explain. He imagines that he has explained Instinct:—“Instinct, in the largest meaning of the term, must be taken as the energizing of the vital forces to ends (vol. ii. p. 40). Hence (?) wool, hair, feathers, down, &c. are developed variously, in various animals, or fat is deposited immediately beneath the derma on the approach of winter. In the hibernating animals, the instinct to provide against cold is developed presciently, and winter dwellings are constructed.” Now, we reckon it the office of Dr. Laycock, as a professed physiologist, to detect the particular physical causes by which wool, feather, down, are produced. To refer it to a vague adaptive or prescient force, is to fall into the error which Bacon denounced, when he told physical inquirers that they must not be satisfied with showing that the final cause of the eyebrows was to keep the perspiration from falling down on the eyes, but they must seek to determine the efficient causes of the production of the hairs constituting the eyebrows. Dr. Laycock, too, so far as he affects to be a psychologist, should try to discover what is the exact mental state of the animal, when it proceeds to provide a dwelling against cold, of which it cannot know that it is to come months after. If he had done either of these, he would have found what were the agencies employed by the Divine Mind to accomplish its purposes, and would have exposed to our view that fitness of independent things which argues a Designer. But having never attempted either of these, he has, in fact, explained nothing, but has deluded himself with some sort of loose appeal to a teleiotic idea in the forces, and has missed the evidence thereby furnished of design in the Creator.

The closing Part, on Mental Organology, treats of the subjects which fall more especially under the immediate care of the physiologist. He has given us a series of important facts, but they do not bear out the wide generalizations of the previous Parts. He has given us the latest discoveries of physiology as to nervous action, and the organs at the base of the brain. We must here, however, give it as our opinion that these generalizations of physiologists about *reflex* action, must undergo a revision, which may end in a more accurate statement of the law. The observations of the Polish

physiologist Owsjannikow and others show that many of these so-called *reflex* actions are truly direct, being conducted by a series of nervous filaments running in different directions, and that the term *dianstaltic*, proposed by Dr. Marshall Hall, would be the more accurate. Dr. Laycock thinks that the *medulla oblongata* is the centre of co-ordinated sensations, or at least the seat of the corporeal feeling of pleasure or pain. When Dr. Laycock comes to the cerebrum proper, he is able to throw no new light on its functions; and, in comparison with his previous grand theories, his statements read tame and meagre. All that seems known of the brain is, that the grey matter is more immediately connected with intellectual action, while the white matter seems to be transmissive in its function. He comes to a lame and impotent enough conclusion, when, as the issue of his whole elaborate processes, he lands himself in the old phrenological systems of Gall and Spurzheim, which indeed made a noise thirty years ago, when he began his researches, but will not be accepted as an explanation of the full facts of our nature by any later physiologist or psychologist.

V.

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS.

"He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief,
Perhaps, to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy;
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all."

COWPER'S *Task*.

THAT which railroads and steamboats have effected for our bodies, the penny-post has achieved for our minds. It has given thought an impetus our ancestors never dreamt of; hopes, wishes, ideas, become winged messengers, and speed on their several missions like carrier-pigeons. It has done something towards annihilating space and time, and facilitated a stream of sweet communion between those who, a little while back, were too poor and too far apart to have more than a few interchanges of thought in the year.

In the days of Erasmus, we are told, "various circumstances contributed to render epistolary intercourse a favourite practice with

scholars. Destitute of those helps which a ready access to books now affords, they were anxious to observe the progress of each other, and eager to profit by the attainments of the most successful; yet, while the expense, the difficulty, and even insecurity of passing from one country to another rendered their personal intercourse very unfrequent, almost their only means of communication was by letter. But, from the want of posts, this mode of intercourse was very uncertain; and if they missed the opportunity of occasional couriers, they could transmit their letters only by the expensive conveyance of special messengers. Hence they were anxious to crowd into a single letter a multiplicity of observations, to draw forth by their questions a variety of information, and to introduce such specimens of their own ingenuity and erudition as might excite the admiration of their correspondents. Sometimes a letter contained the discussion of a whole controversy.*

Somewhat different from such epistles are the notes and letters that fly from hand to hand through the penny post. We should look rather blank at the receipt of a packet which, from its weight and bulk, appeared likely to contain a whole controversy—unless through the book post, which authors and editors find so cheap and convenient. We have, in fact, exchanged discourses for dialogues: the answers to our inquiries are so easily received that we sum up what we have to ask, and tell it in as few words as possible. As in all great changes, something has been lost as well as gained. We think less before we write than when thoughts were exchanged less easily. Practice gives readiness; what we have learnt to do without trouble, we gradually do without thinking, and perhaps finish by doing negligently. We multiply our engagements, and then perform them in a slovenly manner. How often does a letter fulfil the promise to the eye, and break it to the heart! The writer unconcernedly reflected that it would only cost a penny; but that was a mistake—it has cost pain; it has left an opportunity unimproved, and a void unsupplied.

One of the earliest letters on record is that of a woman: it was short, distinct, and very much to the purpose; but be not elated, ladies!—it was written by Queen Jezebel. Other and better queens have written well; that is a fine spirited letter which Jeanne d'Albret wrote to Cardinal d'Armagnac. Queen Elizabeth was heavy at the pen; Henrietta Maria spelt badly; Mary of Modena, without being witty or well-informed, knew how to express resignation and tenderness. Some of Pliny's letters are delightful; so are some of Sir Thomas More's. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's have a wit and sense peculiar to themselves; the same may be said of those of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, notwithstanding their flippancy and pedantry. Mrs. Delany chronicled the doings of royalty like a loyal old lady. Hannah More, whether gay or grave, was sure to be sparkling or sensible. Fanny Burney's narrative-letters in the hey-day of young

* Jortin.

spirits, were more charming than any of her novels. Miss Edgeworth is said to have been a voluminous letter-writer, but her letters do not find their way into print,—they were *really* “for the post, and not for the press.” Perhaps there are few published letters which one would have received with more pleasure than those of Sir Walter Scott to Joanna Baillie. They are sound, wholesome, and cordial; he turns up fresh mould for her, and if he comes to a coin or a flower-root, she is equally welcome to it. Laboured letters are terrible; no one wants to receive a theme; but a desire to improve the passing moment may be combined with an unaffected desire to amuse. It is something to call forth a gay, unbidden laugh in some dull, lonely home, where cheerfulness from without seldom comes: it is yet more to speak some word in season that shall be recurred to with reviving trust in some sad, silent watch of the night. Do not let your pen be the quill of a goose.

Jane Taylor, with her usual neatness, touches upon the grand pitfall of correspondents—egotism.

“Whene’er from home Matilda has to go,
With the same theme her letters overflow;
Sheet after sheet in rapid course she sends,
Brimful and crossed, and written at both ends,
About her journey, visits, feelings, friends;
Still, still the same;—or, if her friend had cast,
Down in a modest postscript in her last,
Some line, which to transactions may refer
Of vital consequence, perhaps, to her—
Matilda, in reply, just scrawls, you know,
Along that slip on which the seal must go,
‘I’m glad, or grieved, to hear of so-and-so.’”*

Consolatory letters are the most difficult to write; because all consolation is valueless which we have not tested ourselves. Pliny says pathetically of a friend he had lost, —“Tell me not that he was old, that he was infirm, that we all must die— all this I know, and have been told already! Send me some new and unexpected sources of consolation.” How new and unexpected they would have proved had his correspondent been a Christian!

Style is the voice in which thought speaks; and what we conceive clearly, we may always plainly express. “Persons who do not feel what they write,” said Miss Edgeworth, “always pitch their expressions too high or too low.” Where there is a real obligation to write, “I have nothing to say,” is a poor excuse. Let us take trouble to think and to feel that our friend is subject to like affections and interests with ourselves, and we shall find some object of sympathy that will cost us less effort to discuss than is uncomplainingly made during the formalities of a morning visit.

We will now proceed from saws to instances; including some that now appear in print for the first time. We will begin, however,

* *Waverley* in *Edgeworth*.

with a charming sketch of a Roman girl of fourteen, given in a letter from Pliny to Marcellinus :—

“ I write this to you under the utmost oppression of sorrow. The youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead ! Never, surely, was there a more agreeable, more amiable young creature, or one who better deserved to enjoy a long, I had almost said an immortal life ! She was scarcely fourteen, and yet had all the wisdom and discretion of a matron, combined with youthful sweetness and virgin modesty. With what engaging fondness did she behave to her father ! how kindly and respectfully receive his friends ! how affectionately treat all those who, in their respective offices, had the care of her education ! She employed much of her time in reading, in which she discovered great strength of judgment : she indulged herself in few diversions, and those with much caution. With what forbearance, with what patience did she endure her last illness ! She complied with all the directions of the physicians, she cheered her father and sister, and when her bodily strength was quite exhausted, still supported herself by the vigour of her mind. That, indeed, continued to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness or by the terrors of approaching death : and the reflection makes her loss so much the more to be lamented. A loss infinitely severe ! and more so from the particular conjuncture at which it happened. She was contracted to a most amiable young man ; the wedding-day was fixed, and we were all invited. How sad a change, from the highest joy to the deepest sorrow ! I cannot express what I felt when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out circumstances to aggravate its melancholy) ordering the money he had designed to lay out upon clothes and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and spices for her funeral ! He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from youth to the most elevating studies ; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or himself propounded, he now absolutely rejects ; and every other virtue in his heart gives place to parental tenderness. You will excuse and even approve of his sorrow, when you consider what he has lost : a daughter who resembled him in mind and in person, and exactly copied out all her father. If you shall think proper to write to him, let me suggest your not using the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathising humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason ; for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of a surgeon, but by degrees submits to and even requires the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impression of misfortune shuns and rejects the arguments of consolation, but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewell ! ”

Again we say—Had his correspondent but been a Christian ! How, then, do Christians write ?

Well, here is the letter of one Christian friend to another, on suddenly receiving the news of the impending death of the latter from a cruel disease. It may comfort some one in like case.

"My dear friend,—Your letter has deeply affected me. I was very pleased on seeing your handwriting on the address, but was not in any degree prepared for the intelligence it contained. And yet, my very dear friend, why, in a world like this, and with only the common tenure of life for us, should we speak or think of a special preparation as something necessary to prevent our feeling too much on such occasions? I ask this question, and yet, all the time, am confessing in my innermost soul that we do need the very highest of all kinds of preparation, to put our will in perfect harmony with the Divine will, where death is concerned.

"And, be assured, there is a wonderful mercy in all this. To part with a friend, to depart ourselves, is a trial of the most solemn character, as a matter of feeling; because it is, in the reality of its consequences, of nothing less than infinite importance. Our feelings set us upon the right track; our low, dull sense of duty would not. It is so ordained that we should be put in the right mood by our *affections* or our *fears*, an opening being thus made for exercises of thought, which had otherwise never been awakened. I am constrained to write in haste, and am not, perhaps, intelligible; but the preparatory strengthening of the heart against any trial is not for the sake of the moment, but for the ends of the future. Hence, it is good to be prepared for painful news; it is wholesome to live in the habit of preparation; *not*, that is, to be hardened against the sudden pain merely, but that, being thus disciplined, we shall overcome the incomparably greater ill to which the sorrow is introductory.

"Your own letter contains abundant topics of comfort. It is inconsistent with right views, either of God or ourselves, or of life, to let go the two threads of existence which bind us to earth and heaven. The one which holds us to the former, however, draws us more firmly than that which is fastened to the golden throne! But no consideration can be half so powerful, in the way of practical support, as *a sense of the love of God growing in the heart*. And to this we may confidently look, from the first day of penitence and belief. God would never have given me either repentance or faith, but to reconcile me to himself, and so to save and glorify me. And salvation and glory are two words comprehensive of all possible kinds of good. The one shows me all that I can now delight in,—all that I can, according to my proper nature, love or rejoice in,—delivered and preserved; the other shows me, in the radiance of an indefinite but most glorious idea, what God intends to do for me above and beyond what my present capacity renders possible.

"Let us, my dear friend, exercise ourselves in direct appeals to, and converse with God, through the blessed Jesus, and by the Holy Ghost. His word has a living, wonderful force in it, to help us in

this matter; and as we gain strength and confidence by these means, we shall, I humbly hope, overcome the natural apprehension of those circumstances which may possibly attend the putting off the outward framework. The Father of Mercies will not let us be tried above that we are able to bear. He will *never* leave us nor forsake us! His grace is sufficient, and His strength is made perfect in weakness. In many cases, the light really grows stronger and stronger towards the close, and there is an intense *desire* to depart. I will come to you on Monday."

How much Pliny would have found herein, that was *new*, to console!

By way of relief, here is the joyous welcome of a young Swiss bride-elect to her far-off school-friend:—

"My dear, dear Helen!—You will have thought, either that I have not received your dear letter, or that your coming is a matter of indifference to me! O my good, dear Helen! Could I but tell you how delighted I am that you have accepted my invitation! The reason for my leaving you so long without an answer was, that I wished to tell you for what day our wedding was fixed. In the second place, I am, as you may imagine, so overwhelmingly busy just now, that I am obliged to earn, as it were, every leisure moment that I want.

"But now I will see whether I cannot give you a tolerable answer to your dear letter. In the first place, let me tell you what is to be the, to me, so happy but serious and important day: We are to be married on the 24th.

"Ah! my good, dear Helen! Sometimes I tremble at the thought of it. When I remember how important is the step I am about to take; when I recollect what, according to the Word of God, I ought to be to my Hermann, and feel how weak I am, then I sometimes am dismayed. But the Lord, who sent this beloved one to me, will give me strength to be to him what I should.

"But now, listen! Our wedding, then, is fixed for the 24th. You will, therefore, be in G—— on the 22nd, whither my Hermann and I will come to meet you. It would be delightful if Josephine could arrange to get there at the same time. We should be awaiting you at the station, with the most impatient longing. O, for that hour of meeting!—of embracing! How happy, thrice happy, shall I then be!

"Now, I will see whether I can answer your questions. You ask, in the first place, whether it will be as agreeable to my Hermann as to me, to have you at our wedding. My dear, he is indescribably pleased at the prospect of making your acquaintance. What pleases me, pleases him also, and when I am happy he is so too. I speak frankly and sincerely, my heart.

"If I did not know that you would willingly put up with our simple German ways,—for such they are, compared with those of your

country,—Hermann and I should, indeed, look forward to your visit with less pleasure; for, as you will easily imagine, much will at first be wanting. But, my dear, you will manage to put up with it, will you not? You will help me to keep house, and will set in order what fails. You must make me a long, long visit; at least to the end of June. Then we will make a tour together, and visit Frankfurt, Coblenz, &c. Will not that be delightful? Hermann's health is now, thank God, better. As for me, I am just the same as ever. The roses have lost their colour a little, perhaps, but by no means entirely. I do not wear my hair as I formerly did. Mina is delighted at the thought of seeing you again. She is now almost as tall as I am.

"You may either wear a white or a black dress, as you please, with white gloves, and a few flowers in your hair, which I will weave in for you. I shall attire myself very simply on that day, for I look upon it as one of too much importance to be taken up with thoughts of vain things. My dress will be black silk—quite simple, but pretty: white sleeves, white gloves, white wreath, and white veil. What say you? Will the bride please the bridegroom? I fancy so. But it is not the exterior that attracts us two—no; it is the hearts, that are full of warm mutual love.

"Now I will let you know what sort of a home I am to have. Outside, it looks like a stately mansion; but it is not very stately within. It will be simply, but neatly and prettily fitted up. We have bought everything plain, but good. You must help me, dear Helen, in arranging everything. Oh! I can sometimes scarcely believe that I am so soon to enter this period of my life. My dearest Helen, I trust you often remember me before the Lord in your prayers at this important time. Greet your dear parents right cordially from me, and thank them very much for allowing you to come to my wedding. Tell them we rejoice at it. I shall do my best to send you back to them healthy and blooming. And now let me beg you to soon send me a decisive answer when to expect you, that is, if it be the Lord's will. But I dare not even think of your sending me a refusal!"

The genuine ring of girlish love and joy in this letter will commend itself to all kindly readers. But there is something more in it. First, how simply and reverently the writer refers everything to the Lord;—next, though it all bears on her own happy prospects, how unselfish they are, and how little they have to do with the pomps and vanities of this really *wicked* world. Yes, wicked. The cry of the day is—"Young people of education really *cannot* now marry on three hundred a-year." We have heard it seriously said within this week. Then, how many may consider the matter hopeless! This state of things is one of the signs of corruption which always foretold the decay of a great empire. Beware then, oh! fathers and mothers, young men and young maidens, how you show yourselves bad citizens of your good country by contributing to its decay.

Every step we take in life has its influence, for good or for evil. Every yielding to, or exaggeration of, the pernicious customs of the world is a step *on the wrong extremity of the plank over the precipice that will help to send it down into the abyss*. Every firm persistence in what is simple and unselfish, without minding the world's dread laugh, is a step on the right extremity of the plank that will help to preserve its balance on *terra firma*. Be warned, then, in time. A wedding has recently taken place in a very small country town, *not* among the titled aristocracy,—scarcely in a class above that of Linda and her Hermann, in which the bride was attended by eight bridesmaids, four in double skirts and veils of gold tissue, with crimson and gold wreaths, and four in double skirts and veils of silver tissue, with wreaths of blue and silver! Think of the effect on neighbours, on the tradespeople, and on the cottagers and school-children! “Really,” said an admiring lady bystander, “they want nothing but wings to be angels!” We think they wanted a good deal besides wings to be angels. “Not that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel,” but “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price: for after this manner, in the old time, holy women who trusted in God adorned themselves.” Yes—we are writing, at this minute, on the joint anniversary of the golden wedding of our grandfather and grandmother, and the silver wedding of our father and mother. They are now all in their graves: they were in better circumstances than their descendants are: they lived hospitably, liberally, but plainly: they paid their way: they were on terms of friendly equality with some much higher in rank and wealth than themselves: they would never have been what they were, never have done the good they unostentatiously did, never have left their families the honest fruits of their industry and economy, never lived respected and died regretted, had they followed the present course of this decorous, rotten-hearted world, and run into the same excess of riot. How was our grandmother married? She was the daughter of a Wiltshire country gentleman, we warrant you, who drove his coach-and-four; and we have heard her say with a smile to our grandfather (one of the handsomest men of his time, and of the sweetest disposition!) “My dear! I refused, for you, a coach-and-four!”—to which he quietly replied, “My love, you did.” *That* was not done in the spirit of this present time! No, no; young ladies who walk in gold and silver, require a coach-and-six: the good, noble-hearted husband may be done without.

We can tell you how this charming grandfather and grandmother were dressed, on that far-off wedding-day, May 15, 1782: more by token, we had, within these ten years, his wedding-coat in charge, in a certain trunk. It was of the finest French-grey, almost pale-blue, cloth; and our grandmother's wedding-dress was a habit made off the same piece—a quaint, fanciful, touching old fashion. We have heard him say that in those days he could span her waist with his two hands. As for his wedding-waistcoat, it was of white satin,

embroidered with rose buds and heart's-eases. Lace ruffles, of course; knee and shoe buckles. Yes, he must have looked pre-eminently the gentleman, that day, as he ever did; but, as Linda says in her letter, it was not the exterior that attracted those two—no, it was the hearts, full of warm mutual love.

And the love did not wear out. It lasted as well as that French-grey cloth, that survived his death. It lives still, be assured, and will live for ever.

Oh, you beloved old man! Do we need proof of it? Let this letter we have just sought out and found, written when you were past eighty, and she was dead, speak for itself.

“My dear ——,—I need not ask you if you ever think of your late dear grandmother, because I am sure you do. She was very fond of you, and unboundedly so of me. She is never out of my thoughts! Whatever I am doing, saying, or thinking, she is ever uppermost in my mind, and my hourly monitor.

“‘Love at first sight’ is a common saying. It certainly *was* so with me, and I can truly say what I often told her—that my love for her increased with the increasing years of our living together!

“Within the last hour, I have had the relief of a hearty cry, not from any particular cause; and it is a further relief to me to unburthen my grief to you in this way, which, from the affection I know you have for me, you will at once excuse.

“It is impossible that any one can be more attentive to make me happy and comfortable than your aunt Catherine, and she succeeds in her anxious endeavours to do so. I am quite aware of the blessings I have enjoyed for a period much beyond what falls to the lot of most men; and I am quite thankful for what I have received, and am resigned to the separation that has taken place.

“With my warmest wishes for the happiness of yourself and your parents, your brothers and sisters, I remain your affectionate grandfather.”

Our grandmother had been dead more than two years. He had two much-loved daughters then living, but there was a kind of confidential affection between us that to the present writer was inexpressibly winning. We were very much favoured in our grandfathers! Our other grandfather was an equally good and delightful man. He was an Arian minister, and could not see his way clearly with regard to the doctrine of the Trinity; but the love and life of Christ were conspicuously in him, although he saw through a glass darkly. Here is a letter of his to a Unitarian friend who had sent him a book or pamphlet of his own writing. The letter is interesting and curious, and shows the writer to have been many degrees above a Unitarian:—

“May, 1824.—My dear Sir,—I regretted not having the pleasure of seeing you on your return from Cornwall, as your company

always gives me pleasure. . . . I have read your 'Letters' with great attention; but Dr. Priestley says converts are seldom made after the age of forty, and I am near seventy; therefore you will not impute it to want of strength in your arguments, but to the obtuseness of my faculties, that I am not a Humanitarian. . . . The pre-existence is a doctrine I find so rooted in my mind by what I consider the plain language of Scripture, that I cannot consent to part with it.

"Very many of my friends have adopted your view of the subject, from an idea that the doctrine of the simple humanity of Christ relieves Christianity from many of those difficulties which attend the scheme I have adopted. But in my mind it involves Revelation in greater perplexity. According to my view of the subject, those texts of Scripture which *seemingly* teach the pre-existence, teach it *in reality*; that the spirit and the letter are not at such variance, as you and some others think; and that, *without a figure*, Christ came from the Father into the world, as well as went to the Father when he left the world. Such are my views of the subject; not hastily adopted, but on grounds in which I proceeded with deliberation and care.

"What has appeared to me the strongest argument for the simple humanity is the efficacy of his example. But you will bear with me while I state, that many things may be proper subjects of imitation which we can never hope to emulate; and that excellence is more likely to be attained by copying a perfect model to the best of our abilities, than by contenting ourselves with equalling what is on our own level.

"It has been said that the exercise of virtue in Christ was *easy*, on the supposition of his exalted nature. But many parts of our Saviour's life were so far from being more easy to him, that, in fact, they were more difficult. We know from experience that humiliation and contempt, indignities and bodily pain, are less tolerable in proportion to the refinement and dignity of the sufferer; and hence it is reasonable to suppose they would be still more grievous to a spirit of finer feelings and more exalted dignity.

"Christ is not held out to us as an object of competition; it is not required that a disciple should rival his Lord. As we are to be followers of God, as dear children, so we are to be followers of Christ, as humble and teachable disciples.

"But whilst we believe in the Divine mission of Our Saviour, it has always appeared to me of minor importance at what period he began to exist; and I hope to cherish for every honest inquirer after truth the sincerest good-will. I remember John Wesley says, in his sermon on Grace, 'How far is love, with many wrong opinions, to be preferred to truth itself, without love! We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried to Abraham's bosom.'"

The following contains a summary of the alarms and preventive

measures of a good old gentleman, in immediate dread of Napoleon Buonaparte's invasion in 1803. It is headed "Private:"—

"My dear Friend,—Ponder, and regard the contents of this paper, which are to meet no eye but your own! They are detached and observative, but all centre in one point.

"In case of a *successful* invasion (from which God defend the nation!) no individual or family can depend on anything being spared to them, but small beer and potatoes (if even those,) and the meanest apparel. The meanest apparel, therefore, may be invaluable to retain.

"The cheapest possible means of preserving life, I think to be Pollard mixed with water. A raw onion (to those who can eat it) is said to be a powerful relief to mitigate hunger.

"Peas-haulms ought to be carefully preserved,—many may have no other sleeping bed; or covering, but the meanest blanket in the house. All the *straw* may be taken for litter for the horses.

"It should be recommended to persons of every age and description to *conceal nothing*.

"On the first notice of an invading fleet having put to sea, all the horses and carriages in and near London that can be spared from regular services should be kept under registration, to convey females and children out of the capital to the interior of the kingdom, within a certain limited distance, to be prescribed by Government, after the manner of the present stage coaches. These might, by speedily returning, take off many, and thereby greatly relieve the capital.

"Unnecessary horses were better to remain out a distance from London, at a time when the enemy is approaching. And all servants, of either sex, that could be spared, should be devoted to some purposes of general utility; the females to minister to the sick, wounded, and distressed; the males for whatever other purposes the various exigencies of the times may require. Some proclamation may be necessary from the King, to explain and ascertain all these points, and to invest certain magistrates in every district with power to enforce their obedience.

"Notwithstanding what I have written, believe me, I am not despondent; but would be wise in time! In an hour of tranquillity meditate on what may be needed, and on all that may be left to us in an hour of distress, and devise to secure even the meanest articles of relief."

Poor old gentleman! Such were the cogitations that were raptly to be revolved in his mind, when, the cloth withdrawn, the two glasses of excellent sherry or Madeira leisurely swallowed, his blooming daughters retired to leave him, as they believed, to the enjoyment of a comfortable nap!

The concluding axiom of the venerable writer is noteworthy, as having the tone of the true Briton in it. "Any bed will be soft enough, after the degradation of our country! should that, indeed, be permitted to befall us; and no bed can be too mean for comfort,

if we lie down on it with humble hope of 'that city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.'"

It is not quite certain we can afford to laugh at these unreal fears; although, in that instance, they proved without foundation. At any rate, the critical times in which we live may enable us yet to read with some interest the following note, written in a less disturbed, but not unanxious mood. They recal the false alarm so vividly portrayed in the last volume of "The Antiquary."

"As some part of these dominions may possibly be for a time subjected to calamities which may make it prudent and even necessary to put some of my former observations into practice, though we trust the event will turn out to the glory of the Almighty, it is not deserting but strengthening the interests we are engaged to defend, to devise, and confidently to impart to those for whose welfare we are mainly concerned, counsels accommodated to whatever temporary trials may overtake us.

"You have a mind superior to unmanly fears, and, at the same time, awake to circumstances that require forecast. Every mind is now so employed. The communication of their mutual ideas may have its uses. At a memorable period of my personal history, when the world wore as gloomy an aspect as now, and when I contemplated retiring to Penzance and settling there, as one of the cheapest situations in the kingdom (you and your family being then at Salisbury,) I passed four weeks (and called them my Penzance month) in the old Bread-street-hill house, without any society, and in the uniform practice of the most rigid economy, to try beforehand how I could bear the contemplated humiliation; and this with such success that I reasoned with myself, 'If thus for one month, why not for twelve? and if for one year, why not for the remainder of life?' The necessity of it was averted; but it was satisfactory to have made the trial; and the like reflection may be my renewed happiness, by brighter views succeeding to our present gloomy political prospects. The little all in my power is offered—I have nothing more to sacrifice."

He had contributed largely to the Patriotic Fund for the defence of the country; his correspondent was an officer in the volunteer corps.

In turning over our memorabilia, we next come to a letter of Southey's, dated "Keswick, Oct. 24th, 1835." He speaks of having received one of his own books at breakfast-time, and says,—“The greatest pleasure I have, as an author, is in looking through one of my own volumes as I cut the leaves, when I see it for the first time complete. . . . Nothing can be more beautifully engraved than the prints. But the year and Cowper's age should have been given under the portrait, and I wish the autograph had been a better one! A signature is generally the fittest specimen that can be chosen; but the close of a letter is often scrawled, and with a worn pen. . . .

The foreign letter which you sent me is from Sir Egerton Brydges ; and its whole contents are about Cowper and his connexions. Much of this he had written to me before, and I had made use of it ; but, at his age, seventy-three, and in his state of body and mind, no wonder that in such things his memory fails. . . . Poor man ! he signs himself ‘ Chandos and Sudeley.’”

Southey’s own signature well deserves the praise he bestows on signatures in general ; and a fanciful analogy may be traced between his character and the firm, clear, upright character of his writing, easy to be read of all men.

We have only space to include a few gems by Mary Russell Mitford :—

“Your letter came into my room to-day like a May sunbeam, and is now lying, fitly placed, between a jar of honeysuckle and another of violets. You will like to know that, with the help of my maid to dip the pen in the ink, I can write so far as to send a word of gratitude to the many who are kind. In other respects I am much the same—perhaps a little weaker ; so greatly have these east winds been against me. But my medical friends hold out some hope of improvement, should we have warmer weather.”

This was written at Swallowfield, in the May of 1854. A few days later,—“I cannot thank you enough for your letter and book. You could not have sent them to any one who will prize them more. In a weakness and helplessness so complete and so painful (for even in writing, a servant is obliged to dip my pen in the ink,) it is an unspeakable blessing that I can still enjoy the never-cloying pleasure of reading. I think, indeed, that I have even a livelier feeling of gratification from the beautiful and the true—and the sort of personal acquaintance with the writer that letters give, quickens the enjoyment of a favourite volume. I have not yet finished yours, which is all the better—but, as I seldom get any sleep until after breakfast, when I doze for an hour or two, I am pretty sure to do so to-night. And what a debt it is, for one who cannot move the very least in the world, for those long, weary, solitary hours, to have them charmed into pleasantness, not by the excitement of what is called powerful writing, but by the true and enduring magic of natural and unexaggerated feeling!” “My pleasure,” she says in another letter, “has always been in reading, rather than in writing. I doubt whether, after some early poems which I am certainly not going to read to public attention, I should ever have written another word, but for the necessity of trying to earn money for my dear father and mother. I write with great slowness and labour; and that very tale of ‘Atherton,’ received so kindly, and composed under so much bodily suffering, was written three times over from the first page to the last.”

In her next she says,—“I have been fluctuating between better

and worse, and hang by as loose a thread to life as one of these late November leaves. May He grant me an entire reliance on His mercy! My trust is altogether in Christ. But my hope is humble and lowly. I read the Gospels, and am now going through them for the fifth time during the last few months. *There* is the best comfort—without commentaries—the plain writings of the Evangelists, who saw and recorded their Divine mission.

“My spaniel Fanchon is so fat that her delicate feet will hardly carry her round body—and she can hardly play with a lovely little girl, not quite two years old, belonging to my faithful servant, who takes all possible pains to make her still more inactive, by sharing with her every morsel of food that she takes herself.

“I have a slight change of posture, sometimes, by being propped up on air-cushions; and I am sometimes wheeled from the fireside to the window. About a month ago, a redbreast came to that window, and tapped. Of course, we answered the appeal by a little tray outside the window, and keeping it well supplied with bread and crumbs; now, he not only comes himself, but has introduced his kinsfolk and friends. Think, what a pleasure!”

Many have known this meek, enduring woman as a gifted writer; few have known her as a humble, persevering Christian. Another extract or two, then, may be given. She was close upon her death, yet knew it not: but, to use a homely, not irreverent simile, she was like a traveller, with luggage packed and on the platform, waiting for the next train, and ready, any moment, to hear the whistle.

“Every night, beloved friend, I pray for those I love; you amongst the number—and my prayer is for alleviation and strength to bear. Think, too, of me, and pray that my repentance may be deepened, and my faith strengthened and quickened, and that He may grant me His Holy Spirit. These are our Christmas wishes and prayers.”

Her next, which was also her last, included a little autobiography, full of playfulness and pathos, and in writing that almost required a microscope to read. A few days afterwards her Heavenly Father whispered—“Peace!—be still,”—and she slept in Jesus.

A. M.

VI.

MODERN BIBLE PICTURES:—No. I.

IN the midst of a stirring and noisy age, *who* does not recall wistfully, as if it were lost, something peculiar about the consecration of the Sabbath of English childhood thirty years ago? The past is seldom without some charm indeed, lent by distance; and children are still near as ever, doubtless, to those closed gates of Eden, which throw shadows along with the lights from within: so that our impressions of the change in such a period may be vastly greater than could really happen. Let us with confidence assume that there is an essence of truth, all the more diffused about the form; which now secures every intrinsic feature of the privilege, as each generation gains by it, on conditions that deepen, widen, and settle, beyond the power of change. If the revolutions of these years were to be ten times stormier in those to come, and if the reform, the march of intellect, the social progress, the material improvements, were quickened at a rate far greater, let us trust that all of it would now do what the past has done in that respect; namely, bring home but the nearer, to busy English hands and hearts, this joyful appreciation of rest from the work-day world, with refreshment from the upper world—where work is rest, where rest is work. Of yore discovered for them by their own strong-handed forefathers, the Puritans, it is even now an institution too congenial with British necessities and British habits for any imported fashion or new development to alter it practically. And if in some vital points it be found to differ from its Puritan character, yet these may not altogether tend to a meaner issue.

Looking back no further than thirty years ago, we can find in some places what the Puritans had left us,—without much of its old vitality, without any of the new. Whether or not the original Hebrew legislature had considered the requirements of the rising generation, or provided for infantile occupation, by any minor by-laws beneath that code from which the Puritans drew theirs, at all events it seems plain that they themselves were too strong a race—too devoutly impressed and sternly elevated—to allow for weaknesses which they never felt except to discipline them. It was not asceticism so much, nor unkindness, as an excess of robust vigour, equally in their self-control with their action, that had characterised that religious household economy by severe paternal rule. They had not qualified it by concessions to the natural man, to the world and the flesh, much less to the supposed wiles, lures, and temptations of the spiritual enemy, or even to the feeble capacities of women, and the toy-seeking instincts of children. An assumption appears to have prevailed throughout their domestic polity, that it was still the pre-lapsarian state of probation, with a wiser Adam at the head of things, an Eve

more strictly watched by his side; and under their just vigilance were both Cain and Abel, on a somewhat better mode of training, to make their chance fairer for future life than before. If the fatal tree was there yet, its baneful kind of branches were lopped off, ere they could so much as put forth a single bud of evil. If the tempter ever penetrated within, it could not be in any visible manner or known disguise; the spear of Ithuriel being constantly at hand to expose and expel him. • Unhappily, the other attributes of the garden were not there. It was without the pleasure of flowers and fruit altogether; save for mature intellectual strength, that had gone through the trial neither childish nor womanlike. It had no bowers, and no play-ground. When the fault of trying to devise them was committed, we infer that the genuine old Puritan experienced a certain satisfaction of the grim sort, because he could detect, denounce, chastise, and redouble the safe-guards: and there was mingled with the high consciousness of his vicarious office a further impulse, aiding him to repress any subtle excuse or specious human relenting. He partly mortified his own forgotten carnality, partly felt the grappling delight of vengeance upon the ancient destroyer; for the rest, he testified against an idolatrous world, with its chambers of imagery, its symbols and ceremonies and shows, carvings and stainings, pictures and holidays,—a world to be borne with, only till that latter day when the strong saints should be strong enough to sweep it from the earth.

A complete surrender of temporary human objects for those which are divine and eternal, was the Puritan idea of devotion; set before the mind each day, from morning to evening, that every action might so be influenced throughout the necessary course of life; a course of life not necessary only, or permitted, but enjoined and obligatory, being, as it was, an exodus, a desert journey, a fight, a war at whose close there stood certain victory. They were the peculiar people, the chosen race, destined to extirpate the Canaanite with all his habits and his graven images, and to inherit the land prepared for them. Such an idea, meanwhile, did they concentrate weekly in the Sabbath, without mitigation and without compromise. To them an ordinance indeed, not arbitrary and perpetual as to the literality of ancient Israel; it denoted what the spirit of their religion was at heart, what it would fain do when the time of trial ended. All would then be Sabbath without any worldly mixture, and the letter of the law be superseded by its spirit only. Having freely accepted it—not been forced by signal tokens and long discipline into obedience—they undoubtedly knew more of the enjoyment than of the pain. Types and figures were not required to sustain their adherence, or keep their weaker members docile. Feasts of tabernacles or Pass-over were superfluous, to those who always lived as in tents of a camp; desiring to have their loins girt, their lamps burning, chiefly for a purpose like that of Gideon. The institution of an altar or temple, they looked back upon with compassion. It is even deducible, from many traits, that they could have believed without

miracles,—at least of the subordinate kind, and entertained a slight jealousy of the parabolical form of communication, if there was not in some cases a high-strained impression that the eternal and infinite truth might have condescended too graciously, as it was, to a corrupt and stubborn world. Thus the method of the Pauline doctrine obtained a gradual preference with many of them, at all events in that special aspect for men in general; and so also of the Mosaic and prophetic, compared with the evangelical. Among their preachers, an illustrative manner did not flourish, except to alarm or scourge. Direct truth and immediate instruction, in short, were by them thought most suited to teach, as well as to edify. There were enough of shows and sights in the outer life: in the necessity of walking and working contact with nature, there were but too many distractions and absorptions involved. As to the allurements of sense, the unsubstantial vanities of time, the trivial circumstances and idle pomps of the world, whatever could throw them all into more worthless contrast with unseen realities, was a precious savour of the unction from above. And it is obvious that all the loss to their tenderest womanhood or youngest instincts, by so characteristic a separation from ordinary pleasure, was well made up for, at that era. An energy, more than Spartan, grew up early in their youth. A vigour beyond the Roman was imparted to it, from mothers, sisters, and wives, who were thus alike nourished temperately, and arduously trained. There was far too vital a substance in it to decay into pharisaical form; too practical a shape about it to allow of Gnostic excess.

It became burdensome only when it was traditional with a later race, apart from the old earnestness of a nation with its work to accomplish. Even before, when translated to the young settlements of New England, near the lonely backwoods, it had taken forms that exceeded the Rabbinical for meaningless rigidity. Imported nearer hand, to the grim old Scottish character, it had found a congenial welcome; akin to that which took up fallen dynasties and worn-out causes, on their clanships' account, along with their pretext for occupation, and for tenacity, argument for quarrel. When Puritanism is caricatured, or the Sabbath put in the light of an odious hyperbole, we naturally have it done as against the Covenanters and Presbyterian; by hands, too, which point from the same quarter, or have originally belonged to it. Indeed, the desolate moorlands might have been thought scarcely to require further separation from the world, than the hunted fugitive took along with him there, making all the days alike solemn and devotional; nor did there seem much need for him to return upon his barren and sombre soil again, with added fastings and mortifications, meditations and times of rest: where the want lay rather in fresh impulses to industry, in practical motives for business, and in the cheerful inducements and supports that come with these, to render spiritual exercises a true repose. Doubtless, the religion of Howe, Owen, and Baxter, was that of a people in constant intercourse with life and living fact,

active, busy, social, prosperous. It rose from the heart of a country full of farms and towns, labour and commerce, where the irrepressible spirit of free institutions was long at work before it took the shape of code and rule, for the better testing of offenders at home, and imitation by strangers abroad. In the average type of Anglo-Saxon thought, manners and motives, even before Wycliffe, we may read the certainty of evangelical Protestantism in the end, without a Luther: and as there were truly innumerable earlier Hampdens like those the poet has imagined, unknown and "guiltless of their country's blood," from whom the historical Hampden drew his confidence; so also does John Bunyan imply most significantly, by that homely vision of his in prison, that all over Old England it mattered not who rode on high, who walked beneath, what party might flaunt in the sun, or which await the morrow—for down to the very bottom of its commonweal the central glow had penetrated, and rose up again for ever in the brightness and the blackness of a twofold necessity. The English tongue had formed itself to the same model, and English literature had risen into existence with that very purport on its front: Puritanism in every sentence and proposition; the vivid sense of the stress of evil and good upon man, between life and death, between bliss and bale, time and eternity. Alike in Elizabethan tragedy and comedy, or solitary Miltonic epos, had it developed nearer to every man's personal conviction, till it was finally brought home from the obscurest hedge-sides and profanest ale-house taps, with a graphic distinctness which neither man, woman, nor child could behold and misunderstand.

An obvious question that arises in this connection would scarcely be practical enough for the modern English representatives of Puritanism. No descendant of the Nonconformists has to be informed, at least where he holds to the old ground, and cultivates it, how his forefathers were enabled to keep its middle path between the two extremes of the ascetic and sensuous. If they had been at all apt to fall back into mediæval secularity, which deposes away the sacred into ritual distance and difference from itself; then would the risk have been only increased by allegories or tales, representations or scenic supplements of the bare fact. These would have helped them as little in the danger more apparently at hand,—that of fulfilling their own zealous aim too soon, while yet on earth; and, when all hours should grow devout, all places consecrated, all things spiritualised and sanctified, of knowing no boundary nor standard longer by which to judge of what was most precious, *which* the daily and mundane, *what* the Sabbath and heavenward. Already, perhaps, they had tended that way too much, and had been too superior to set times or formal occasions; if the saving energy had not been justified in its confidence, by such arduous chances, such elevating emergencies of everyday life, as were frequent throughout their heroic period. It was happy for them afterwards, in the duller age, that they had not staid in high places of political power, nor multiplied among the upper ranks, but were in every sense the middle

class; a comfortable, householding, home-loving people, who, while they farmed or traded, were clustered in numerous circles together. Above all, they had helpmates of their own race, congenial in spirit, with children borne to them in content and tender nurture, designed for stations like their own. Thus placed, indeed, if the spirit had departed, and the salt lost its savour, they might have shrunk inwardly to a sect of ineffectual quietists, or insensibly been diffused outwards among others, that survive by the force of a single scruple, or arise on the basis of one new crotchet, or who have swarmed off from the inertness of established tradition, but not from its methods and forms. The special part of English dissent, as the true heir and successor of English Puritanism, whatever may be the value of that movement, seems to have been fixed by the real identity of character in the two. They had both of them the same indigenous native sincerity and direct rugged zeal, for the practice of what was professed, the realization of what was conceived; not held in minor points, not at all perplexed by balances between doctrine and result, faith and works, liberty and necessity; only concerned to do the thing which they knew to *be*. Within modern limits, it became evident, merely, that what the fathers had taken according to the letter, was to the sons a type, a figure, a parable, a vision, allegory, and picture. The triumph of the saints, the kingdom of heaven, the reign of God, was, with the latter race, not a thing for mortals to bring down upon earth and display for the world's taking or rejection. And the modern Independent was equally content to dispense with the aid of pictures, when he understood their meaning; as the old Puritan had been scornful of their enjoyment, though he used them for implements and weapons.

Very practical indeed was the fervour of Congregationalism in the last generation, judging by a stranger's childish but familiar remembrance thirty years ago. Its week-day seriousness seemed to differ from its Sunday solemnity in no other way than as the part differs from the whole: the spirit of its common and casual life was separated from that of its recessional opportunities and set times, not so much in kind as in degree. This character stood obviously out, even to the child of a more abstract and dogmatical system, - of one which was sterner, at least in its aspect, because it belonged to the north. There appeared to spread through all else, beyond evasion or escape, a constant effect of things devout and above the world, whether or not their forms appeared. It did not oppress or trouble *them*, the very youngest of them,—even in their play, whatever might be felt by a wayward little sojourner among them. They all seemed to have been born in that atmosphere; so bred in it, too, that its singularity was unknown to them. Apparently, it was taken for granted that each partook of this spirit, acting by its impulses, until any offence should be manifestly committed against it; and however early the stage of their progress, none of them was ruled as an untamed native of some enemy's house, still to be changed into a son or daughter; but as

one who owned the standard by which approval held, or reproof measured. To hold that standard up in rebuke, to see it testified of in the others' looks, by their conduct also, appeared the worst punishment in use for the slight trespasses amidst such a household. There, indeed, it was strange how they took a settled pleasure in each other; with brotherly and sisterly abundance of kindness and good fellowship, not tempted much by the shows and allurements of the world. But the truth was, they were early busied with things that exercise the better side of the heart. How soon had they begun to imitate the active charities of the grown-up people, emulating their stir about benevolent schemes, their interest in congregational management, their educational movements, tract-funds, singing classes, Dorcas-societies, missionary boxes! With the elder members there were no felt vacancies of the sentimental, fanciful, speculative, kind, requiring to be filled up by objects which draw out and increase such a want till it grows an appetite that must be fed and regulated. So, therefore, with their rising generation, who were in embryo a continuance of the same church-primitive, modelled upon the original family-principle; as if rather to transform the world by supplanting its gregarious habits, and out-colonising its homeless savagism into final nonentity, than through open means for its conversion. In fact, the world had been tired already with all sorts of signs and miracles, parables and proofs, displays and illustrations; having done worse than reject the truth, in that the truth had been taken to be simulated, and acknowledged only to be tricked out. Bedizened, draped, painted, it was apparently disguised in the so-called Christendom beyond the utmost hope of use. What wonder if the modern Puritan contented himself with the distant prospect of universal self-multiplication in the course of time; meanwhile temperately postponing the enjoyment of that picture, as from all others he frugally abstained. The first fault is in every church; the second was but compounded of the first, through help of an English element, in this case, above all others, qualifying the Judaical.

The particular attitude of evangelical piety, a generation or two ago, in reference to what is now called "aesthetic culture," was a remembrance that brings up many thoughts. It rises mildly, almost regretfully, so far as concerns the solid English qualities associated with it, to our mind, in the busy South. These probably still thrive and make progress under a habit essentially the same as ever. There, perhaps, good books are still not reserved for the Sunday alone. There, it may be, sober manners and serious feelings are not yet folded up throughout the week, laid aside in presses, to be taken out with their creases and crumples visible upon them; like the doctrines, the morals, and the garb, which are now more and more confined elsewhere to sacred days, to rare occasions of solemnity, or to ceremonial personages and functions. Possibly, it continues to be the case among those we have in view; that there is no division within themselves of the laic and the clerical, the secular and sacred; of the profane or mundane on the one hand, from the

hallowed or expiatory which is promoted to the dignity of hieroglyphics and priestly celebration. Their lives are, at all times, alike influenced by their professed faith, let us suppose,—at the counter, desk, or farm-work, and in meeting for fellowship, or in domestic duty and intercourse. Everywhere, and at all times, they are unmistakeably members of a body distinct from the world, as well as holders of a belief which the world does not hold. They are instructed and edified through practice, equally as by preaching: they worship, when apart from each other in the outer and promiscuous scene, with the same necessity for worship which prevails when they join for that object in the place of quiet assemblage; often with an equal fervour, sometimes with a more intimate and vivid consciousness of elevation and communion. With them, to labour is truly to pray; to pray is, indeed, in its turn a labour, arduous, humbly limited to appointed means and unknown causes; and the ennobling privilege of both these obligations—these everlasting conditions of created intelligence—is thus jointly disclosed to them. So that they aspire, whether more or less aware of it, to the growing strenuousness which is yet refreshed by periods of seclusion, cheered by punctual gatherings to express it; to proclaim it aloud, to show its unanimity, and to prove its increase; most of all, by the new fruits it can itself bear forth again to the sphere of trial and action. Its praise is not only in hymns. It is not ashamed of itself in society; nor forced, on the other hand, even for the sake of its shy sensibilities on things unspeakable, with which the stranger cannot intermeddle, to sit mute because there are no set phrases circulating, or more suitable. The devout tract is not its indispensable instrument of propagation. What is called “the religious novel” was not written for it, and is scarcely at all to its mind. The necessity of openly sanctifying everything, before its use, is by no means a characteristic of practical English seriousness, either in the simplest or most refined form. It does not shrink back from an object merely because the object looks inviting and pleasant—in order first to perform a pious conjury upon it, that it may be lawfully appropriated from the Egyptian, and devoted to the purposes of Israel. So, indeed, have we known musical airs to be taken from the song-book, for the benefit of the psalter; the odes of Horace proposed for spiritualisation, lest their charm should be withheld from sacred leisure: in general a pious envy and a holy covetousness, unsatisfied among certain classes with the lot of the chosen people, which expurgates Shakspeare and the theatre, but admits them to the hearthside, publishes a family edition of Burns, longing much also for a new but “godly” Sir Walter Scott. Happily this is not, as it never was, the spirit of English Puritanism. It can now honestly take or let alone the poetic business of the age, or the pleasures of modern art and literature; can extract the sweetness without what it may consider the poison, and admit the outer week-day pictures to its own private walls for mere ornament, whether perforce in memory only, or by free choice as they literally are.

But all this describes the model religious character, the mature Christian, at once practical and contemplative; oftenest found, it may be, in certain religious bodies of a certain country, whose best typical qualities are the conspicuous result of an aggregation of many such actual members; though, fortunately, not now confined altogether to any particular denomination, or even to any country whatever. Taking this model character in the very sphere of his strongest action and most combined force, he has there, at least, a threefold reason for looking at the matter more closely. He is joined to some weaker brethren and sisters within; beneath, they jointly have the charge of many rising neophytes, tyroes, catechumens, and infant aspirants, at every stage of immature progress; without, they have their daily conversation amidst a world whose model is indeed not the same, whose untrained instincts are yet akin to theirs, whose fashions they may have regarded too securely as being innocuous to their own, because not intentionally proselytising nor openly aggressive. Have *they*, on their own part, not been too satisfied to keep this seeming peace, this truce with secularity and sensuous things, that covers an insidious, viewless, but constant defection from one side only? Laying aside the old Puritan weapons of offence, for the busy implements of inward culture, is it true that they have still laboured in armour and kept up their continual aggression—but only with those sober civic tools, perhaps—upon the home soil, against the mere difficulties of tillage, the native weeds, the indigenous beasts of the field? All their other warring may have been with principalities and powers of the air, spiritual wickednesses in high places, ghostly enemies, rival systems, distant idols, flagrant evils, “lapsed classes,” dark alleys of home heathenism, neighbouring back-slums of poverty, hunger, nakedness, vice, profligacy, and drunken debasement! But did they ever take the real outward weapons of modern men,—their sharp and shining artifices, their skilful artillery, their refined engines of battle,—and go out on the eager initiative of invasion and ambitious conquest, to war with the world itself in its own way? The world, let it be said, as their native language specifies it,—not that vague synonym for the globe or the creed, the class or the mass, or the medley of human accident; but the age they live in, the contemporary secular carelessness of the generation whose very frivolities they have to do with, whose particular follies and faithlessness they have to oppose, which yet takes a special, recognisable shape. Do they really know, it might be asked, that pressing reason and motive of motives which should prompt aggression equally with the old Puritan zeal,—nay, more than ever urge them to carry their war into the hostile camp, and demand of the enemy, once for all, not peace only, but henceforward a lasting treaty?

A little while ago, the world cared for worldly pictures, and no more. Full enough of them, and fond enough, did it then continue to be, so far as concerned the luxurious indulgence, the casual entertainment, the vain display. From very early time in the long

series of worlds that have flourished, faded, and ceased, their picture-craft had been a feature common to them all, well nigh the only one that identifies them in their tombs, from their fossil traces and Egyptian or Assyrian epitaphs, Aztec or Etruscan, or Pompeian relics, to Greek or Roman petrifications of the seen and temporal, perfect death and hopeless beauty. Whether their rightful heirs disinterred them from the dust, acknowledging their void, broken insufficiency; or had kept them above it, in cabinets and on pedestals, calling them ideals of life and patterns of excellence: it was still the same. They were all alike the hieroglyphic of a dead desire and meaning; symbols of a language that had been; types and figures of what could be felt no longer. Even so, and far more quickly, the shallow product of our last poor world departed, our own birth-age,—whom everybody now mentions with a compassionate superiority,—when it tried to create its own new *dibbante* imagery by copying these curiosities. Well might it soon tire of repeating the inanimate and imperfect, with inferior style. As the old Puritan would have deigned no notice to such a business, so his true descendant scorned it silently. There seemed no attraction nor temptation about it. It even wearied the performers, who found but little refreshment in the further course of painting it up and giving it modern airs, with name of classic or romantic, the *genre* style or the natural, perhaps the scriptural itself. Oratory and poetry, literature and art, fashion and furniture, might take its reflected lights and borrow its associations; nay, in daily recreations and nightly amusements, in the very refurbished vestments and ceremonies of old creeds, in the reviving signs and wonders of new ones, there might come tokens of the same impulse. But amidst the settled organization, at least, of vital English piety in its secure though modest path, this was no visible danger. That path was an active round of mingled duties, spiritual with temporal together; none the less cheerfully satisfied because undecorated, direct, practical. In a circle round it, clearly illuminating all within, shone the light of sober evangelical comfort, which “makes the best of both worlds.” For they all the more enjoyed life with its natural goods, pleasures, scenes, every homely affection rising in them the more healthily and genially, because of the full undivided stream of that fountain of all things which supplies them for ever without fear of an end, and because of the innumerable rays of that light which shows them never prismatically, never tinted, framed, nor hazy. Take the complete, consistent Puritan in any sphere or time, and it is questionable whether the rays of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry are anything more than a passing diversion to him, less than ordinary nature, not worth dwelling upon, not worth producing; thus it possible for himself to produce. Surely the blinded Milton had lost their communion, when, instead of beholding and doing with Cromwell, he missed his ever-distracted Cowper, when he whiled away his vacant hours by gazing that gospel blessedness, that sense of household comfort, that blessed

fervour and humour, which were lost to his own enjoyment; and of good Dr. Watts, and of the Scottish Pollok, something might *à leniori* be said.

It was far more than a compensation to the evangelical dissenter of the past generation, so far as any want of the ornamental could go,—that the sphere of his steady seriousness was free from the morbid moods of others, the self-mortifying asceticism, the fanatical bigotry, or the ultra-doctrinal severity, if it should not be called savageness, which have made other churches illustrious and eloquent at no distant period. *His* was not troubled by the phenomena of sudden revivals or prophetic gifts; it neither gained nor suffered by such stormy splendours as were shed around the zeal of its northern brethren, in their long inward and outward conflict, which ended with a breach so wide and doubtful; still less by the varied chequerings of the same contest next door within the pale of its southern neighbour, that continue to work out their destined result. All this was saved to the nonconforming church, in their sustained spontaneous adherence to what had been wrought out and done for them long before by their forefathers; done before with simpler effort, if not less arduous and, at least, equally painful. Their own posterity had thus every reason to be satisfied in the same plain though unexciting course. And to all appearance they were so. Wherever the clear circle of light reached around, sharply defining the practical from the fanciful, and the simply Christian from the compositely mundane, *there* it seemed that none went out, as certainly none came in. The primitive system was transmitted onward in its identity, from meeting to meeting, from one periodical union to another, from the passing generation to that which pledged the future; even as the race of men is preserved, and is the same, though disease and death are secretly busy; and as a nation remains, increases, makes progress, and advances in power, notwithstanding that emigration, and colonies, and foreign empire, and leagues of hostile rivalry, must doubtless from these very causes be multiplying and rising opposed.

Outside the sacred circle of light, it is true, there lay a boundless obscurity, of which very little was known; for which less, perhaps, was cared. True, the curiosity of the young, or the imprudence of the weak, might pry into that region, even venture out awhile to explore it; and, from the inner brightness, such thoughtless denizens might pass unnoticed to the shade, if they so willed. To return unseen was not so easy, did they stay long enough to be missed, or wander so far as to be darkened; their dazzled looks or strange excuses would have been severely judged at home. Few, indeed, ever returned. They must be left to the shadows and perplexities, unaided from home, going on to other lights, or failing on the way: there was yet no resource in these days in the evangelical armoury, for him who speculated darkly, or for him who hankered after indulgences and concessions. There were no compromises to sentiment and fancy, to worldly show and pleasure.

How many therefore defected, faded off, were whispered off, and forgotten; it were hard to compute: suffice it to say that there were many from the very hearth of the true Puritan, as well as from that of the casual professor; often out of the houses of the pastors went those who are least pleasant to remember. Some to the mere world with its idlest follies; some to good and greatness in the end, chiefly through alien methods: because there were some strong, as well as many weak, while, happily, more than one church exists on the modern earth. Besides, there is this peculiar consolation to the Puritan spirit—that these seceders did undoubtedly import, to the new spheres they adopted, the fervour, the earnestness, the solemn sense of eternal realities which *it* had instilled, and of which *they* could not get rid. Whether we take the consecrated imagination, blent with divine philosophy, in a Taylor from Ongar; or Carlyle's sombre fire; or Macaulay's sumptuous vividness, that brings zeal to latitudinarianism at last, and with a cosmopolite indifference extols the providential story of England,—there is the same comfort to this said spirit as when science became eloquent in its cause through Chalmers, when poetry revived to exult in it with Wordsworth, to preach it with Coleridge and De Quincey, and when Art itself grows Puritan in the splendid style of John Ruskin. And, after all, evangelical nonconformity could do no otherwise on its own undeniable footing, the only safe one before men or angels. For all such heretics had been caught away from it by mere shows and pictures, that had then no life in them for the soul: and it was the new vitality imputed by such strength as theirs, regained in the hour of struggle, which confessedly changed the face of recent English literature, art, and science. Meantime went on in faith the direct, unswerving spirit of Foster and Hall, and of Angell James; who had looked with open eye upon these objects, but had not cared for them; less in a forbidding manner, than as strangers to their value, transient sojourners without time to possess them. It mattered nothing if some "went out from us, because they were not of us;" the temptations of intellectual luxury were as nothing, so long as the ordeal was but a purging test, a purifying trial. It was a danger by the way, truly; yet one which did not hinder the mutual progress, as it doubtless furthered the individual heavenward course.

All of a sudden, we might say, there is a vast change somewhere in this respect. None of us need to look about for the proof that this age of ours, among its other manifestations of eager activity, displays a vehement impulse towards the figurative, the graphic, the pictorial in every sense of the term, which no longer resembles a vague instinct. It rises even beyond the blind force of appetite, and cannot on the whole be called an indiscriminate desire. The large and rapid supply not only proves an immense demand, but is unable to keep pace with the growing movement, that cries out for new means and appliances, till the very highest places of power have heard, answered, pledged themselves on its account to the promised beginnings of fresh change in the State. Trivial by comparison, indeed,

with any disappointment to this visible appeal of the age, would be the postponement of cheap wine to England and cheap coals to France, of free-trade in time-pieces and articles of *vertù*, or of the readjusted franchise: if it be, at least, as it seems, a call from a whole people who have been feeding on tales and pictures innumerable,—on shows and scenes and embellishments beyond computation, as on their daily bread; yet who devour them too fast for the growers, the merchants, and the traders; who pay too much for their scanty shares, and at the same time ask for continued supplies, for doubled quantities, for multiplied resource and improved quality, with a silent inexorable firmness that is serious at the mildest view of it. For, but a little while ago, it was the mighty ignorance of the masses that gave uneasiness to educated men, and those who govern. Somewhat later, it was their rising taste for idle fiction, with the imagery of vice; their universal turn for the spurious ornaments and tinsel frames in which folly sets these, or sordid purposes deck them out for gain. Then there came melodramatic spectacles, as its more innocent kind of indulgence, with theatre-revivals, and fire-work marvels, world's exhibitions, crystal-palaces, brass bands, and gardens of universal holiday at all times for all men; and it was suspected that the invaluable prosaic content of the great English people had most dangerously ceased. *Now*, this is plain. On all sides, in a thousand forms, it is obvious; and there rise with the conviction a hundred questions.

Is the popular tendency to be trusted—as good rather than evil—on the ground, perhaps, of a native instinct for the serious, practical, and natural? Is its energetic English directness really bent toward what is healthy, solid, self-beneficial and good for the future,—above all, for what is local and domestic? Is it still resolved upon special alternations of comfortable rest, with the vigorous toil which it certainly performs in any mode required of it? It might be asked, whether, at the bottom of his heart, every true English workman is not virtually in sober earnest, even as he grows adequate to his work; and whether he does not secretly seek to solve that dilemma for himself, between his necessity and his freedom, his private lot and his public privilege, in proportion as he learns his share in that great commonwealth, whose higher regality is unseen above? It is no fanciful hypothesis, surely, that the nationality of England lies, if anywhere, in its Puritanism; and that the grand old country was for this end so isolated and set apart, with intercouring seas to compensate for its austere conditions and its indispensable labour. But what should here be inquired, rather, is this: Has the spirit of the age alone brought matters to their present head, with certain features of distinct promise which we shall indicate; or has any particular body had an intentional part in it, from among the number of those which profess to testify against that spirit, calling it “the spirit of the world that now is,” “discerning the spirits also,” and “considering the signs of the times?” And is it, on the one hand, impossible for the spirit of evangelical piety, unchanged but sagacious, to enlarge

the method of its dealing with the world, so as to subdue it by its own weapons? Or can the *world* itself, on the contrary, alter its spirit to a church-like temper, and, by slow degrees advancing, absorb all churches and all sects into its changed bosom—remaining the world still?—while every church sits within its own closed doors, in its own secluded, sacred way, whether devoutly musing or ceremoniously celebrating, to keep its sense unconscious till the close!

G. C.

VII.

GENERAL HAVELOCK.

Few thoughtful minds, in examining the history of our Indian Empire, can have failed to perceive in what a marvellous degree that Empire has furnished a noble field for the development and application of the highest excellences in numbers of the men by whom the government has been carried on. Its history exhibits a long line of heroes, whose energies have been successfully devoted, on a grand scale, to the safety of the State, and the welfare of its subjects:—heroes, not only in scenes of battle, siege, and war, but in civilisation, in the arts of peace, in the triumphs of science, and in earnest deeds of philanthropy. From earliest days, such names have been inscribed upon its pages of renown; but they have never been so numerous, or so honoured; and their deeds have never been so praiseworthy as during the last thirty years. Col. Everest in the great survey; Major Outram among the Bheels; Col. Campbell putting down the Khond sacrifices; Eldred Pottinger defending Herat; the Punjab school of officers, the best administrators the country ever saw; and the great soldiers who, during the last twenty years, have gained deserved fame in our recent wars, or died beneath the walls of Delhi and in the sieges of Lucknow, are only specimens and illustrations of that noble race of Englishmen, who, in ceaseless succession, have, under God's wise providence, secured, enlarged, defended, consolidated, the rule of our country in the provinces of India. To one great name, standing not alone, but surrounded by many others, on the great roll of the Empire, the volume before us* draws prominent and deserved attention. General Havelock occupied a peculiar position in the recent mutiny: he enjoyed peculiar opportunities, on which he concentrated with promptitude, vigour, and success, the experience of his life. He

* *Memoirs of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.* By John Clark Marshall. London: Longmans and Co. 1860.

was ready for the emergency, in which his energies were called out; and in the midst of his great influence he died, blessed by his countrymen, as the deliverer of the Empire, and the saviour of those who were ready to perish. The special value of his story is this:—it exhibits to us a man of high Christian principle, devout, consistent, and most able in his profession, kept down for years by the prejudices of unjust superiors, but at length, by stern fidelity to the cause he served, forcing his way to the highest position of usefulness, and honoured by the esteem of good men throughout the world. With his example before them, the worthy need never despair. Serving their God faithfully, how often, also, will they be found, in the highest degree, approved of men.

For this most able and interesting biography of Havelock, we are indebted to his brother-in-law, Mr. Marshman. Those who have perused his previous work, the “Lives of the Great Missionaries who founded Serampore,” will look in the present work for abundance of authentic facts, clearly narrated, forcibly put, and giving a full and striking portrait of the man whose story it tells. In all this they will not be disappointed. In style, fulness of illustration and finish, they will find the work an improvement on its predecessors. Deficient as a biography, in giving little of the private, personal, and family character of the man, it tells the story of his public life in a way that fascinates the attention of the reader, and compels him to read on until the close. It is by no means long. The author has avoided the great error of modern biographers, in giving us a single volume in most readable type, and concentrating attention upon the most striking features of his hero’s history. Several quiet years are passed over in a few pages, but whole chapters are devoted to the stirring themes of the Affghan war, the Punjab campaigns, the Persian expedition, and the relief of Lucknow. To this judicious brevity, united where necessary to complete fulness of detail, which has given us a most tangible and readable biography, we feel constrained to give our emphatic approval. We trust the volume will meet with the solid success which it deserves; that it will carry the name, the deeds and high example of our modern Puritan soldier into the families of our country; and that it will stimulate many of our youth to the conscientious discharge of duty as the great rule of life; showing that such fidelity always gives inward peace, and may at times be honoured with extensive approval even by a gainsaying world. With a view to introduce the work to our readers, and prepare the way for a full appreciation of its contents, we present them with the following brief sketch of the information it contains:—

HENRY HAVELOCK was born in 1795, in a Sunderland family of some wealth, and was one of three brothers, all distinguished as soldiers in India. He was educated in the Charterhouse School, and with Julius Hare, Sir W. Norris, Thirlwall, Grote, and others, as his companions, acquired a sound, useful education. The failing fortunes of his father compelled him to turn his thoughts to some

profession. His mother wished him to study for the bar, to which his father was opposed; and in the end, through the influence of his brother, he joined the army, in the 95th Regiment, under the training of Sir Harry Smith, shortly after the battle of Waterloo. The exhaustion of the long war just then left military life peculiarly idle; but Havelock occupied his numerous leisure hours by studying with deep and growing interest the theory of his profession. Works on fortification, sieges, battles, he read with great avidity; he mastered the science of war, the modes of operation which it adopts, the movements and plans of the great authorities, the why and the wherefore of their success or failure. Years after, he was accustomed to amuse and instruct his family and friends by recounting the history of great battles, illustrating their progress, and the reasons of the success which followed on one side. He thus became possessed of great resources, was well acquainted with the most important precedents, and was ready for the emergencies into which on several occasions he was thrown.

In 1822, he proceeded to India, as a lieutenant of the 13th Regiment. On the voyage, under the teaching of a pious brother-officer, still living, the religious impressions of youth were revived, and he was enabled to make a surrender of himself to the Saviour, from which he never drew back. On the breaking out of the first Burmese war, in 1824, he proceeded to that country with his regiment, and greatly distinguished himself both with his men and in the staff duties to which he was appointed. He shared in the attack on the Great Pagoda, the fortress of Rangoon, also in several single skirmishes; and was very zealous in giving to his men the opportunity of religious teaching, of which in an ordinary way they would have been altogether deprived. Severe illness, brought on by the damp heat of Pegu, drove him for a time to the hills of Bombay; but he rejoined the army, marched up with it towards Ava, and finally was appointed as one of the Commissioners to receive the ratifications of the Treaty of Peace. With his faculties stirred up by the personal experiences of his first campaign, on his return to Bengal, Havelock wrote a small work on its history and proceedings, able, honest and discriminating, exhibiting very clearly the germs of the great military abilities and knowledge with which he was endowed.

To this brief period of activity succeeded a period of rest that lasted twelve years. Befriended by Colonel Cotton, he secured one or two staff appointments, the Adjutancy of the Royal regiments at Chinsurah, and so on; but was once and again sent back to ordinary regimental duty. In 1829, he became a Baptist, and married a daughter of Dr. Marshman, at Serampore. During these years, he travelled with the regiment to Dinapore, Cawnpore, and Agra; but wherever he went, he showed his high appreciation of the principle, that to the English soldier, on whom in India so much depends, the greatest care and consideration should be shown. Havelock valued his men greatly; and he looked after their barrack comforts, their

dress, food, and drink; their means of instruction; and, above all, their means of grace. Chapels, with retiring rooms for prayer, he was always anxious to secure for them, and he was frequently their minister on the Sabbath-day. Objections to such a practice were answered by the fact that *his* men were the most sober, orderly, and well-conducted men in the regiment; and elicited from Colonel Sale the expressive wish that the entire regiment were Baptists. He was then, as afterwards, what Lord Hardinge described as "every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian." In 1835, at the special appointment of Lord W. Bentinck, he became Adjutant of the 13th; and retained that responsible and, to him, lucrative post for more than three years. In '38, he became a Captain, having been a neglected subaltern officer for no less than twenty-two years, and having arrived at the sober age of forty-three. From this time, however, he began to rise, and stirring events brought prominently before the military authorities in India the great abilities by which he was distinguished.

In 1838, began the iniquitous Affghan war. The Courts of Russia and Persia had set on foot intrigues by which the kingdoms of Central Asia might be brought under their influence, and the valuable entrance into India be secured; and without giving warning, the Persian army sat down to besiege Herat, the key of Candahar. Dost Mahomed, alarmed for his rule in Affghanistan, appealed to the English Government in Calcutta; but Lord Auckland and his advisers declined the aid he asked, and to save himself he made terms with his opponents. Lord Auckland then forbade him to form any such alliances; and, to punish him for doing so, resolved to drive him from Cabul, and seat upon the throne a wretched puppet, Shah Soojah, who had been expelled in a revolution many years before. With this object, so utterly unjust, the expedition to Affghanistan was set on foot; and a large army of English and native regiments marched to Candahar. Meanwhile the ultimate end of the expedition, the safety of the empire from Russian intrigue, had already been secured. When the Persian army sat down before Herat, a young Lieutenant, Eldred Pottinger, happened to be in the town. Stirred up by his exhortations, and guided by his advice, the ruler of Herat and his people boldly resisted their assailants. Breaches in the walls were stopped, supplies were laid up, the gates secured, all attacks were beaten off; and for eight months, sustained and guided by this single Englishman, the Heratees ward off successfully the evil designs of their disciplined and numerous foes. The English fleet also seized the island of Karrak in the Persian Gulf, and alarmed for himself, afraid lest an English force should march upon his own capital, the Shah of Persia raised the siege, left Herat free, and made peace with all concerned. The Russian plans met with complete failure; and the Indian frontiers remained secure.

Well might Lord Auckland have given up altogether his projects against Dost Mahomed, and have endeavoured to conciliate the man whom he had threatened. But, infatuated and ill-judging, he re-

solved (as he thought) to maintain the English name by casting him from his throne, and placing there in his stead the expelled King, Shah Soojah, whom the Afghan chiefs and people regarded with hatred and contempt. Dost Mahomed had committed no crime: he was an independent ruler; and on no ground of right whatsoever could Lord Auckland lay a finger on him or on his kingdom. But the atrocious plan was formed of expelling him; and the army marched to Candahar. Havelock proceeded thither with his regiment; and soon obtained an appointment on the staff, among the many distinguished officers whom the war had summoned to that country. They of course had nothing to do with the merits of the political question; though it now appears, from the recently published and unmutilated despatches of Sir Alexander Burnes, for which the country are deeply indebted to Mr. Hadfield, Mr. Black, and other Members of the House of Commons, that that distinguished officer was very much opposed to the whole scheme, and saw its gross injustice. The army marched on:—arrived at Ghuznee, and being unprovided with siege guns, cleverly blew open the gate with powder-bags, and rushing in, obtained possession after a short, sharp struggle. Havelock was on duty with the Commander, and narrowly saved Colonel Sale from being killed by a huge Afghan who had attacked him. The capture of Cabul followed; Dost Mahomed became a fugitive, then a voluntary prisoner; and was sent down to Calcutta in honourable exile.

But the triumphing of the wicked was short. Deceived by the apparent submission of the Afghans, and appalled by the expensiveness of their barren conquest, the Government ordered the return to India of a considerable portion of the invading army. Five thousand men were left in Cabul; and the 13th Regiment, under Colonel Sale, with Havelock, Captain Broadfoot, and others, began its march towards Peshawur. They were molested at every step, paused for more camels and supplies, pushed on amid continued opposition, and at last reached the town and valley of Jellalabad, embosomed in the hills of Eastern Afghanistan. Surrounded by enemies, anxious for their friends behind, unable to run the gauntlet of the Khyber Pass before, the little force resolved to secure Jellalabad as an important post, the key of the province, and to defend themselves to the last, till reinforcements should reach them from the plains of India. Among the little band of officers, none distinguished themselves so greatly as Havelock and Broadfoot. Both thorough soldiers, chivalrous, earnest, generous, they were close personal friends; they said things much alike, and were in contrivance and resource the life of the little garrison. But their friendship and their union did not pass into things unseen. Havelock was a Christian: Broadfoot was a sceptic, indifferent to the claims of personal religion. It was under the latter's advice that the walls of Jellalabad were restored, gates set up, ditches dug, and bastions formed and mounted with guns; and the whole place put into a state of complete defence. The amount of labour and skill employed in these works has never

been exceeded in India, unless by the similar plans in the recent defence of Lucknow. The spirit of the troops was excellent:—they had no temptations to drunkenness; they worked in a cold, bracing air; and Havelock, by his religious teachings, supplied them with means of grace. United, healthy, determined, the little force possessed a might and a strength of which larger numbers were totally destitute.

They were prepared only in time. The army at Cabul had no such defence. Its leaders disagreed with each other; adopted no precautions; believed in no danger; and were totally unprepared when it appeared. Suddenly the Affghans rose in insurrection; the Envoy, Sir W. Macnaghten was murdered; the troops, capitulating, marched out of the city on the way to India, were treacherously attacked and all destroyed; a few officers and their wives remained captive among the chiefs; and only one survivor of the ruined regiments, Dr. Brydon, managed to make good his escape, reached Jellalabad in safety, and told the garrison the tale of horror. They were all that were left alive of the invading army, and were surrounded by enemies on every side!

Very soon after, in February, 1842, Akbar Khan, the son of Dost Mahomed, came down into the valley with all his clans. But the steady fire from the walls drove him back, and he encamped some five miles from the town. Suddenly an awful earthquake, lasting for many seconds, tossed and rocked the whole country: its shocks were repeated, and all the defences of the garrison were laid in ruins; bastions fell, huge rents were seen in the walls, ditches were filled up, and they seemed at the mercy of their foes. But the latter had suffered also, and were terribly appalled. Broadfoot and Havelock, however, were equal to the occasion:—the troops were summoned; were encouraged to hold on by stirring words; returned to their work of defence; and in a few days so well repaired the damage, that when the enemy came once more upon them, they declared that the English defences were the only thing that had escaped destruction in the entire district. Suffering from want of provisions, the garrison endeavoured to make successful raids upon the flocks of their foes, and did manage to add slightly to their supplies. At length, afraid of being starved before General Pollock could march from Peshawur to their relief, Havelock suggested that they should fight their foe upon the open plain; and the plan was adopted. Keeping well together, and led by their able officers, the 13th and their native supporters fought manfully their vindictive enemies, routed them utterly, seized all their camp, stores, and flocks, cleared the valley, and found themselves in possession of abundance. A few days after, General Pollock arrived; the force retook Cabul, and under Havelock's direction, Istaliff; and then retired finally to the plains. Nothing was retained in the whole country, as the price of all this disgrace, and blood, and crime. The whole was restored to Dost Mahomed.

Havelock, at the end of the war, was still a Captain; Broadfoot, Sale, and others, received the rewards they deserved; but Havelock

received almost nothing. Next year, however, he became Major, and, as Persian Interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, he was always at head-quarters. During 1843, he moved with the army to Gwalior, was present at the battle of Maharajpore, and criticised in severe terms the strategic operations of Sir Hugh Gough, which were conducted almost without plan.

Within two years broke out the first Punjab war, and Havelock was again involved in hostilities, with as great credit to himself as before. The great ruler of the Punjab, Runjeet Singh, who had united all the divisions of the province under his rule, had disciplined his large Sikh army on a French model, and placed French officers at its head, had always stood in awe of the English Government, and maintained with them the most friendly relations. He died during the Affghan war:—the State fell into great disorder; numerous chiefs and factions contended for the mastery; the Sikh army, having never tested their powers with the English, despised them after their Affghan failure; and at length the authorities, to save themselves, encouraged them in their purpose to cross the Sutledge, attack the English troops, and march to plunder Delhi. Suddenly fifty thousand men marched from Lahore, crossed the river, and stood upon English ground. Major Broadfoot had warned Lord Hardinge of their coming; but, moderate beyond all bounds of prudence, he would make no preparations, and move no troops, for fear of precipitating a collision; and when the Sikhs arrived, the country was entirely open to their attack. The English army was hastily gathered by long marches, unparalleled in Indian history; and though few in number, fought with their usual steadiness, though the Sikhs proved the most formidable and best-arrayed foe they had ever hitherto met with. The contests were dreadful, bloody, and obstinate in the extreme. The sepoys were on several occasions driven back; English regiments were so cut down by the deadly artillery as to pause in their onward march of attack. Four times within two months they met face to face, contending for every inch of ground; and on one occasion, rather through the providence of God than any power of their own, were the English forces saved from overwhelming ruin. At Moodkee, at Ferozshubur, at Aliwal, and finally at Sohraon, the two armies met in close, long, and earnest fight; but the Sikhs succumbed, and thousands of them were destroyed. Sale, Broadfoot, and many others were killed in these bloody battles. All Havelock's genius was brought out in studying the capabilities of their position, and providing means to meet it; but again, as before, though distinguished in action as in counsel, he received no very substantial reward, being only appointed Deputy Adjutant-General at Bombay.

The Sikhs were subdued, and, placed under their own chiefs, with an English counsel to control them, remained quiet two years; when the Dewan Moolraj, at Mooltan, declared himself independent, murdered two English officers, and called the Sikhs around him. Shere Singh and his father did the same, and the second Punjab

war commenced. At Ramnugger, at Chillianwalla, and at Goozerat, the Sikh armies once more met the English in stern conflict, but were in the last engagement totally defeated; and the Punjab was annexed to the English Empire. Havelock remained at Bombay during the war; but wrote the most able criticisms upon the conduct of its operations. At Ramnugger, he lost his eldest brother William.

In 1849, he had been twenty-six years in India, without one visit to England to recruit his strength; during the last ten years had seen some very hard campaigning in the Affghan and Punjab wars; and had, in all, taken part in twenty-two fights. Mrs. Havelock had embarked for England with all her family: and, at length, he was so reduced, that the doctors sent him home also. His two years in Europe he enjoyed greatly, visiting old friends like Archdeacon Hare and Sir W. Norris; attending the military authorities, like Lord Hardinge; seeking after health at the German baths; and watching over the education of his children. He returned, however, to his post at Bombay at the close of 1851, was separated from most of the family, and never saw them more. He was, however, rising nearer the higher offices and emoluments which he ought to have received years before. He had long struggled with comparative poverty, and often contemplated retiring from the army altogether. The gloom of the day, however, changed at last; peace and prosperity came in before evening, and his sun set in a radiant glory that will never be forgotten while Englishmen rule in India. In 1854, on the death of Colonel Mountain, Colonel Markham became the Adjutant-General of Queen's troops in India; an appointment which had been the object of Havelock's desire for many years, and for which he had strong claims. Lord Hardinge, however, did not forget him:—he was made Quarter Master-General, on the same salary, and with comparatively little work. And when a few months later, Colonel Markham received his promotion as Major-General, Havelock stepped into the office which he had so long sought; and so remained till he was called away by Lord Elphinstone to engage in the Persian war.

The opening months of 1857, the last year of his life, found him at Bushire. Forgetful of the lesson taught him twenty years before, the Persian monarch had been again intriguing in Central Asia, and once more sent his armies to besiege Herat. The English Government some time before had been thoroughly reconciled to Dost Mahomed, had acknowledged their former errors, and now successfully aided him by money and advice to maintain his own position as ruler of the Affghan clans. A small expedition was promptly sent to the Persian Gulf; and Persia, wounded in her most vulnerable part—the sea-coast towns—was compelled to give up her foolish and ambitious schemes. Havelock had been consulted by the authorities as to the best man to head the expedition; and, without hesitation, suggested General Outram, who was accordingly appointed. On the other hand, Sir James Outram,

being asked by Lord Elphinstone whom he would like to command one of his brigades, at once asked for Havelock; and thus the two friends, thorough soldiers and wise counsellors, found themselves side by side in defending the integrity of the Indian Empire against their old antagonist. The advance, both of army and navy, up the Euphrates to the attack of Mohumra, was planned, arranged, and carried out by Havelock with that clearness of conception and perfect mastery of detail, in which his great military genius always shone. The attack on the town, and subsequently on Ahwaz, was perfectly successful; the war suddenly came to an end; peace was signed; Herat was restored; and the English troops immediately returned to Bombay.

When Havelock reached Bombay, the Indian mutiny had broken out, the massacre at Delhi had been accomplished, and the city was in possession of the insurgents. He saw the crisis at a glance, followed the English regiments immediately to Calcutta, drew up an able memoir on the bearings of the mutiny and the best mode of suppressing it, and offered his services to the Governor-General in any capacity or post for which he might be fitted. When he reached Calcutta, the whole of the North-West Provinces were in revolt as far down as Allahabad; in two or three stations the English being masters only of the ground they stood upon. Havelock had suggested that, with a view to reconquer the country, a moveable column should be formed, that should make the Fort of Allahabad its starting point, and being well reinforced, should step by step advance to the relief of the garrisons of Cawnpore and Lucknow, and crush out rebellion as it went on. The plan was quite approved by Sir Patrick Grant, and three days after his arrival, Havelock, now a Brigadier-General, was appointed to command it. He hastened to the scene of action, and at once proceeded to form the column and provide it with carriage and supplies. His men were few in number, the rainy season was coming on; the massacre of Cawnpore, just perpetrated, left the whole country in opposition; but the peril of Lucknow was imminent, and with indomitable energy he determined to carry his design into effect. In all his efforts he was most ably seconded by Colonel Neile; the first detachment marched under Major Renaud; and at length, with a thousand English bayonets, a small body of cavalry, and six guns, Havelock himself followed.

That wonderful march—the boldness and success of which at once drew the eyes of the civilised world—which was the first successful effort to roll back the fearful tide of slaughter and rebellion which had deluged the Upper Provinces, cannot be described in a few lines. It is not yet forgotten; and allusion to its great results will here suffice. Four times did the little band of heroes fight and conquer the murderers of our countrymen, before they stood upon the blood-stained soil of Cawnpore. They captured Bithoor; crossed the Ganges; and commenced their march to Lucknow:—again and again they stormed the walled villages, full of Sepoys; they had fought twelve battles; but were compelled by cholera and their number of

wounded, to return to Cawnpore. Two months passed in these contests and in gathering the reinforcements, without which advance was impossible. The wounded were sent down to Allahabad; and at length, at the end of September, Sir James Outram arrived, and, with his well-known chivalry, declining to deprive his friend of the success he had deserved, the new force, still under Havelock's command, set out resolutely for Lucknow. How they fought the enemy; how they encamped and marched, and marched again, amid a deluge of rain; how they reached the outskirts of the wicked city, and threading the streets, attacked at every step, made good their way, amid blinding and destructive fire, till they reached the Residency, and saved the beleaguered garrison—the whole world has heard. No such march, no such indomitable courage, no better-deserved success is known in modern military history. India was really lost and won at Delhi; but next to the siege and assault of that guilty town, no event had such a powerful bearing upon the mutiny in general, as Havelock's march to Lucknow.

The garrison was saved and reinforced. Henceforth they lived in comparative quiet, though completely surrounded by the enemy and half starved; till, at the end of November, the advance of Sir Colin Campbell set them once more free. But Havelock's work was done. A few days only elapsed after their retirement from the Residency, before disease, which had been coming on him, broke down his strength; and the stern Puritan soldier was gathered to his fathers. Most appropriately he was buried beneath the trees of the Alumbagh, in the soil which his noble courage and skill had reconquered for his country. Meanwhile the news of his first success had in Europe attracted the admiration of all, who were intently watching the crisis in our Indian affairs; and with profound respect was it acknowledged that to a bold, outspoken and consistent Christian, the country was indebted for this first great effort in putting the mutiny down. His name was spoken with praise on every hand:—he was knighted; made a Major-General; received a good-service pension; and at length was made a baronet, the baronetcy being dated three days after his death. Higher honours, wealth, and rank, were in reserve for him. But he was gone to the presence of the Master, whose approval he had ever made the aim of his life, and in whose service he had laboured long. Neglected for years, he had now proved true all that his best friends had believed respecting his military skill, his undaunted courage, his fertility of resource, his Christian principle; he had given all to his country; and in giving all, had added life beside. Long may the memory of such examples stir the youth of Britain! Long may they feel that, whatever be the work assigned to man in life, thorough consecration to Christ, obedience to Christian principle, fidelity to human duty, give peace to the soul that can bear all disappointment, and enable a man to complete the great end of life by serving his generation according to the will of God!

VIII.

A BRACE OF FRENCH PAMPHLETS.*

THE French are certainly at this moment the most pamphlet-writing people in Europe. The Italian question, the amalgamation of Savoy, the commercial treaty, the recent excommunications, have produced a perfect swarm of these ephemera of the press; and we have now before us a list of no fewer than sixty-two pamphlets on these subjects, issued by a single Parisian publisher. One of the most amusing of these brochures is "*La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe*," from the brilliant and facile pen of M. Edward About. If he possessed one of those enchanted rings or lamps that have disappeared since the days of Aladdin, M. About would work a wonderful transformation on the map of Europe; and not only upon it, but also upon Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Persia, and the vast territories lying between Russia and the north-west provinces of our Indian Empire.

At the outset of his pamphlet, M. About supposes some travellers to have met by chance in the Hotel du Louvre, to have dined together, and to have gradually become on friendly and familiar terms. These travellers are of different nations. There is a tall French captain, born of a family of soldiers, and nephew of a lieutenant of artillery; a handsome Englishwoman, at the head of the great export house of Purse, Pocket, and Co.; an old Roman monk, of gentle and decent aspect; a good-looking Piedmontese subaltern officer, with a keen appetite and long moustache; a Turk of Constantinople, with 750 wives, and a slight propensity to fall asleep; a portly Russian, clever and handsome; a square-built Prussian; a tall, slight, eloquent American; and, lastly, two young men between 24 and 30, the one born at Vienna, and the other at Naples. Such are the interlocutors who gradually become engaged in the all-absorbing topic of politics. At last, in the midst of an animated and noisy discussion, the Piedmontese proposes that, as the principal nations of Europe, and even America, are fully represented, they should form themselves into a congress, and discuss the affairs of Europe. The old monk and the two youths of Naples and Vienna object that many subjects do not admit of discussion, but both the Frenchman and American affirm that all things may be discussed, and the latter concludes an address to the company, in the following terms:—"In America, we are convinced that the august prerogative of sovereignty belongs to the people as least as much as to kings. Princes only exercise sovereignty by our delegation in one half of the world, and by our permission in the other. It is we who give them the sceptre, in the countries where universal suffrage prevails,

* *La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe*, par Edward About.
La Coalition. Paris: E. Dentu, Libraire-Editeur. 1860.

or who, in other countries, suffer it to remain within their hands. We have placed them on the throne, or we permit them to occupy it: they reign there only by our good-will. Shall it be said that they have experience of which we are destitute, or that they possess enlightenment which we want? No; for those who, before arriving at sovereign power, have been compelled by circumstances, or led by the happy constitution of their minds, to acquire that experience and enlightenment, are extremely rare; other sovereigns waste nine-tenths of their time in witnessing reviews, or receiving ambassadors, in listening to frivolities, and in distributing bows, while we study history and politics. Add, if you please, that we are perfectly disinterested in our partition of Europe, whilst a congress of sovereigns would permit itself to be influenced, in one way or another, by family interests. We are kings, we are competent, we are just. Let us deliberate!"

The American's peroration is received with thunders of applause, and the *séance* of the self-constituted Congress opens under the presidency of the French captain. But a difficulty occurs: they want a Secretary who will register their deliberations, but who cannot betray them. But everything is to be found in that wonderful Hotel du Louvre; and the landlord, on being summoned, furnishes them with a dumb waiter, who takes his place at the desk without being sworn in. Thereupon the President, alleging that the Eastern Question is the most important to the repose of Europe, addresses himself to the Turk, whom he terms the "Sick Man," and desires him to speak, especially if he wishes to make a will. The indolent Turk is with difficulty made to understand that he represents the Ottoman Empire, and that his friends are the Powers of Europe assembled in Congress; at length, however, after mastering the situation, drinking a glass of water, and yawning three times, he thus expresses himself:—"Gentlemen, I have no money, and my paper won't pass current. My ministers have invented a new tax, which might extricate us from our difficulties, but no one will pay it. My soldiers being neither shod nor fed, will neither march nor fight; behold me, then, defenceless alike against enemies from within and without. The Greeks, who are numerous in my empire, and in the majority in several provinces, revolt on all sides. The old Turks turn their backs upon me, because I have signed an Edict of Toleration; the Rayahs and the Franks conspire against me, because I do not carry out the Edict after having signed it. The Turkish race is, I know not wherefore, growing feeble and dying out. The races conquered by Mahomet the Second and his successors, imperiously demand the right of self-government, and M. Saint-Girardin supports them in the *Journal des Débats*. Nor is this all:—a powerful enemy, whom France, Piedmont, and England, some years ago repulsed, not without difficulty, is preparing to recommence the war, and is pushing actively forward his lines of railway in the direction of my provinces. What will become of us, if the armies of the Czar repass the Pruth? Marshal Pelissier, who extricated us by taking

Sebastopol, would not refuse to save us a second time ; but you have warned me that Europe will do nothing more. In the face of my difficulties and dangers, and of your abandonment, it only remains for me to recognize with submission an irresistible Fatality. I could, however, prove to you that Turkey is not the country of Europe which has made the least progress during the last twenty years. But your minds are made up, and I would preach in the desert. I yield ; too happy if I am permitted to save something. I myself, Commander of the Faithful, Spiritual Chief of twenty-three millions of men, have resolved to abdicate temporal power, and to retire into the Holy City of Medinah, with a hundred women and some bushels of diamonds. Seated on a Smyrna carpet, near the tomb of the Prophet, I shall afford an example of Mussulman virtues ; and shall exercise in peace religious authority, leaving the rest to the disposal of Europe."

The Italian monk is at first inclined to triumph over the humbled infidel ; but on being reminded by the President that the Turk has behaved like a gentleman, and has given in his abdication, without excommunicating any of his enemies, he acknowledges his fault, kisses the Turk—who has by this time fallen asleep—on both cheeks, and then speaking as Pope, concludes a long address in the following terms :—"They say that I have no regard for human life, provided that my rights are protected. Alas ! my heart every day reproaches me with the blood that has been spilt to preserve or to restore me my crown. It is, therefore, my dearest children, that I would wish to return to the majestic simplicity of the Apostle Peter, who never lost the Romagna, because he never possessed it. My only ambition is to reign modestly over 139,000,000 of souls. I say 139,000,000, as we are among ourselves ; elsewhere, I would say 200,000,000. And I shall conduct 139,000,000 of the faithful on the road to Paradise, without causing the death of any one ! Remember also, I beg, those nine millions of acres which I was unable either to cultivate or to govern. The soil will produce splendid crops : it has lain fallow long enough. Build for me a cottage at Jerusalem, with a chamber on the second storey for Cardinal Antonelli. I should experience a want, if I did not perceive him above me. The smaller the house, as was said by the first journalist of our day, the greater will be the Pontiff. There, freed from the cares of earth, we shall devote ourselves to spiritual interests which have suffered somewhat through our neglect. We shall renovate doctrine which waxes old : we shall draw up a new code of Christian morality : the last mediæval date is out of season. We shall purify the lives of the Saints, so that everyone may read them. M. Dupanloup will occasionally come to see us ; we shall teach him the modesty of the priest and the politeness of the gentleman. If also you would construct a small cage at the bottom of the garden, I would not even despair of taming M. Veuillot. Meanwhile Italy, restored to the privilege of self-government, will gradually console herself for the evil we have done. She will construct railways, establish electric telegraphs, institute manu-

factures, print good books. And our well-beloved son, the King of Sardinia, cured of the thunder-stroke which we launched against him, will apply himself, as before, to his natural duties. Amen!"

Thus far the good Pope; and his audience, touched with his evangelical spirit, admire and applaud him, especially the Peimontese officer, who strains him in a warm embrace. But now the youthful representative of Austria, springing up, exclaims with the vivacity of his age—"I accept the inheritance of the Holy See in Italy! I accept the succession of the Sultan! I accept everything! It is the traditional policy of Austria!" Noticing, however, that the French captain smiles sarcastically and strokes his moustache at this characteristic outburst, he resumes more modestly—"If, however, Europe objects, I shall accept nothing at all; for my affairs are at present in such a condition that I am no longer able to impose my will by force."

Here the fair representative of the great export house of Purse, Pocket, and Co., breaks in, and addresses the young Austrian in the following terms:—"My dear child, permit the mother of a family to give you wise advice. My nation wish you neither good nor evil, as they have proved by abstaining both from attacking and defending you. England has left you, as was her true policy, to fight it out with the French and Italians. Thus she has remained the ally of France, and the protector *in partibus* of Italian liberty, as well as your friend, without being put to the expense of a man or a shilling. The good advice which I offer you will compromise neither my budget nor my neutrality. Believe me, my dear child, don't seek to aggrandise yourself. The rage for annexation has ruined the House of Austria, as the mania for land has ruined the good and excellent Lamartine. Lamartine and you are not competent to the management of your affairs, in spite of, or rather, owing to the extent of your domains. What has Lamartine done? He has put up his estates for sale, in order to pay his debts honourably. Try and profit by his example. If you do not take a decided step, soon and quickly, you will next reign at Clichy.* Make haste, then, to sell some good pieces of land, to pay off the incumbrances which press upon the rent of your States. Sell Venetia to the Italians, Hungary to the Hungarians, Gallicia to the Poles. It is better to sell privately than to be forcibly dispossessed. If you make a good bargain with your oppressed subjects, every one will gain by it, and you yourself more than any one. You will escape the disgrace of bankruptcy, you will pay your debts, and there will remain, after all is done, several millions of francs. These you will employ in the improvement of a small territory, very tranquil, very German, the possession of which no one will dispute with you. But when I see you coveting the inheritance of the Pope and the Sultan as a remedy for your embarrassments, I compare you to a man overwhelmed with debt, who should accept the succession to two insol-

* The debtor's prison at Paris.

vents." The young Austrian, seeing that the sense of the Congress is against his pretensions to Italy and Turkey, puts in a claim upon Moldavia and Wallachia, which is also disallowed, and the right of these two rich and extensive provinces to choose their own governors asserted. A discussion then ensues as to whether the Italians are to be considered politically majors or minors, fitted or unfitted to be entrusted with the privilege of electing their own rulers. The bare idea of such a power being intrusted to them horrifies the two young men of Naples and Vienna; the former of whom declares that, in such an event, his kingdom would be lost, as the people of the two Sicilies desire nothing better than to escape from the sway of their rulers. The President attempts to reassure him by pointing out how he may counteract the effect of his subjects being brought into immediate contact with States under the free and equal laws of Sardinia. He recommends him to exercise his despotic power by changing the constitution, correcting abuses, demolishing some of his prisons, putting an end to torture, and dismissing five or six thousand agents of the police. In this way he may yet reign for five or six months, a long term for a Bourbon; but, by the 1st of January next, he predicts that all Italy will be Piedmontese.

Having thus settled the Italian, the Congress resume consideration of the more important Eastern Question, upon which the Russian claims to be heard. He asserts that the subjects of the Sultan are yet in their political minority—far too young to govern themselves; and he expresses himself willing to relieve them of that responsibility. Against this many voices are raised; but the majority are willing to acknowledge that, since the days of Peter the Great, the sovereigns of Russia have assisted the cause of progress, and have created around them, and propagated by conquest, a state of things half-way between barbarism and civilization. The wily Russian takes advantage of this feeling to insist that it has been from no interested views that Russia has pushed her conquests so far, but solely from the benevolent wish to humanize and civilize the barbarous East; and he expresses himself willing to accept of the most rude and remote provinces of the Turkish empire, as it is there that his sway will be most beneficial. Finally, the Congress determine to make over Egypt to the fair representative of Purse, Pocket, and Co., who accepts it always subject to the approval of her Parliament, as she fears Lord John Russell and Mr. Kinglake, who declaim till they are red in the face at the mere mention of the word annexation. In return for Egypt, she undertakes to carry out the Suez Canal, and to give up Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands. The Russian, afterwards, not to be outdone in generosity, proposes to make over Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor to the Greeks, with Constantinople as their capital; and he further proposes to resuscitate Poland as a perpetual barrier between Russia and the other States of Europe. This last proposition is hailed with universal applause and enthusiasm; and the Russian obtains Syria as a reward for his disinterestedness, with leave to push his conquests in Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, Cabul,

Beloochistan, and Central Asia. Upon which, the new proprietors of Egypt and Syria shake hands in token of friendship and of good neighbourhood. But now the Prussian, who has hitherto remained silent, comes forward with visible disquietude to inquire whether it is meant that he should give up the Grand Duchy of Posen to complete the proposed restoration of Poland. On learning that such is the meaning of the Congress, he inquires where he is to look for compensation for the loss of one of the fairest provinces of his kingdom, and is directed to the petty States of Germany. "If we demand of you," says the President, "the sacrifice of your Polish possessions, it is for the general tranquillity of Europe, and for the special benefit of an unfortunate nation that has endured much suffering; but the Prussian monarchy, for the same reasons, may aggrandize itself in Germany. The Middle Age has left around you a number of microscopic States, parcelled out by chance, in one and the same nation. Reunite these unhappy little monarchies. Consult the people: they will be too happy to blend themselves into a great kingdom, and thus to save 90 per cent. on the general expenses of government. As soon as public opinion shall have announced itself, annex boldly. You have the lever and the fulcrum: the lever is universal suffrage—the fulcrum is a good army. There needs nothing more to carry off a province: Archimedes has said so before us. That system of annexation will be fortunate for everybody, but especially for the new subjects of Prussia.

In return for this roving commission of annexation among the petty principalities of Germany, the Prussian offers to France his provinces situated on the left bank of the Rhine; but the representative of France positively refuses to accept them, and declares himself ready to spend his last crown, and risk his last man, rather than increase the territorial limits of France. "I made war in the Crimea for the Turks, in Italy for the Italians; I am ready to make it again, if absolutely necessary, in support of some great principle. But may I die at St. Helena, if I ever covet a single half-league of territory! You have heard (addressing the Englishwoman) the speeches of your Parliament, you have read the diatribes of your journals, when my faithful ally the King of Sardinia, and the vote of the people, compelled me to accept some mountain slopes. From that day I swore that I would take no more." The President afterwards proceeds to congratulate himself on the saving which this remodelling of Europe will enable him to effect by reducing the French army, upon the vast internal improvements he will be able to effect, on the development which confirmed peace will give to his new commercial treaty with England; and ends by declaring that all abuses shall be corrected, all rights protected, and that he has no more cherished object of ambition than that the French nation shall be freer, more enlightened, happier, and greater than ever. The reply of the fair head of the house of Purse, Pocket, and Co. to this high-sounding harangue is very characteristic. She embraces the orator, and exclaims—"France is very fortunate in possessing a man like you. You have my esteem

and my friendship ; and I promise to serve you as a faithful ally, whenever I shall find it my interest to do so."

Very different in character from M. About's pleasant and clever brochure, is the pamphlet which we are now to examine. It breathes throughout an intense hatred to England, exhibits an intimate knowledge of her strength and weakness, and displays a thorough acquaintance with the present political state of Europe, and of the changes which have taken place since 1815. Tracing the history of Europe from the Holy Alliance to the present time, he asserts that England is about to form a second Holy Alliance against France ; and, proceeding upon this gratuitous assumption, he says :—" England cannot be the soul of a coalition ; that which serves to separate cannot serve to combine ; the influence which enfeebles cannot possibly strengthen. The nation that has placed her interests so completely in opposition to all European interests, that her prosperity is an almost inevitable consequence of the ruin of others, cannot hope that they will again wish to contend for her profit. Lord John Russell has said that Napoleon the Third, in accepting Savoy, has incurred the suspicions of England. Whatever these suspicions may be, they will never be either as strong or as numerous as those which the Cabinet of London everywhere inspires." Then comes the following significant and characteristic burst of self-glorification :—" And now, let us fix our regards upon France. We behold her strong by the principle which she represents, by her government, by her generous impulses ; strong also by her armies and by her fleets. She would have all these to oppose to a coalition, if, to suppose an impossibility, and in spite of all the obstacles that we have pointed out, a coalition could be formed against her. Ah ! we are far removed from Waterloo. We are no longer fatigued, exhausted, ruined by twenty years of heroic warfare. We have profited by the forty-five years of peace, which Providence has granted us, to recruit our forces, to invigorate our patriotism. Our African wars have occupied the leisure of the most valiant army in Europe, and have accustomed it to victory. We have first-rate carabines, which carry far and true, and cannons which can sweep down men at two or three miles distance. Our army numbers 600,000 men ; and, if our frontiers were menaced, there would be in France as many soldiers as Frenchmen. We can also fight at sea. We have built gigantic vessels, covered with iron, and bristling with a triple row of guns ; we have strong gun-boats ; in short, a powerful and well-manned navy, of which we were formerly destitute. Europe would be appalled if she knew of what heroic and impassioned resistance we are capable rather than submit to fresh affronts."

Having thus satisfactorily disposed of the coalition against France, he confidently affirms the present political aspect and tendency of continental Europe to be unfavourable to England, who has abused her naval supremacy, and everywhere made enemies to herself. " Now," he says, " these enemies begin to reckon up their forces,

and have just begun to perceive that, by uniting their forces, they would easily become masters of the situation. England rules only by her fleet. There are in Europe two or three maritime powers which, were they to combine, could hold in check all the English fleets. Let France ally herself to Russia and Denmark, and the North Sea and Euxine are closed to the English. Let her summon Spain and Portugal to join that alliance, there is no longer a Mediterranean—no longer an ocean for the English. Their island of Malta, their Gibraltar, will soon be only the dreams of a fallen ambition—the perished memories of a superb dominion. Russia watches Constantinople, when she sees the Sick Man of 1854, worse than ever, and almost at the last gasp. She counts the hours and the minutes, that she may be the first at the division of the succession. She thinks that there will soon be great conflicts around that heritage of Sultans, and that it will be perhaps the great motive of the political strifes and intrigues of the West. But, as much as England, Russia will claim her part, France hers, and Austria hers. Who knows, then, but that all European interests may combine themselves against those of England? Let Russia take Constantinople, and let her, by the defiles of the Oural, spread herself abroad over Asia, where she already touches the sources of the river Amour; let France establish herself at Alexandria, and let her generously open, across the Isthmus of Suez, the path to India to all Europe; let Austria, greedy of dominion,—and the old edifice of whose power is crumbling to the dust,—withdraw herself slowly from Italy, where her position is no longer tenable, and let her descend, following the basin of the Danube, into those Principalities which seek their unity, and over which the actual sovereigns exercise only a temporary authority. On that day, England will be vanquished, and the equilibrium of Europe restored.”

After indulging in this delightful dream of the approaching humiliation of *la perfide Albion*, the author proceeds to point out that France could have no objection to Prussia's carrying out her long-cherished scheme of establishing her ascendant over the German Confederation, as it matters little to France that a German Empire should spring up, “provided that her frontiers are secured on the side of the Rhine, as completely as now they are on the side of the Alps.” He then attempts to show that the feelings and tendencies of the French and German nations have so much in common, that a strict alliance between them would be perfectly natural, as well as exceedingly beneficial to both parties. “Her material interests,” he says, “urge Germany to cultivate our friendship. The commerce of that nation has no other outlet at this moment than that by the North Sea. The necessities of the people imperatively demand other outlets, which can alone be opened through a treaty of peace concluded with the Zollverein. We know that profound and practical minds have already entertained the idea of such a treaty, and that they are studying its basis. It will not, perhaps, be agreeable to

the English, on account of the formidable competitions it will bring against them ; but it will certainly triple the power of the Zollverein, by opening to them, on acceptable conditions, the ports of Nantes, of Saint Nagare, of Bordeaux, of Cette, and of Marseilles."

The pamphlet concludes by asserting that there is a coalition that ought now to be organized, a coalition which ought to have for its aim the overthrow of all which the first coalition—that of the Holy Alliance—built up. The right of the people is now everywhere substituted for that of the kings, and ought to have its treaties as monarchy formerly had. It remains for the nations to make their Holy Alliance. It is almost needless to say that the author claims the initiative and control of this movement for France—herself so free and so careful of the rights of the people. "That position," he says, "belongs of right to France and to the Empire :—to France, because she was the first to maintain, alone against all, the right of the people, and because she fell gloriously in that struggle in 1814 ; to the Empire, because the French Empire is the only actually existing monarchy which is the result of the national will, and which sincerely represents it."

These brochures cannot fail to inflame every latent feeling of hostility, and add bitterness to any ancient rancour, and ought to teach us that the *entente cordiale* is but a pleasant dream from which the awakening may be sudden and terrible. It is full time that strenuous efforts were being made to carry out the course, so ably and eloquently pressed upon Government by Lord Lyndhurst, when he recently warned them of the defective state of the navy, of its inadequacy for the purposes of national defence, and of the imminent danger of suffering things to remain in their present position. Nor can we afford to reduce our military establishment. Her Majesty's Government have, indeed, thought fit lately to disembody a number of militia regiments, most of which were in an admirable state of completeness and efficiency, and have thus deprived the country of the services of a large body of trained and disciplined soldiers. It is true that our financial position is by no means such as to justify any unnecessary expenditure. But, in the present political aspect of Europe, with the Italian question still unsettled, and the Eastern question daily assuming a more threatening appearance, we cannot but deem the disembodiment of these regiments an act of misplaced economy. One year of war—as European wars are now carried on—would cost more than ten of armed peace ; and the best and surest way of averting such a catastrophe, is, to show to France and Europe that, though we deprecate and avoid war as one of the worst of evils, yet we are, at the same time, able and ready to defend our just rights against all who shall presume to assail them.

Brief Notices.

THE WORDS AND WORKS OF OUR BLESSED LORD, AND THEIR LESSONS FOR DAILY LIFE. By the Author of "Brampton Rectory." 2 Vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

THE Author tells us in his Preface that "the special object of the present work is to bring the lessons of Scripture into intimate contact with our modern every-day life," and that "the Gospels, full as they are of home incidents and familiar illustrations, offer peculiar advantages for this kind of study; that to learn Christ, to gain a more vivid conception of what He was, and of what He is to us—this is to gain also the truest insight into the meaning and issues of our earthly life." How far the Author himself has learned Christ, may be inferred from his view of the great central truth of the Atonement. At one time he believed with those who make "the essence of the Atonement to consist not in the *endurance of penal sufferings*, but in the *perfect exhibition of self-sacrificing love in that endurance*, this being accepted by God as a compensation for man's sin;" but "when light first began to emerge from the darkness, which had till then overhung the subject," he saw that such a thing was "by no means commensurate with the language of Scripture, and fell far short of the depth of the subject." And where, now, is his standing point? Let his own words answer the question:—

"Christ being perfectly 'holy, harmless, and separate from sinners,' and yet, bearing them on his heart as their elder Brother, comes before his Father to confess their guilt, with a sense of it which only perfect holiness can give, and yet with a love and

compassion, a hope and trust for them, which nothing but Divine love could feel; acknowledging the justice of God's wrath against sin; taking voluntarily a share of the suffering due to sinful humanity; being obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross; bearing their sins in his own body on the Cross, and thus making, in the name of his brethren and on their behalf, a full reparation for the dishonour done to God."

Quoting from Mr. McLeod Campbell's work on the Atonement, he proceeds to say:—

"It was not in us so to confess our sins, neither was there in us such knowledge of the heart of the Father. But, if another could in this act for us—if there might be a mediator, an intercessor—one at once sufficiently one with us, and yet sufficiently separated from our sin, to feel in sinless humanity what our sinful humanity—could it in sinlessness look back on its sins—would feel of godly condemnation of them and sorrow for them, so confessing them before God;—one coming sufficiently near to our need of mercy to be able to plead for mercy for us according to that need, and at the same time, so abiding in the bosom of the Father, and in the light of his love and secret of his heart, as in interceding for us to take full and perfect advantage of all that is *there* that is on our side, and wills our salvation;—if the Son of God has, in the power of love, come into the capacity of such mediation in taking our nature and becoming our brother, and in that same power of love has been contented to suffer all that such mediation accomplished in suffering flesh implied—is not the suitability and the acceptableness of the sacrifice of Christ, when his soul was made an offering for sin, what we can understand?"

"Thus, then, we have arrived at the idea, that the essence of the Atonement consisted in our Lord's *expiatory confession of sin on our behalf*, and in our name, his death being not a penalty endured as a substitute, but the perfected expression of such confession."

The man who can thus resolve the propitiation of Christ into a mere vicarious or expiatory confession of sin on our behalf, will make but a sorry expositor of the profound words and matchless works of the Great Incarnate. He may speak of it as not only one of the most blessed, "but one of the highest tasks in which the labour of a life can be spent, to bring the words of Christ a little nearer the heart of man;" but how can this be done, when the very words are divested and emptied of all that can either adapt or endear them to the heart of man? Words which tell of no substitute and of no substitution, of no propitiation for sin, and of no redemption through the blood of Christ, must ever prove lifeless and powerless, and powerless just because they are lifeless. We are agreed that we practically understand the Atonement, just so far as it brings us to God—to a true repentance for sin—a yielding up of ourselves to Christ as our Lord and Saviour—a joyful recognition of God as our Father, and a return of our spirits to their true home in Him; but this is not the Atonement. These are effects, whose producing cause is something distinct and different from themselves; and for this we look in vain, till we come to the Cross and see in its mysterious Sufferer the one only Substitute for man—the one only Propitiation for sin.

We mean not by these remarks to imply that there is nothing in these two volumes but unmingled error. Far from it. They embody much that is as valuable as it is practical. The conversations, discourses, and miracles of our Lord, are all laid under contribution for topics on which the Author may expatiate, and in the treatment of which he may bring out and apply the ethics of our Christian Testament. The expositions are very short, and from their number and variety are well adapted to form a book of daily readings—and not without some degree of profit—either in the family or in retirement.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SHORT TEXTS. By a Layman. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

LECTURES ON PRAYER. By a Country Pastor. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

THOUGH the production of a layman, this little book is not the utterance of ignorance. The Author makes "but little pretension to learning, and what he does possess, he prefers using rather as the crutch of an invalid for support, than as the cane of a coxcomb for flourish." He is not ignorant of the classics; has some acquaintance with the original languages in which the Bible was written; and, like the man Luther, would not be "without his little knowledge of the Hebrew for untold sums of gold." He is a man of large reading, and can turn his reading to account. His expositions of these short texts are neither elaborate nor profound, but rather simple and practical. In two or three of the chapters he has spoken from a deeper personal consciousness; and his words will, no doubt, find an echo in many a bosom.

We are always glad to hear the voice of the laity on any subject of moral and spiritual interest. We have no fear of their entrenching on the province of the clergy. If a man has anything to say to the busy outside world of practical moment, it is his duty to say it, whether he belong to the priesthood or not. We prefer the priesthood of letters to the priesthood of office, and the temple of Truth to the shrine of perfunctory service. Still we should like the attitude of the speaker to be more independent, and his voice more manly, than our layman. It was a mistake to dignify his short and imperfect comments by the name of Essays. They have nothing of the essay in them; and there are but few of the subjects which would admit of such a style and treatment. As practical and experimental utterances we accept them.

THE "Lectures on Prayer," by a

Country Pastor, merit a few words. Volume after volume is written on prayer, but with how little discrimination! It is emphatically a difficult subject; and in proportion to its difficulty should be the depth and intensity of thought bestowed upon it. What is prayer? In what are we to seek for its reason and design? What are its relations to the plan and purpose of the Infinite Will? What are its bearings and effects on man himself? To answer these and other questions of a kindred nature, is a task to which but few are equal. We do not say this to depreciate the little volume now before us. It has its elements of truth and worth; but the lectures being, for "the most part, composed originally for the use of a country congregation," every thing approaching to "abstruse disquisition or learned research," was necessarily excluded from the treatment of the subject. Then, moreover, they were "composed during a period of painfully trying anxiety, and were afterwards revised and arranged in a time of most severe affliction." They carry with them the impress of this fact; and therefore it would be demanding too much of the Author to look for the fruits of some closer, severer mental application.

The first Lecture on the efficacy of Prayer embodies some very pertinent remarks, and glances at the objection which is taken by not a few to this part of Christian duty, arising out of the fixed and unchangeable decrees of God. In the limitations of prayer he is much more at home. Nor can we doubt, that the teachings of this country Pastor on this interesting subject, will be found of positive advantage to many beyond the boundary of his own parish, and even beyond the pale of his own Church. The language of prayer is the utterance of the heart, and to the renewed and sanctified heart there is but one language, whose deep and living utterances can be poured into no ear but His who knows the heart.

A BRIEF BUT BRIGHT WILDERNESS JOURNEY: A MEMOIR OF WILLIAM GUTHRIE; to which is prefixed a Narrative of the Great Revival of 1859-60, in Montrose and Neighbourhood, and Perrydon; with illustrative cases. By William Mitchell, Shipowner. Montrose: George Walker; and London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE subject of this memoir was born in May, 1839, at Dunnichen, a village situated about four miles from Forfar, amongst beautiful and romantic scenery. His parents, though comparatively poor, belonged to that class of the Scottish peasantry from which have sprung some of the first and rarest examples of intellectual and moral worth. Nothing remarkable occurred to mark the years of infancy or of boyhood with any peculiar interest. At the age of fifteen, he left the parental roof, and became all at once exposed to the temptations and the vices of a large town. His impressions of early piety faded from his mind; and although of an amiable temper and disposition, it was yet but too manifest that he was living without God in the world. After the lapse of many months, a more striking dispensation of Divine Providence aroused him to serious thought; but it was not till nearly four years from this period, that he obtained peace with God, and entered upon a life of practical holiness. His conversion was followed by an entire separation from the world. His companionships were very few, and his intercourse even with them not at all frequent. He devoted all his leisure moments to the work of self-culture, and his improvement became apparent to all. Health failed him, and he was forced to return home and seek the rest and the recreation which were needed to restore his enfeebled and wasted form. His intense love of literature induced him to become a member of the Young Men's Christian Institute, for which he prepared several essays and addresses, and became eminent among his associates. One of his papers is on "The Love of Litera-

ture," in which he represents the constituent elements of literature as these—Man, Nature, and God. His remarks on the second of these—Nature—will show the tendency of his mind:—

"We should love literature, because it reveals, mirrors, idealizes Nature, reproduces it upon the lettered page. Poetry, the highest firmament of literature, challenges a special property in Nature. Every true poet is a darling child of the mighty mother. He loves her, learns from her, communes with her, has a soul to appreciate intensely her glories, her beauty, and her sublimity—loves her even in the plainest garb—has a fine perception of the analogies between *her* and the world of thought—can interpret her correctly, and describe her vividly—extracts inspiration from her, or a fine enthusiasm, or a calm delight, and possesses in magnificent measure the power of communicating these feelings to others, by means of his verse. Sightless though he was, old blind Homer loved Nature deeply; and as he sat on the sea-beach of ancient Chios,

'Beheld the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.'

And thus with all fine poets. They have described Nature as if she were part of their own soul. The poets, too, of the Bible, have all a poet's familiarity with the natural world. The inspired bards and prophets—such as Job, David, Solomon, and Isaiah—invested the truth of heaven with the beauty of earth, clothed it with nature as with a garment, a garment of beauty, a royal robe. Probably everybody possesses an inherent love of Nature. But in most people this feeling is either quite dormant, or only partially developed. We do not devote ourselves as much as we ought to the contemplation of Nature, nor open our hearts so much as we ought to do to the pure and delightful influences of God's all fair creation. How little real enthusiasm is aroused in the souls of many by the contemplation of such objects as the sublime mountains and the gentle flowers, fountains, softly-singing streams, pasture-covered meadows, lakes embosomed among hills, broad rivers, sky-girt, for-ever-sounding oceans, birds and beasts and fishes, green trees and the grassy earth, raindrops from heaven and the white snow, innumerable burning stars, the silvery moon, like a gilded crescent or a warrior's shield, the blazing sun, lightning and thunder, and tempest and dark-

ness—the floating cloudland overhead, exhibiting innumerable grand and picturesque scenes and shapes in endless panorama, sometimes resembling snowy mountains, sometimes cities with towering battlements, sometimes aerial forests, sometimes like bushes scattered on a plain, sometimes representing familiar objects in colossal magnitude—at one time drawing a vapoury curtain over the sky, at another appearing only as a few white spots far aloft—

'The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.'

If we loved Nature more, we would love poetry more; and on the other hand, if we loved poetry more deeply, we would love Nature more intensely. Poetry is Nature idealised—Nature revealed by the pale but glorious light of imagination.

'The light that never was on sea or shore;'

which colours its object like a summer sunset, suffusing the landscape with crimson light."

Young Guthrie became identified with the recent Revivals of his native land, and entered with heart and soul into them. Nor was he slow to dip his pen in ink, and write in their favour; not that he was qualified to enter into their philosophy, or in a position, from his youth and inexperience, to discriminate with any depth or certainty between the false and the true in a time of unusual religious excitement. A first-class work upon this subject is still a desideratum. Nor is any man qualified to write such a book, whose philosophy is not as enlightened as his theology is Scriptural, and whose moral consciousness is not equal to his speculative knowledge.

Though we cannot look on this little volume as any contribution to our Christian biography, it may yet be read with interest and profit.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PULPIT. Conducted by the Rev. T. G. Horton. Vol. IX. London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street.

In addition to some twelve or fourteen good sermons, supplied by various

Nonconformist Ministers, and as many "Original Outlines," we have in the present volume, the first seven of a course of lectures on the Epistle to the Romans by the Editor. A more difficult task he could not have undertaken. There is no other composition within the compass of the Christian Testament so elaborate, or more demanding for its exposition such a grasp of mind, or such a depth of spiritual power and consciousness. Commentaries, ancient and modern, we have on this Epistle, but still its contents are far from being exhausted. Nor has Mr. Horton proceeded so far in his lectures as to justify us in holding out the hope that he will throw any new or additional light on this portion of the Sacred Writings. Men of riper years and of more varied attainments, have shrunk from the responsibility of committing to the press even their most matured and earnestly thought-out cogitations on this master-writing of the great Apostle. Mr. Horton may succeed where others have failed. The expectations of the scholar and the student will not be easily satisfied; but if he can meet those expectations, we shall be the first to encircle his brow with the merited laurel. Let him not make too much haste. Even delay will be time gained. His task is too great and too grand to be done in a hurry.

The Commentary on the Pentateuch and the Four Gospels, by the Rev. E. R. Conder, of Poole, will be of immense service to Day and Sunday School Teachers, the Principals of educational establishments, and heads of families. The aids to Biblical Exegesis are being daily multiplied, so that the knowledge which was formerly the possession of the few, may now be the property of all.

To students and ministers—whose vocation and pursuits touch on the highest spheres of thought, life, and reality—the volume will prove a very acceptable and useful help.

LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION: LUTHER, CALVIN, LATIMER, AND KNOX. By John Tulloch, D.D. Principal and Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrew's, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION. A Historical Sketch. By Peter Lorimer, D.D. Professor of Theology, English Presbyterian College, London. Author of "Patrick Hamilton." With Twenty-five Illustrations of Scottish Reformation Localities. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Co.

A NOBLE theme this of Dr. Tulloch's, and enough to set the soul of any man, worthy of the name of man, on fire. The men who revolutionized the mind and religious opinions of all Europe deserve to be placed side by side with the first teachers and propagators of the Christian Faith. The Reformation was not the introduction of a new religion, but only the bringing back the Church to the purity, simplicity, and integrity of a primitive Christianity. This was no vulgar work, and required, on the part of those who undertook it, the fortitude and the daring of the loftiest heroism. They were men who were willing to drink of the cup which their Master drank, and to be baptized with the baptism wherewith He was baptized; and hence the attitude which they assumed and the deeds which they performed. To sketch the lives and the doings of such men is the avowed object of the work now before us; and though its enlightened and learned Author claims nothing more for it than "the character of a series of popular studies, originally designed to interest a public audience in a great period fruitful in great men and in lessons of enduring meaning," it is yet worthy of no common place in our Christian literature. The sketch of Calvin is admirable; and all the more admirable because it is so discriminating and so just. We had marked two or three passages for quotation, but find that we must content our-

selves by referring to the work *in extenso*. The fact of its having reached a second edition proves the extent to which it has challenged and ensured the public favour; and to those who have not yet read the work, we would cordially recommend it as an interesting and instructive study.

THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION is a volume of equal beauty and interest. As a "contribution to the Celebration of the Tricentenary of the Scottish Reformation," which is to take place during the present month in Edinburgh, nothing could be more appropriate. The Author has bestowed an amazing amount of time and labour on its preparation, and has produced a work which speaks to the national heart of Scotland with thrilling power and effect. Though confined to moderate limits, the work "will be found to contain a great many new facts and features; several blanks in our common histories have been filled up; literary history is interwoven with the narrative of events; and particular attention has been given to the numerous Protestant exiles who were early driven out of Scotland, and settled in England, Germany, and Denmark," many of whom were the living links of connection between the Scottish Reformation and the other Protestant Churches of Europe.

One of the most important facts which our Author has brought into light, refers to Wishart's recantation at Bristol, in 1539; "from which it appears, that instead of ignominiously recanting an essential doctrine of Protestant truth, it was no truth at all which the Reformer recanted, but a serious error into which he had fallen while still groping his way out of Popish darkness into the light of the Gospel." In that same year, it appears that Wishart was engaged as a public lecturer and preacher in several of the churches of Bristol, the deanery of which then formed part of the diocese of Worcester, under the episcopate of the zealous and devoted Latimer, from whom, in all proba-

bility, Wishart held his faculty to preach within the limits of his See. It was while prosecuting his labours in this ancient city of Bristol, that Wishart was publicly "convicted of setting forth doctrines which were heretical in the sense of being not merely opposed to the teaching of the Romish Church, but to the teaching and truth of the Word of God." Of the nature of this heresy we are now in a position to judge; for in the Mayor's Calendar of Bristol, a very ancient volume in the possession of the Corporation, and which our Author inspected with his own eyes, and can therefore vouch for the entire accuracy of the transcript and its literal agreement with the original, there is the following record:—

"30 Henry VIII. That this year, the 15 May, a Scot, named George Wysard, set furth his lecture in St. Nicholas Church, of Bristowe, the most blasphemous heresy that ever was herd, openly declaryng that Christ nother hath nor coulede merite for him, nor yet for us; which heresy brought many of the commons of this town into a great error, and divers of them were perswaded by that heretical lecture to heresy. Whereupon, the said stiff-necked Scot was accused by Mr. John Kerne, deane of the said diocese of Worcester, and soon after he was sent to the most reverend father in God, the Archbishop of Canterbury, before whom and others, that is to signify, the Bishops of Bath, Norwich, and Chichester, with others as doctors; and he before them was examined, convicted, and condemned in and upon the detestable heresy above mentioned; whereupon he was injoined to bere a fagot in St. Nicholas Church aforesaid, and the parish of the same, the 13 July, anno forementioned; and in Christ Church and parish thereof, the 20 July, aforesaid following; which injunction was duly executed in aforesaid."

With this record before him, which is confirmed by a letter addressed by the Mayor of the City to Lord Cromwell, and which Mr. Froude has introduced into his "History of England in the Reign of the Eighth Henry," with the slight variation of fixing the event in the thirty-fourth year of that Monarch's reign, which corresponds with 1539, and must

therefore be taken as correct — our Author says :—

"It does not admit of a doubt, then, that Wishart had fallen at this early period of his life, while his views of Divine truth were still immature, into some serious misapprehension on the subject of the merits of Christ, and the way of human redemption. If the Popish churchmen of Bristol had been his only judges, we might have been justified in receiving with hesitation so strange an accusation, because he was no doubt even then a vigorous opponent of Popish doctrines; and it was, probably, his zeal in attacking the doctrine of mediatory merit in the case of the Romish saints, which carried him into the heretical extreme of denying the mediatory merit of the Redeemer himself. But, as he was sent up to London to be tried by a tribunal, over which Cranmer presided, it is only fair to conclude that the sentence which that tribunal pronounced upon him was just. If the Protestant preacher had been misunderstood or calumniated by his enemies, the Protestant archbishop would have protected him from their malice. Wishart himself acknowledged the justice of the sentence by publicly recanting his error in the very church where he had promulgated it.

"But this account of Wishart's conduct at Bristol is very different from the version of it which has hitherto been current. It has long been supposed that what Wishart preached against there, was the mediatory merit of the Virgin Mary, and that what he publicly recanted twice over was the Protestant doctrine upon that subject—a doctrine which he no doubt believed to be true and scriptural at the very time he was supposed to have ignominiously recanted it. The difficulty of accounting for Cranmer's condemnatory sentence was, upon this supposition, insuperable; and equally so was the difficulty of indicating the conduct of the Reformer in publicly declaring to be false, what he could not but know to be the truth of God. Still the record in 'The Mayor's Calendar' was thought to be decisive upon the point. But it is now ascertained that this reading of the Calendar was an entire mistake; and curiously enough, a serious misunderstanding of history, which has now been current for nearly half a century, is found to have arisen from the mis-reading of a single word, nay, of a single letter, of the original chronicle.

"A gentleman of Bristol, who sent a copy of the entry in 'The Mayor's Calendar' to the late Dr. McCrie, had read it thus:— 'Openly declaring that Christ's Mother bath not, nor could merit for him, nor yet

for us.' He read *mother* for *noth*er (the old form of neither,) and then, unable to make sense of the words, he inserted the negative 'not' after 'hath,' thinking himself, no doubt, justified in doing so by the following 'nor.' A second examination of the word which he took to be *mother*, would have revealed his mistake; because, though the writing is extremely minute, it is remarkably distinct and clear, especially when read through a glass. The eminent historian to whom the copy was sent, relying upon its accuracy, and having no opportunity of examining the original for himself, published it in his notes to the 'Life of Knox,' in the form in which he had received it.

"The incident, thus cleared of misapprehension, leaves the character of the Reformer for sincerity and fortitude without a stain. It reveals, indeed, the unripeness of his views of Gospel truth at that early period of his life; he had fallen into a serious error of judgment, and he had incurred just censure for rashly proclaiming so dangerous an error to the uninstructed multitude. But he now stands acquitted of all imputation upon his firmness and integrity. When Cranmer and his other judges condemned him to abjure his error at their bar, he honestly abjured it. When he publicly recanted it at Bristol, his recantation was sincere. It was an error which he recanted, not a truth. Instead of diminishing our admiration of his heroism as a confessor of the faith, the incident enhances it; for it shows that he was as ready to brave the ignominy of a public recantation in the interest of truth, as he afterwards showed himself prepared to suffer the disgrace and the horror of a heretic's death, in the same service."

This is but one of the many facts which Dr. Lorimer has rescued from oblivion and perversion. The work throughout reveals the hand of the faithful historian, and how perfectly the writer's national feelings and moral sympathies were in harmony with his task. It is not the production of a literary hack, who only writes as he is remunerated, but of a man of noble heart and generous nature—of wide views and Catholic creed. He enters into his subject with his whole soul, and makes it instinct with life, and thought, and fact. If Scotland may well be proud of her Reformation as something more thorough and complete than is to be found in any other

Protestant country on the face of the earth, she may be equally proud of those of her children who, like our Author, are prepared to grasp with unyielding firmness that very standard for which her martyrs, and confessors, and saints, so nobly struggled, and suffered, and died. She owes no common debt of gratitude to the Reformers, both for the nature and the extent of their work; and just so long as she honestly and earnestly adheres to the principles of her own Reformation, will be the force of her national character and the perpetuity of her national virtue.

We must not take leave of our Author and his interesting volume without a reference to the mechanical part of the work. The illustrations are of the first class, truthfully conceived and beautifully executed. The paper and typography are all that could be desired; and being bound with corresponding taste, the volume may be laid on any drawing-room table in the kingdom. Nothing would be more fitting and appropriate, in connection with the approaching Celebration, than for some of our rich men to unite and present a copy of the work to every minister in Scotland and England. It is a record worthy of possession; and as a book of reference, it would often be found useful.

The Author has our hearty thanks; and we doubt not his work will obtain a wide circulation.

THE DENOMINATIONAL REASON WHY:
Being the Origin, History, and Tenets of the Christian Sects. With Reasons assigned by themselves for their Specialties of Faith and Form of Worship. London: Houlston and Wright.

WE believe in One Holy Catholic Church; but the unity of the Church does not rest on the oneness of her creed. This is a oneness of heart, rather than a oneness of mind. While mind is mind there will be a difference of opinion; but love is one; and love is the basis of all Christian union. The members of the same

religious community, holding precisely the same creed, and perfectly agreed as to modes of worship, may yet be utter strangers to each other in heart; while others who widely differ in modes of thought and forms of service, may be intimately united in affection. If we look to an outward or objective creed—a set of human opinions—and not to the inward or subjective state of the man—to his most deeply-seated feelings and consciousness—we shall ever fail to find any true or lasting basis for the oneness of all believers. Strange it is, that up to this hour we have never yet entered into the profound words of Jesus:—"I in them, and thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one:"—in which he clearly makes the union of his followers rest on that very love which constitutes the bond of union between the Father and himself.

The question—"How are we to account for the great diversity of opinion in the Christian world?"—is one which, notwithstanding its "surpassing interest," our Author "felt he could not attempt to solve without sacrificing that impartiality to which he felt himself rigidly bound." If he have an answer to give to the question, we do not see why he could not have given it with just impartiality. Such a diversity can be accounted for; and if in the solution of such a question the truth be honestly, and at all hazards, adhered to, the result could not fail to be acceptable to all parties. The diversity of opinion arises out of the diversity of the human mind. Men will ever be found to differ in thought and judgment on the momentous subjects of religion as upon any other subject in science and philosophy; but this is quite compatible with the most perfect Christian union. Ours is not the unity of darkness, which is unbroken, but the unity of light in which all the colours blend to make up the one pure white beam. The very fact that we speak of the various sects or sections of the Church, indi-

cates and expresses the oneness of the whole body. The circle is made up of the various sections, and each section is indispensable to complete the circle ; so that despite all our differences we cannot but be one ; though our oneness, we repeat, does not depend on the oneness of our judgments and opinions, but on the oneness of that moral nature of which love is the essence and the perfection.

When in the Preface to the work we are told, that "the Denominational Reason Why, is eminently a careful and strictly impartial compilation of the grounds assigned by the various Christian sects for their distinguishing forms of belief and modes of worship ;" that "the information has been drawn from the highest sources ;" and that "the Author has taken great pains to avoid every exhibition of bias, and has used a careful judgment in the selection of quotations upon doctrinal points," nothing more is said than what is simply true. The volume includes a large amount of useful and interesting information ; and as a book of reference, it will be of great service to the student and the minister.

A COMPENDIUM OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Chronologically arranged, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors, and Selections from their Works. By Charles D. Cleveland. Philadelphia: E. C. and J. Biddle. 1860.

WE have been richly enjoying ourselves in a pleasant rustication with this book, to which we hasten to render the only acknowledgment it is in our power to bestow—to recommend it most cordially to our readers, and to urge upon some English publisher its immediate republication in this country, where, we feel assured, it will become at once a standard favourite. Mr. Cleveland, the compiler, has a high reputation in America from two previous compendiums of English literature, which he arranged and published there, and the popu-

larity which his English selections have enjoyed in America, the selections in this volume from American authors would indubitably acquire in England. Mr. Cleveland assumes the Declaration of Independency as the starting point of the national literature of the American Republic, as it is of its national existence. The first literature the young Titanic Republic produced was of a political character, and "is embodied in the speeches and letters of James Otis, the elder Adams, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and other patriots of the Revolution." It is profoundly interesting to every English reader to discern in the characteristic extracts given in this volume of these men, the sagacity, clearness of purpose and method, unlaqueered sincerity which distinguished their conduct in that great struggle. It is surprising, after such solid foundations were laid in the commonwealth of letters, that the superstructure raised upon it should be so light and ornamental.

Irving, Longfellow, Emerson, Mrs. Stowe, and Holmes, represent the great aristocracy of the pen that has flourished in America. One or two historians, theologians, and biblicists, alone have aimed at the production of elaborate and erudite works. In this we fear the literature of America has smacked of the flighty, zig-zag, scintillating, daring style of thought which prevails in all modern American life, and which contrasts strangely with that profound, serious, comprehensive spirit which its early legislators and divines displayed. Beautiful are the coruscations, however, of these lightning pyrotechnics. We have been delighted to renew our acquaintance with many pieces of poetry, which we had ourselves culled from magazines and newspaper corners, wondering who the poet may be, but are here properly introduced, and their lineage correctly given ; and many other pieces in prose and verse equally brilliant, formerly unknown to us, are strung in this chain of pearls.

Short sketches are given of the

lives and works of the several writers, and we repeat, a more pleasant book for reading by snatches by the sea-side or at the tea-table, we have not found. We trust a cheap reprint in Britain will ensure its speedy circulation in this country.

ON OBSCURE DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND DISORDERS OF THE MIND; THEIR INCIPIENT SYMPTOMS, PATHOLOGY, DIAGNOSIS, TREATMENT, AND PROPHYLAXIS. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.J.L. &c. &c. London: John Churchill, New Burlington-street.

THERE are few subjects within the whole range of medical science of such magnitude and importance as that of which we have here the analysis and treatment; and few men, if any, are more able to grapple with its subtleties and its difficulties than our author, so well known in this department of literature. How many of our mental peculiarities and aberrations may be traced to those obscure diseases of the brain, is in itself a question of deep and intense interest, and opens up a field over which the enlightened physician might expatiate with ever-increasing knowledge. Of this disease, even in its first and most incipient forms, very few of us seem to have any idea. Dr. Winslow says:—

"It is singular, in some cases, how pertinaciously and obstinately all idea of past, and even existing cerebral indisposition, is emphatically ignored, and zealously repudiated by the relations of the patient. But how often does the physician detect, before he concludes his investigation of the history of the case, that his patient has exhibited, it may be, in the far distant horizon, some time previously to his attack, evidences of the threatening and approaching storm, which, if seen, had not been made matter of observation, reflection, anxiety, or treatment. The headache has been attributed to the derangement of the stomach, or to bilious disorder; the vacillation of temper—febleness of purpose—flightiness of manner—

paroxysms of irritability or passion—inaptitude for business—depression or exaltation of spirits—the loss of sensibility, even manifest lesion of motility, have all, if made the subject of comment, been attributed to some trifling and transient bodily ailment, connected with the digestive, hepatic, or renal organs. Epileptic vertigo, cerebral headache, and disordered conditions of vision, caused by the pressure of a tumour in the immediate neighbourhood of the optic thalamus, have existed for some time without exciting a suspicion as to the presence of serious disease affecting the brain. The attacks of epileptic vertigo have occurred, unobserved, at night, and with little or no convulsive movement, or loss of consciousness; the headache has been considered to be of a bilious, rheumatic, or nervous character; the impairment of visual power has been treated as an affection of the eye, unconnected with disease in the neighbourhood of the *thalamus optici*, for the relief of which the *ophthalm* instead of the *physician* has been consulted; and thus have all the salient, important, and significant symptoms of encephalic organic mischief been permitted to undermine the bodily health, damage and impair the intellect, even threaten the extinction of reason, without any remedial or palliative treatment being adopted to arrest the steady and onward advancing progress of the fatally destructive cerebral disorganization!"

If students would read this volume without becoming the subjects of morbid thought and feeling, and thus inducing the very disease against which Dr. Winslow is so anxious to provide, we would recommend it to their diligent and repeated perusal; otherwise the character of his writing, the lucidity of the *Prolegomena*. That *Prolegomena* shows Dr. Winslow's dot of good taste for the new and valuable effect of his pen; and through them the public will reap the advantage in a more correct knowledge and a more skilful treatment of a class of diseases which, in this age of undue pressure and

eager enterprise, are becoming less rare, but not less alarming and dangerous in their character.

CEYLON: AN ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND, PHYSICAL, HISTORICAL, AND TOPOGRAPHICAL. In 2 Vols. Fifth Edition. By Sir James Emerson Tennent, LL.D. London: Longmans.

THE remarkable success of this work is only equal to its merits. A complete account of the beautiful island it certainly is, and, while exhaustive, it is nowhere uninteresting. A valuable feature of the book is the copious index; and so careful has the author been to make it perfect in this respect, that he states in his Preface to the fifth edition, that he has inserted several hundreds of additional references.

The Physical Geography and Zoology of the island are first treated of. Then we have several chapters on the Singhalese Chronicles. The most ancient of these chronicles, "The Mahawanso," is a metrical production containing a history of the various dynasties that have ruled Ceylon from the year 543 B.C. to 1758 A.D. Being written in Pali verse, it was unknown, except by the priests, until recently, when Mr. Turnour, a civil officer of the Ceylon service, after great labour, succeeded in giving a faithful translation. The chapters illustrative of the early history of the country possess abundant interest, and we will not attempt to anticipate the pleasure that will be derived by their perusal. Sciences and Social Arts are succeeded by the Mediæval and Modern History of Ceylon, and then the author takes us with him on a tour of inspection through the Island, discoursing as he proceeds on cinnamon and coffee—elephants and monkeys—and all the wonderful and varied productions with which he meets. Two chapters on the "Ruined Cities," constitute the tenth and concluding part.

It is difficult to select any portion

of the work for particular notice. The flourishing and productive province of Ceylon was never so profitable and prosperous as it now is. Under the native, Portuguese, and Dutch rule, successively, the country was unsettled, and very badly governed. But, on the advent of Sir Edward Barnes in 1820, a new era in its history was inaugurated. Sir Emerson Tennent pays the Governor the following tribute:—

"When the English landed in Ceylon, in 1798, there was not in the whole Island a single practicable road, and troops, on their toilsome marches between the fortresses on the coast, dragged their cannon through deep sands along the shore. Before Sir Edward Barnes resigned his Government, every town of importance was approached by a carriage road, and the long-desired highway from sea to sea, to connect Colombo and Trincomalie, was commenced. Civil organization has since been matured with equal success; domestic slavery has been abolished; religious disqualifications removed; compulsory labour abandoned; a charter of justice promulgated; a legislative council established; trading monopolies extinguished; commerce encouraged to its utmost freedom, and the mountain forests felled to make way for plantations of coffee, whose exuberant produce is already more than sufficient for the consumption of the British Empire."

The history of the origin and growth of the coffee and the decline of the cinnamon trades, is worthy of attentive study. Restrictions and monopoly destroyed the prosperity of the latter. No country could produce cinnamon so abundantly and of such good quality as Ceylon; but the Government first monopolized the trade, and then, upon relinquishing it, imposed a tax of three shillings a pound as export duty. This acted as a premium for its production elsewhere; Java, Guiana, the Mauritius, and other places were found capable of producing it; and the cinnamon of Ceylon was driven out of the market. When the restrictions were removed, the demand for fine qualities had ceased; and the Singhalese growers found themselves compelled to culti-

vate almost exclusively the coarser qualities, to compete with the cassia that held possession of the European markets.

Sir Edward Barnes planted the first coffee plantation in 1825. Ten years after, he obtained an act from the home Government, equalizing the duty on East and West India coffee. It was a free field, and no favour. The very next year (1836) 4,000 acres were planted in addition to what had been planted before; and before long, the mountain ranges on all sides of Kandy were covered with coffee plantations. When protection was entirely abolished in 1845, the coffee trade of Ceylon stood the shock; and in 1857, Ceylon exported the astounding quantity of 67,453,680 pounds of coffee!

Sir Edward Tennent's book has already become part of our standard literature. He has done ample justice to his subject, and the best wish we can express to the author is, that his name and his book may last as long as the "Mahawanso."

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co.

THIS is a reprint from the "Dublin University Magazine," and will be read in its present form with increased pleasure and interest.

The Craftsman is one of England's honest and industrious sons, who, with head, heart, and hands, is urging his way through difficulties and temptations to the ground of an honourable independence. The Artist is a young lady of education and taste, endowed with extraordinary musical powers, who, contrary to the wish of her relatives and friends, has devoted her talents to the stage. Her character is unstained; her virtue is untouched. She stands afar off in thought and feeling from the vices which surround her, and has strength to resist the force of evil. They both live under an Italian sky. He has been sent thither by his employers in Eng-

land, to carry out some particular department of their business; she has come thither in her professional capacity as a public singer. While he is filling up each successive day with the duties of his profession, she is drawing to herself the attention and the admiration of surrounding thousands. Not a few are eager to win her heart, and gain her hand. She is perfectly innocent of any such affection. The Craftsman, too, is in love with her, and his love continues to burn till its flame becomes a passion, and he is resolved to leave no effort untried to make her his own. Others, who were running for the same fair prize, perceive this, write to England to get the Craftsman removed, and succeed so far as to have him withdrawn to his native land, but do not succeed in leading captive the heart and affections of the lady. Having fulfilled her engagement, she, too, returned to England; took up her abode under the roof of a gentleman who performed the part of a guardian and father to her, close to whose mansion a tunnel was being cut in connection with a certain line of railroad. In the construction and execution of this tunnel, the Craftsman was, happily for him, actively engaged. Thus the two again met. All his former feelings were rekindled and strengthened. Before long he ventured to make her an offer of marriage, but on the condition that she should retire from public life. At first she refused, but afterwards accepted his offer, and at length they were united in holy, happy wedlock.

Such is the story. It is well told; is written with ease, grace, and delicacy, and will interest thousands of our readers.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By the Author of "Adam Bede." London: Blackwood.

THIS, as might be expected, is a very clever and very interesting book. The style is forcible, yet graceful; and the facility of language so exquisite as

almost to suggest the very thoughts it expresses. The characters are true to life (though we hope that so many unpleasant people are not *often* congregated,) and are so vividly sketched, that we cannot avoid sympathising with some, and claiming acquaintance with all. We have certainly known Tom Tulliver, and as certainly hated him for the cold, hard-headed selfishness which all his undeniable good qualities cannot render tolerable.

The Dodsons, with their stereotyped respectability, are familiar in many of their strongly-marked characteristics, and are a most amusing family, though somewhat trying in the capacity of aunts. But the chief interest centres in Maggie Tulliver, the Miller's daughter, and in the father's expressions of fondness for his "little wench," are touches of tenderness and pathos impossible to be surpassed. Yet, in spite of the many beauties and the unquestionable merit of this book, we think it well for the Author's chance of fame, that it is not her first work. We pay all homage to the genius displayed in the forcible and truthful delineation of character—the masculine depth of thought combined with wonderful and truly feminine delicacy of intention; and we confess to a kind of fearful respect for the energetic sarcasm that scatters its rebukes on society, with the force of blows from a hand that has been stung—and yet we expected more. We looked for something to make us better, something either as example or warning, from the pen that could depict Adam Bede—almost like the first Adam—"in the image of God;" and Dinah Morris, whose fair and saintly image dwells on the memory like the angels of our childish dreams.

We look in vain in this later work for that tone of pure and submissive Christianity, which we rejoiced to perceive in the former, and regret to find in its place a kind of defiant acceptance of life as an unexplained and rather unjustifiable mystery. Throughout the book, the doctrine is suggested rather than asserted, that we are the

creatures of circumstances; that conscience is of use only to make us uncomfortable in the wrong way, but powerless to guide us into the right; since, with the intensest longing to do right, the force of events compels us occasionally to accept as a duty what we have been earnestly avoiding as a sin. Listen to the Author's own words:—"The great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it. The question, whether the moment has come in which a man has fallen below the possibility of a renunciation that will carry any efficacy, and must accept the sway of a passion against which he has struggled, as a trespass, is one for which we have no master-key that will fit all cases. The casuists have become a by-word of reproach, but their perverted spirit of minute discrimination was the shadow of a truth to which eyes and hearts are often fatally sealed—the truth that moral judgments must remain false and hollow, unless they are checked and enlightened by a perpetual reference to the special circumstances that mark the individual lot." The history of Maggie Tulliver, in illustration of these sentiments, is a most painful one. She grows up from an uncouth and generally unsatisfactory child, into a thoughtful, impetuous girl of glorious physical beauty, with a strong loving soul, and an intellect which, like her beauty, is of too high a type for the comprehension of the world she has to live in. Her actions are misunderstood, her motives unappreciated, her strongest innocent affections repulsed, and her longing for perfect goodness totally unperceived. We cannot discover that her life is brightened by one day of happiness; in fact, our Author seems to have adopted Maggie as heroine for the same purpose as she herself kept her doll in the garret—to have nails driven into her whenever society in general became especially aggravating; and the result of this system of "vicarious suffering," in combination

with some very small sins of her own, is so wretched a life that though we could have wished a dryer ending, we are thankful to see her released from her sufferings on any terms.

We think her power of self-renunciation, her faith, her prayer, ought not to be represented as so powerless to affect the rectitude of her conduct, or the safety and happiness of her life. There is a "master-key" which may be safely and successfully applied to all the puzzles of life; and where reason fails to find it, faith and prayer may humbly appeal to the God who "is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it."

If the future works of George Elliot should be free from what we consider the dangerous tendency of the "Mill on the Floss," they will be welcomed with enthusiasm, and read with the unalloyed admiration which such talent cannot fail to excite.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By EYRE EVANS CROWE. In five Vols. Vol. II. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

WE gladly hail the appearance of the second volume of this admirable work, and only regret that we have not the whole in its completion. The Author has brought to his task an industry, and a research, and an application, rarely to be met with; and, as the result of these, he is giving to the world a record of profound and permanent interest. He has great powers of comprehension, and he writes in a most attractive style. This will render his work so much the more popular. As a specimen of enlightened discrimination, unbiassed opinion, and powerful writing, we give the following passage :-

"The first great assertion of the power of reason, and a popular exercise of it to raise up morals and religion from nullity and contempt, was Wicliffe. No doubt

there always existed in the Waldensian and Albigensian Churches a living protest against Rome; and that this protest was not confined to the rude races of the Alps or the Cloennes, but survived as a kind of freemasonry or hidden religion, entertained by the most eminent men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is exceedingly probable. No Frenchman or Italian, however, no man of the Latin races, had the courage or even the opportunity to promulgate the broad principle of religious and moral independence. The most likely spot for such to have burst forth was some one of the great Italian Republics. Most of these, however, were Gaelic, and invoked the power of the Pope as a counter-balance to the pretensions of the emperor. Whilst the Ghibelline cities feared to incur the reproach of heresy, and thus give another arm against them to the Sec of Rome, Rienzi in that capital, Savonarola at Florence, and later, the Venetian historian of the Council of Trent, sufficiently betray the half-smothered spirit which pervaded Italy. Whilst the presence of the Pope in France, and his power in closer alliance with that of the monarch, rendered any open avowal of dissent dangerous; it was only amongst the free thoughts and habits of English life that such ideas could be out-spoken as soon as conceived."

The whole of the chapter from which we have taken this extract, is replete with information and interest. France has a history rich in all that goes to make up the life of humanity in relation to this lower sphere of being; and rich, too, in all that enters into that higher life, whose full and final developments are reserved for the progress of succeeding ages. With this history but few Englishmen are adequately acquainted, and the author is here supplying a desideratum for which he will be justly entitled to the gratitude of the English nation.

We at present content ourselves with this brief notice, but hope, when the work is completed, to give it the most careful analysis, and to put our readers in possession of such an outline as will induce them to possess the volumes for themselves as worthy of closer, deeper study. The author has but to pursue the path on which he has entered, to make his work one of the first class.

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THE PAULINE DOCTRINE.—No. I.

THE conversion of Saul of Tarsus is a fact which is inseparable from the history of the New Faith; and in the absence of the fact it is impossible to account for the spread and progress of Christianity. In his earlier life he stood out as the open and avowed enemy of the new doctrine; and it is in the circumstances connected with the great moral change in the man, that we must seek for the key of interpretation to all his subsequent teaching and writing. His writing is but the fixed and permanent type of his teaching; and his Epistles to the Churches must be taken as the exponents of his own individual belief. We cannot conceive of such a man—a man of such independent thought and speech—teaching what he did not believe; nor can we suppose that his belief was anything less or lower than the result of enlightened inquiry and irresistible conviction. Nothing short of moral demonstration would ever have induced him to renounce Judaism, and embrace Christianity. He was forced away from the one, and drawn over to the other, by the force and the working of elements within himself which nothing could resist or overcome. In the very act of carrying out his opposition to the infant Church, he suddenly became the subject of unwonted feelings and impressions. His mental convictions overpowered his physical condition, and under their influence he fell to the ground. There was no loss of intellectual power or of moral consciousness in these his new and altered circumstances. All that took place at the moment, and during the crisis, puts it beyond contradiction, that his powers of perception and impression were as active, as vivid, and as sound as ever. This is confirmed by his own repeated reference afterwards to the scene connected with his conversion, and to what he then felt and realised. Whatever we may conceive the effect to have been upon his physical nature, neither his mental nor his moral being sustained even the least injury.

His whole soul was in tumult; he was the subject of indescribable agitation and alarm; and, conscious that it was no mere human might he had to deal with, he cried out in the very agony of awakened feeling and apprehension—"Who art thou, Lord?"—and it was in the answer to this question—a question which comes from the very depth of his inner and spiritual nature—that he found the basis of his faith, and the source of his peace. It was only when the glorified Redeemer revealed himself to his awakened and guilty conscience, as Jesus—the living, loving, all-sufficient Saviour—that the tumult of his soul subsided, and that the storm which till then was raging within, was hushed into a peace which neither earth nor hell could disturb.

This epoch in the life of Paul differs wholly from the same epoch in the life of the beloved disciple. That disciple is walking out with his illustrious master, who, seeing Jesus coming near, exclaims—"Behold! the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"—and these words falling upon the ear of the disciple in a moment of deep and holy quiet, they touched the maiden-like nature of John to its very centre, and the impression of them remained with him to his latest day on earth. Hence it is that on his lips and in his writings alone is to be found the sweetly subduing phrase—"the Lamb of God." But instead of the calm and loving mood in which John was when his master pointed him to Jesus, we are informed that Paul's whole nature was convulsed and in conflict; and the words addressed to John would have fallen with little or no effect upon his heart. He was just in the state to appreciate the revelation of a living, personal, present Saviour—one who could at once deliver him from the burden of sin, and insure the recovery of his whole nature. Such was the revelation vouchsafed to him. In the words "I am Jesus," he immediately recognises the person and work of the Incarnate One; and in the very act of committing himself to the Saviour as He was now revealed, he became conscious of God's favour, and of the peace which is consequent on His forgiving mercy; and hence to him belongs the phrase,—“Christ the Crucified.” It was the truth involved in these great pregnant words, which relieved his own burdened and oppressed spirit, awakened his love and confidence, and filled him with that peace which passeth understanding. To him this truth was ever fresh and ever living—ever first and pre-eminent. Hence the force and the vehemence of his utterances:—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief; howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first, or pre-eminently, Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on

him to life everlasting. . . . God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. . . . I determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ and Him the Crucified. . . . I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

In conformity with his first perceptions of the great central truth of Christianity, were all the subsequent revelations which were made to him. The fact of his conversion was followed by three years' separation and solitude in the desert of Arabia, during which time he was in immediate communion and communication with the Spirit of Truth, and to whose illumination and teaching he ever refers all his spiritual light and knowledge. At the end of this period, he entered on the sublime work of a Christian Teacher. One of the first and earliest scenes of his labour was at Antioch in Syria; and here, under a Divine or Supernatural impulse, he consecrated his life to foreign service; and from thence set out on his apostolic mission to the far-off nations of the earth. Years rolled away, and on the review of these years, with all their manifold labours and successes, he asserts that just as his apostleship was not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, so the Gospel, which he had everywhere preached, was not after man, neither had he received it of man, neither had been taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. Not only does he set aside the very idea of any intermediate channel of communication between himself and the Fountain of Truth, but that, from the moment when it pleased God to reveal His Son in him, that he might preach Him among the heathen, he had neither heard, learned, nor discovered any form of truth or doctrine which he could substitute for the glad tidings of redemption through the blood of Christ. He had but one living utterance for universal man—but one message for the classic Greek and the untutored Barbarian—for the proud and supercilious Jew, and the degraded, trodden-down Gentile. Everywhere and among all men his gospel was, "that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures;" and "that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures;" and "that God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them," for "he hath made Him who knew no sin, to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Than this nothing could be plainer or more explicit. Nor does he once in his whole life and ministry leave this, his original ground. In his ripest years, in the height of his personal faith and moral consciousness, in his most matured and

mellow teachings, he turns to no other object than what was present to his mind on the day of his conversion in the person of the redeeming Christ. To him it was perfect rest that he had found One on whom he could lean the weight of his soul, and in whom he could confide for eternal life. He knew whom he had believed—the Object of his trust was one and immutably the same—and he was persuaded that He was able to keep that which he had committed to Him till the day of His second coming. His was the deep and blissful assurance that neither life nor death could separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

Here, then, is a man all whose most deeply-rooted prejudices are in direct antagonism with Christianity, but who suddenly becomes the subject of new moral convictions, and, in a state of great mental agitation and distress, embraces the very faith which he had formerly blasphemed—who in moments of perfect calm and quietude, gave his judgment and decision in its favour—who became one of its most distinguished Teachers and Apostles—who avowed his preference for it even when his attachment was most severely tested,—and who, through life and in death itself, clung tenaciously to his first and earliest belief. Now it becomes a question of thrilling interest,—What were the utterances of such a man on the facts and the doctrines of our common Christianity? Were these utterances clear, full, and intelligent? Have they always found, and do they find in our own day, a real heart-echo in the consciousness of humanity? Satisfactorily to reply to the first and second questions, we must find the answer to the first. And to do this, it will be necessary to subject his writings to the closest and most impartial investigation. His Epistles are but the condensed form of what he taught; and since they are addressed to Churches, most of which he himself had planted, and to whom he had ministered, we may take for granted that his written addresses embody and express nothing which could be placed in opposition to his oral teaching. We assume the perfect harmony between the written and the spoken utterances; and from the contents of the letters we gather and infer the truths which fell from the heaven-touched and breathing lips of the first of Preachers and the chief of the Apostles.

In turning to his Epistle to the Romans, we find a most positive declaration on the utter hopelessness of humanity, arising out of the fact of its actual sinfulness. This sinfulness is represented as not something superficial and limited, but radical and universal. The Jew, to whom objectively and nationally “pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service, and the promises—whose were the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, the Christ came”—is de-

clared to occupy, in his natural and subjective state, precisely the same moral ground before God, as the most unenlightened, sensuous, ignorant Gentile. Both being alike under sin, both are alike under condemnation. Nor can the heavy sentence of this condemnation be taken away from the heart otherwise than by the removal of the sin. And here the question arises—How can sin and guilt be done away? Is it enough that the Infinite Love proclaim an amnesty, and grant a free and unconfined forgiveness? If sin be the transgression of law, has not law its penalty for every act of disobedience? Can there be such a thing as law, without its corresponding requirements and punishments? And if law has its sanctions and its penalties, can these be ever set aside, in a perfect moral administration, for the sake of dispensing pardon to the disobedient and the guilty? Would it be either just or honourable, first to establish law and attach the penalty of death to every violation, and then, when it is broken, so to overlook or depreciate the violation, as to treat the disobedient and obedient equally alike? Law is either a reality or it is not. If it be, and does not merely seem to be, then it is impossible to get away from the facts and the consequences which its very existence implies and involves. This the Apostle felt and admits; for after bringing in “the whole world guilty before God,” and acknowledging that the law, as law, could do nothing to effect the recovery of our race, he declares that “the righteousness of God without the law is manifest”—his method of restoration is extra-judicial; not setting aside law, but going beyond it, and yet in unimpeachable accordance with all the principles of infinite righteousness, originating and bringing into operation a plan whose first and whose final end is—the salvation of man.

We would fix attention on this point. The Fatherly heart of God may yearn over his sinful and ruined children, but his Fatherly love, infinite and irrepressible as it is, can only reach them through the medium of his justice. In His method of recovery, “grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life;”—His mercy is not the medium through which He reveals his righteousness, but his righteousness is the medium through which He reveals his mercy. His grace has not to be called into existence, but, already existing in his own infinitely loving nature, it has yet to find a channel through which it may flow to the objects of his solicitude and beneficence; and hence it becomes a moral necessity in His high administration, that unbounded mercy should go down to earth hand in hand with unbending righteousness, and that righteousness should give its character to mercy, rather than mercy give its character to righteousness. It is not for a merciful righteousness that the sinner waits with trembling anxiety, but for

a righteous mercy. He asks not to be treated with on grounds of righteousness, however kind and benignant in its character; it is still righteousness, and therefore shuts out even the possibility of hope; but he looks for mercy, pure and unconditional, yet so dispensed as to leave every principle of truth and justice undisturbed and inviolate. Mercy not founded in equity would defeat all the known ends of government, and all the more so as it was rich and liberal in its distributions. It would subvert justice—lower, if not annihilate, the grounds of right and wrong, promote the spread of rebellion, and convert the universe of God into one vast scene of anarchy. This is a truth which is strangely overlooked in our Modern Theology; and yet on no one point does our Apostle give a more emphatic deliverance. Even when he touches on the retrospective bearing of the Atonement, it is not so much to bring into view the exuberance of Divine Grace in the forgiveness of sins, as to make prominent and conspicuous the fact that this very grace made way for the highest and the grandest revelation of God's Righteousness. He tells us that when God set forth his Son "to be a propitiation through faith in his blood," it was not so much as the embodiment and expression of his love, as in that embodiment and expression of his grace, to vindicate his character for justice in every act of forbearance and forgiveness, whether past or present. Or, to put the Apostle's words in a still simpler form:—Though God bore with the sins of man, and withheld the punishment due to those sins, it was not from any depreciation or forgetfulness of the principles of equity, but because He had made a provision in which his justice would shine with equal lustre with his mercy in the forgiveness and acceptance of the transgressor—in which it would be for ever seen that He is just, while He is the justifier of every one who believes. This is the truth which lies at the very foundation of the Christian scheme, and of which the entire Gospel is but the development. In Christianity as a scheme, "grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life;" and in the Gospel, as a message of mercy, is this righteousness revealed as exceeding in glory every other manifestation of God to man.

We are thus conducted a step further on. The Apostle having placed the whole race on the same moral ground of guilt and condemnation, and having demonstrated that any provision for the recovery of man must proceed on the principles of equity no less than on the principles of benignity and love, he is equally distinct in his teaching as to the nature of the provision itself. If sin be the transgression of law, and if the penalty of transgression be death, then it follows as a moral sequence, that either the sinner himself must suffer, or his sins be laid upon another who

will voluntarily undertake to suffer for him. To this it may be objected, that we reduce the conduct of God to a necessity; and it may be asked whether He is not free to act according to his own will? According to that will most certainly; but never in opposition to it. The will of God is not something distinct and separate from His own immutable nature, and contrary to that He can never act. But may not a father pardon his own child, without either punishing the child himself, or any one in his stead? The parental relation involves parental authority; and for any father to allow his children to invade that authority with impunity, and this continuously, is to subvert the foundation of his rule, and, through an excess of kindness, to convert their disobedience and rebellion into a reason for forgiveness and favour. There can be no fatherhood without a corresponding sovereignty: such a headship carries with it the idea of lordship over every individual member of the family; but if every violation of law becomes a basis on which not to vindicate the rectitude and the authority of domestic rule, but to found a higher manifestation of love, irrespective of all the principles of justice, this is to give up both sovereignty and fatherhood at once, and to place the disobedience of the child above the will and the rule of the parent. Then God, even as a Father, and with a heart thrilling with infinite love, cannot give up His empire over his children without sacrificing the order and the happiness of his universe, subverting the throne on which that order and happiness both repose, and so making it appear that the forgiveness of a rebel is to be preferred to all the principles of sovereign justice. Such is not the teaching of our Apostle. No man has a truer idea or a more exalted appreciation of the love of God; but never does he lose sight of the medium through which that love has revealed itself to our fallen world. In every instance in which he touches on the wondrous constitution of God for human redemption, his very soul burns with emotion; and feeling that the theme was sufficient to baffle the intellect and stammer the eloquence of an angel, and that under the supernatural aid of Inspiration he could find no real vehicle in which to embody his thoughts, he breaks out into some grand apostrophe, expressive alike of his wonder and joy in contemplation of the mercy and the truth, the righteousness and the peace, which are seen to meet and unite in the Cross of Christ.

On turning to his Epistle to the Hebrews, we find him recognising in the person of the redeeming Christ no other than "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;"—as not only anterior to angels in existence, but infinitely superior to them in nature and relation—as the Source of their being, and the Object of their worship—as the Creator and Upholder

of all things ; and yet bending his steps to this lower and apostate world—taking on him the seed of Abraham, that, as a partaker of our common humanity, “he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people ;” and this not to glorify himself, but to fulfil the sublimest purpose of infinite love. Moreover he represents this Redeeming One, in his priestly relation and office, as standing infinitely above Aaron and the whole sacerdotal order of the Old Economy ; as standing before the altar, at once the offering and the offerer, as needing not daily to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the sins of the people, but doing this once for all when He offered up himself ; as thus presenting a sacrifice of infinite worth and of corresponding efficacy ; as by this one offering of himself putting away sin, perfecting for ever those that are sanctified ; as then entering into heaven, to appear in the presence of God for us, taking his seat unto perpetuity on the right hand of the Majesty on high, leaving open to us a new and living way into the holiest, which He hath consecrated for us, and through which we may draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. Any richer or rarer concatenation of truth was never presented to the human mind. Its very grandeur weighs down the power of thought. We can only stand in silent and adoring wonder !

Such is the Pauline statement ; and taking this statement in its most obvious meaning, can we come to any other conclusion, than that the death of Christ was, in the truest and most perfect sense of the word—“A SACRIFICE FOR SIN ?” Let us compare his language to the Hebrews with the phraseology which he employs in his other Epistles. What does he mean when he says :—“ Who being in the form of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God ; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man ; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross ;”—“ God commended his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us ;”—“ Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood ;”—“ For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and, for sin, condemned sin in the flesh ;”—“ He hath made Him who knew no sin, to be sin for us ;”—“ Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world ;”—“ Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ;”—“ There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who

gave himself a ransom for all ;"—" Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity ;"—" Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us ;"—" in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of God's grace ;"—" having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself, whether they be things on earth, or things in heaven ;"—" He hath reconciled us in the body of his flesh, through death, to present us holy, and unblameable, and unreprouvable in his sight ;"—" waiting for his Son from heaven, who hath delivered us from the wrath to come ?"

Now if words have any meaning or any worth—and their worth is always in proportion to their meaning—we have here, if anywhere, the most distinct enunciation of doctrine and of truth. The first is—SUBSTITUTION. Hence the ever-recurring assertion, that Christ gave himself *for* us ;—that He died, the Just One *for* the unjust ;—that He loved us, and gave himself *for* us. But we shall be told that the preposition rendered *for* in all these passages, and others made up of the same phraseology, is equivalent to—on behalf of, or for the sake of ; and this cannot be denied. But does it convey nothing more ? Does it not imply, in the room of, as well as on behalf, or for the sake of ? There are two passages in which the same preposition is used, in which it is impossible to mistake its significance and application. In John xviii. 14, we are told that Caiaphas, the high-priest, gave this counsel to the Jews, " that it was expedient that one man should die *for* the people ;" that is, not only on their behalf, but in their room ; which is confirmed by the words of Chapter xi. 50, " it is expedient for us that one man should die *for* the people, and that the whole nation perish not." What the nation justly merited, is transferred to one single individual man ; and just because he takes their place, and suffers in their room, they escape the impending danger. If this be not substitution, what is ? The words were uttered by Caiaphas in no inferior or subordinate sense ; but wrought upon by Supernatural Power, " he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation ; and not for that nation only, but that also he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad."

Out of Substitution comes the idea of PROPITIATION. Unequivocally and without reserve, the Apostle affirms not only that Christ died for our sins ; but that His death was truly expiatory ;—that, through the Eternal Spirit, he offered himself without spot to God. Why offer Himself to God, if God required no such offering, and if the offering had no connection with His conduct as the Moral Governor of the universe ? Are we not told,

with all the emphasis of Inspiration, that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of man,"—that we were once "the children of wrath even as others,"—and that Christ "hath delivered us from the wrath to come?" But how could Christ deliver us from the wrath to come without taking away sin as its producing cause? And then, how could he take away sin without bearing the wrath or the punishment due to it? In bearing away the one, he must endure the other. And when it pleased the Lord to bruise Him, there was indeed the revelation of his wrath against sin, but of infinite love in his Son, and of corresponding grace to the sinner. This is a distinction not to be overlooked. The Substitute of man must be dealt with as man himself; and just because our Redeemer fully and satisfactorily met all the claims of an infinite righteousness, therefore it was that His death became an expiatory offering on the altar of Justice, and opened a new medium through which Mercy might scatter wide and far the blessings of a free and full forgiveness.

Propitiation involves the fact of **SACRIFICE**. If Christ was a true propitiation for sin, then it is impossible to get away from the corresponding idea of sacrifice. If man has by his transgression forfeited life, then to effect his recovery, life must be given. Blood must be shed; and in this blood-shedding consisted the only true sacrifice under the law. And since all those sacrifices reached their consummation and fulfilment in the one offering of Christ, it follows as a consequence, that His ever-perfect sacrifice should correspond with those in the shedding of his own most precious blood. Hence it is that our Apostle reiterates this fact in all his Epistles:—"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in *His* blood;—Christ our passover is *sacrificed* for us;—the cup of blessing which we bless is it not the communion of *the blood* of Christ;—this cup is the new testament in *His blood*;—now, in Christ Jesus, we who were far off are made nigh *through the blood* of Christ;—in whom we have redemption *through His blood*;—neither by the blood of goats and calves, but *by His own blood*, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us; for if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of a heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall *the blood* of Christ purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God;—having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest *by the blood* of Jesus, let us draw near." It is impossible to account for such forms of combination and expression, unless the death of Christ was in the most unequivocal and complete sense—a sacrifice for sin.

Nor can we separate from this fact of sacrifice, the RANSOM or purchase-price of our salvation. The ransom answers to the one perfect sin-offering, and necessarily flows out of it. The expiatory sacrifice is the ground of our deliverance from sin and all its consequences; and the purchase-price which is involved in this sacrifice is an equivalent for the forfeited life of man. In his substitutionary and expiatory death, the Saviour is represented by our Apostle as having thereby rendered a satisfaction in every sense; and on all sides He has given what corresponds to, and is necessary for, our redemption. It is worse than trifling to ask, to *whom* has the ransom or the purchase-price of the One Life been paid, by which all lives are redeemed, since the very idea of ransom has no regard to rights, but only to conditions;—it refers first to a sacrifice necessitated by love, and then to an actual deliverance founded on what is substitutionary and vicarious. This is the very heart and core of the Apostle's doctrine concerning the death of Christ. Why else does he speak of "Christ giving Himself as a ransom for many;"—of "the church which He has purchased with his own blood;"—of our being "bought with a price;" or of our being a "purchased possession;"—of His "having obtained eternal redemption for us;" and of our being "justified through the redemption that is in Him?" If St. Paul did not mean to teach that the vicarious sacrificial death of Christ was, in the truest sense of the word, a ransom offered not only in our behalf, but in our room, then he could not possibly have employed any language—any form or combination of vocables—more calculated to mislead or deceive. Either he himself totally misapprehended the spirit and genius of the Christian System, or he has wilfully imposed on the credulity of the race;—either he has written what he did not believe, or he believed just the very opposite of what he has committed to writing;—either we must accept his Epistles as genuine and authentic, or we must exclude the Apostle from the category of honest and faithful men.

We have thus been led on, by an accumulation of fact and induction, to the more comprehensive idea of the ATONEMENT. Proceeding with our Apostle from substitution to propitiation, and from propitiation to sacrifice, and from sacrifice to ransom, it is out of all these three comes the sublime and all-inclusive doctrine of the Atonement. There are those who look upon the atoning element in the work of Christ as having its aspect man-ward rather than God-ward. The propitiation affects the offended Sovereign, while the atonement affects the offending subject. There may be some foundation for this distinction and difference; but we believe the teaching of our Apostle to be, that the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ having removed every obstacle which lay

between God and our reconciliation to Him, arising out of the principles and requirements of His own supreme administration on the one hand, and the moral circumstances of our fallen race on the other, the Infinitely True and Just can now honourably, and without restriction, exercise His mercy among the guilty and the lost, dispense pardon to the chief of sinners, introduce them into new and still higher relations, take them into union with himself, and confer on them all the blessedness of eternal life. The Atonement produced no change in the nature of God, but it rendered it compatible and consistent for Him to adopt another line of action towards our apostate world. It introduced no new element into his being—nothing which did not exist there from eternity itself; but it laid the basis for a new and unwonted manifestation of his character. It did not move Him to do what he was unwilling to undertake; but it rendered it honourable and glorious for Him to effect what he was most willing to undertake and do. It did not convert the angry and implacable Judge into a loving and indulgent Father, but it constituted a medium, through which the love of the Father might reveal itself in harmony with the righteousness of the Judge. It did not do away the fact of man's sinfulness, nor make his nature less depraved, but it provided for the remission of man's every sin, the renovation of his heart, the moral purity, holy transformation, and final glorification of his whole being. And hence the doctrine of RECONCILIATION TO GOD. The Saviour, having voluntarily put himself in the place of the guilty, having, by meeting the claims of an infinite righteousness, made a true propitiation for sin; and His death being, in the most perfect and comprehensive sense of the term, a sacrifice well-pleasing unto God,—a foundation has thus been laid for reconciliation between God and man. The Cross of Christ becomes the point of contact and of meeting between heaven and earth. God now descends and dwells with man, that man may ascend and dwell with God. There is no enmity in the mind of God to be overcome and removed, and therefore it is not God that is reconciled to man, but man, who is in enmity and opposition, is reconciled to God. This reconciliation to God is essential to enjoy His friendship and favour. As we have already intimated, the doctrine of our Apostle is, that the wrath of God was removed in the removal of our sins by the expiation of Christ, and now God is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto them their trespasses. Man has but to be convinced of his sin, and to accept the overtures of Divine grace, to be delightfully conscious of this reconciliation; for "if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved in virtue of His life of exaltation; and

not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received our reconciliation." The Redeemer, having by His work of mysterious suffering, made expiation for sin, God is propitious. Though essentially and unchangeably opposed to sin, His wrath, which must have fallen on the sinner, has been averted by the voluntary intervention of his own Son, who so loved us as to take our place, and in whose substitution the claims of infinite righteousness were so met and realised, that Justice could lay no restriction on the distributions of grace, and thus wrath has given place to mercy. This mercy is the grandest modification of His infinite love, and it is the revelation of this love in the character of mercy, which conquers the heart of man, and brings him subdued and penitent to the foot of the Cross, to obtain forgiveness and life. Hence it is that our Apostle speaks of the Gospel as the "Word of Reconciliation," and of his office as the "Ministry of Reconciliation," in the discharge of which, and as though God did beseech by him, he was ever praying and urging men, "in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God." Not otherwise—let the opponents to an outward and objective Revelation say what they will to the contrary—not otherwise could the reconciliation be effected and realised. There must be a testimony or disclosure as to the grounds of this reconciliation, and also as to the mode or method by which the reconciliation itself is brought about. In searching into these grounds, we are of necessity led back to the substitutionary and sacrificial work of Christ as the one only basis of salvation; and in this work only do we discover an adequate provision for carrying into actual fact our redemption. But, then, for our knowledge of this basis, and of all which rests upon it, we are immediately indebted to some supernatural and infallible communication. In other words, the fact and the deed of reconciliation can be realised only through a Revelation. It is not enough that the decree of salvation has existence in the Mind of God, nor enough that the Saviour has performed His stupendous work of mediation:—in order to affect and benefit the race, this must be revealed; and hence the burden of Revelation is Redemption, or the recovery of fallen man to holiness and happiness. Deny us the Revelation, and man is left in total darkness as to the way of his recovery and salvation. He is in ignorance as to the very possibility of restoration to God; and of the fact he can never become conscious. Paul was not ashamed to acknowledge his indebtedness to an Objective Revelation; nay, he gloried in the fact that the Gospel, which he preached, was not after man, that neither had he received it of man, but that he derived it from Christ by immediate revelation. What he thus received, he unreservedly

delivered. He had in all places, and among all men, his one "faithful saying," which he ever pressed home as "worthy of all acceptation." He had his "word of reconciliation," but it was no other than the Revelation of God's plan and purpose of mercy in Christ Jesus. And in this he agreed with the beloved disciple when he says—"This is the Record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son; he that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

THIS ETERNAL LIFE being the sublime end involved in the Saviour's work of mediation, becomes the immediate and conscious possession of the soul on its receiving the Divine Testimony concerning Him, and consummates the idea of reconciliation and salvation. This life is not merely future:—it has its germ here; and it is only the final development which is reserved for the world to come. This fact was ever present to the mind of the Apostle; and he has expressed it in the strongest words—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus;—who shall lay any charge to God's elect? Shall God, that justifieth?—I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;—God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith He loved us even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places with Christ Jesus;—risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead;—our life is hid with Christ in God, and when Christ, who is our life, appears, then shall we also appear with him in glory;—looking for His mercy unto eternal life." As salvation must be resolved into pure mercy, the Apostle represents this mercy not only as flowing to us through the mediation of Christ, but as running out into all the perfection and the blessedness of a glorified life in heaven. Even in that world of cloudless light and sinless bliss, the redeemed spirit will ever turn to the Lamb in the midst of the throne, as the one only Object of her trust and love, to whose obedience and death she owed her reconciliation and peace on earth, through whose mediation came to her all communications of grace and holy influence, by whose Cross she triumphed over death, and in whose spotless robe of white she there walks forth amid the beautitudes and the glories of His immediate presence. Having now entered on the fulness of life, profound is her wonder; adoring is her love; seraphic is her worship; and on the bells of heaven, she will ring out her joy in notes of matchless force and fulness for ever.

The subject is far from being exhausted; nor shall we be either unwilling or unprepared to return to it.

II.

HUGH MILLER.*

EVERY man possesses certain peculiarities of manner, habit, and mental conformation, which bear the impress or constitute the expression of his individuality, and form a part of his proper self, as fixed and indelible as the cast of his form or the colour of his skin. So, on a broad scale, is it with peoples or races: they, too, have their moral and intellectual peculiarities, their outstanding features of disposition and habit, which express their individual idiosyncrasy, or, as we term it, national character. The national character of the Scottish people is distinctly pronounced, its points and angularities are sufficiently patent to the world's observation. Scotchmen have attained for themselves a proverbial reputation for caution and plodding perseverance. In the high places of exertion and activity—in the walks of literature and science—wherever money is to be made or honour won—they are to be found, prominently resolute in the struggle for fortune, honours, and fame. And among the bulk of the humbler Scottish classes, whom the love of adventure or of gain has not tempted from their native mountains, a sense of religious duty, and an unobtrusive moral worth, are not seldom found allied to self-reliance, and to that honest pride and foresight which beget industrious habits and prompt to frugality.

Sprung from whatever people, or from whatever condition in life, the eminent or great man more or less embodies in his character the characteristics of his nation. In chiselling those wonderful works which are immortal even in their fragments, the Grecian sculptors sought to realise the ideal type of beauty:—if we may conceive of an ideal type of Scottish character, we cannot point to any one of the distinguished sons of Scotland who has more realised it than the late Hugh Miller. He was, *par excellence*, a Scotchman. No one acquainted with the events of his life, and with his writings, but must have perceived that certain of the nobler features of the Scottish national character were combined in him as if expressly “to give the world assurance of a MAN.” Dogged persistency of purpose, persevering industry, self-reliant energy, and shrewd sagacity, were joined to unbending rectitude and to religious principle; nor, in the sturdy independence of his nature was there anything out of keeping with the

* “The Works of Hugh Miller.” Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1860.

meeker qualities of the Christian character. His career, too, is an epitome of his country's—in his early struggles with difficulties at a disadvantage; in his achieved success; in his independent social position, honourably acquired; and in the respect which he widely commanded.

In perusing the lives of those whose acknowledged eminence is owing to their mental superiority, we cannot have failed to observe that when young, with scarcely an exception, they were eager for knowledge, and devoted readers of books. "The child is father to the man." The germ of talent or genius early reveals itself. Youths of the ordinary stamp aspire not beyond the games of the play-ground and the society of their fellows. But the gifted youth oftentimes finds himself apart and alone: he loves to converse with books, those other much-prized though silent companions. Hugh Miller's love of books and taste for reading were early awakened. His love of books, his passion for reading, was a school in which the progress of his education was sure and continuous, if not rapid. And not less was he an ardent student in the school of Nature. He had a keenly observant eye for all natural objects. Everything curious and rare excited his interest and aroused his attention. We must conceive of the boy Hugh Miller, as a true child of Nature, buoyant, healthful, and thoughtful—now at his books—now wandering in the woods, or among the rocks, caves, and shingle of the sea-shore—now a willing auditor of the shrewd sense and pregnant remarks of his maternal uncles, or of the more aged dispensers of traditionary lore. In such a manner did the youth progress to manhood, and carry on his education, in what he well terms "the best of all schools—the schools open to all."

In the first chapter of one of Miller's earliest works—the "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland"—he says that his "greatest early intellectual benefactors were the philosophic Lord Bacon and an ignorant old woman, who, of all the books ever written, was acquainted with only the Bible." This avowal furnishes a key to the character of his intellect, and gives an intimation of the two diverse, or at least seldom-united mental tendencies—the literary and the scientific—which, however, were combined in his mind, and were yet to blend with a charming effect in his writings. It was to gratify the one tendency that he hung upon the lips of garrulous old age, and thence gleaned no stinted store of mental pabulum. These stories of the marvellous—these fragments of a once prevalent superstition—these pictures of character and passion blending with the supernatural, and invested with a touching pathos or wild poetry, had a singular charm for the incipient versifier and *litterateur*. Widely different

is our young student's other intellectual benefactor. Sound sense is Lord Bacon's great characteristic. His philosophy, positive and realistic, is as foreign to marvels and mysteries as to uninformed speculation. "Of Lord Bacon," says Miller, "I never tired:" and that he drew so deeply from the practical wisdom of this great writer, shows that Nature had as largely endowed him with the scientific as with the literary faculty. In the precision of the analytic, as in the accuracy of the observing and descriptive powers which he afterwards exhibited, we have the matured expression of that scientific bias or aptitude which, at this early period, revealed so marked an affinity for the positive teachings of the great inductive philosopher: while, in the graphic delineation, poetic charm, and imaginative beauty which so much characterize his writings, we have the full *outcome* of the literary taste or tendency ministered to by the lore of the ignorant old woman.

Quite in keeping with the spirit of Lord Bacon's philosophy is the advice which Miller gives to working men. "Learn," he says, "to make a good use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones, and weeds, and the most familiar animals." It may be interesting to see how, in his first day's experience as a working man, he himself acted upon the advice he gives to others, and, at the same time, we shall witness his first lesson in geology. The incidents are recorded at length in the opening chapter of the "Old Red Sandstone." The scene is a quarry on the Bay of Cromarty. A mass of rock is upturned. The underlying stratum is all over ridged and furrowed; and these ridges and furrows arrest the attention of the young workman; they were exactly such as he had seen a hundred and a hundred times marking the sea-side sands. So very close was the resemblance that he could not doubt they were produced, as on the existing shore, by the ebbing of the tide. And if so, where now, he asks himself, are the waves which ridged the rock, and what was the nature of the waters? But, behold! a new phenomenon: stones roll down from the diluvium, or earthy mass above, and he sees that the stones differ from each other, and from the strata beneath; and besides, they are all rounded and water-worn. The bank, then, which contained the stones, he reasons, from these indications of motion and removal, could not have been created in the exact fashion in which it rested upon the rock; and if not so created, why then the rock itself? Neither was it, perhaps, called into existence just as and where it rested. But beyond mere surmises, what satisfactory explanation is this disciple of Bacon to form to himself of these striking phenomena which he finds demand an explanation? If he has caught the spirit of his master, having observed the facts, he must work towards the induction.

Is he able for himself to wring from the rocks the secret of their origin? The process to the solution of this enigma of Nature was a slow one—the work of years; but, unaided, he succeeded in discovering in what manner, and by what agency, the stratified rocks were formed. Such was Hugh Miller, and such his first lesson in geology.

As to his literary faculty, his earliest prose composition was a paper on the Herring Fisheries of the North of Scotland; when he also tried his hand at verse-making, and came to be known in his native town as “The Cromarty Poet.” It was in the year 1829, and when the writer had attained the mature age of twenty-seven, that there issued from the Inverness press, a small volume entitled, “Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason.” But the accomplishment of verse, or the art of poetic expression, Miller did not possess, or in such slight degree as to debar him from a place among the true sons of song. He did not at the time perceive that the faculty of “marrying poetic thought to immortal verse,” is more a special gift than any other; and that if a man is not born a poet, he cannot make himself one.

During the time that our Author worked as a journeyman mason, all his leisure hours, all the spare moments after the day's toil, were devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. Candle-light he could rarely command in some parts of the country where his lot of labour called him. Ofttimes he had to resort to his knees to catch the faint glimmer of the evening fire. Still, progress was made; his intellect was matured, and his information accumulated. Not satisfied with his success as a poet, he devoted himself to a work in prose which, under the title of “Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland; or, the Traditional History of Cromarty,” was published in Edinburgh about the time when, through the kindness of a friend, he laid down the mallet and chisel, and entered on a new employment as bank-accountant. The book is the repository of a varied mass of traditionary lore, local anecdote and incident, which, as grouped and related by Miller, together with graphic sketches of character and natural scenery, forms a pleasing volume for the quiet and leisure of a winter's evening.

For five years our Author discharged the duties of bank-accountant at Cromarty, and while so employed, amongst other studies, he mastered the principles of banking, specially of the banking system of Scotland. An opportunity shortly afterwards occurred of turning this knowledge to good account, and of rendering an essential service to his country. Sir Robert Peel, in carrying through Parliament his celebrated Bank Charter Act,

which placed the English currency on a metallic basis, proposed to deal in a similar manner with Scotland ; he proposed to replace its paper currency by one of gold, or what was to the same effect, to enforce upon the banks the retention of coin, or bullion, in their coffers equivalent to the notes afloat in circulation. Miller, at this crisis, with the contemplated measure impending, issued a pamphlet entitled, " Words of Warning to the People of Scotland on Sir Robert Peel's Scotch Currency Scheme ;" a production which evinced a thorough comprehension of the entire bearings of the question, and was characterized by a clear statement and lucid arrangement of facts, as well as by much force of argument. He showed that the proposed scheme would, without rendering any benefit, absolutely abstract so many millions from the available capital of the country ; and, by greatly abridging the power of the banks to afford accommodation, generally paralyze the trade and industry of the kingdom. The country listened to the " warning words," and aroused itself in opposition. The measure was abandoned, the banks were allowed, within a fixed limit, the right of issue, and the much-cherished one-pound-note circulation of Scotland remained intact.

During the five years of the bank-accountantship, Miller's leisure time seems to have been chiefly devoted to geological explorations in the Old Red Sandstone—a formation extensively developed in the county of Cromarty—and to contributions to " Wilson's Tales of the Borders," and " Chambers' Edinburgh Journal." But circumstances transferred him from his native Cromarty to Edinburgh. The great Ecclesiastical Controversy which issued in the disruption of the Church of Scotland was at this time deeply engaging the public attention, and Miller bethought himself of what help he could render to the Church of his fathers—the Church also of his affections—in what seemed the crisis of her fate. After tossing sleeplessly in bed for a whole night, he resolved to enter the arena of conflict. He wrote and published a letter addressed to Lord Brougham, and, taking the popular side of the question, he showed the evils of patronage, and claimed for the people their right to the minister of their choice, according to the constitution of the Scottish Church, as ratified by the national Parliament. The great merit of this letter drew him at once into notice, and pointed him out to the popular leaders, as of all men in Scotland the best qualified for conducting the projected non-intrusion newspaper. He accepted the offered post, and became the editor of the *Witness*. The articles he produced during the controversy were marked by much ability, and by not a little keenness, and for their literary merits were admired not more by his friends than by his opponents.

From the time he became editor of the *Witness* until his decease, his labours were divided between the recurring requirements of his journal, geological exploration, and the production of those able and interesting volumes which have done so much to extend and to establish his fame.

In the autumn of 1845, he took a solitary tour through some of the districts of England, and the result was a volume entitled, "First Impressions of England and its People." The world abounds with "chiefs who tak' notes and prent them;" but it is not often that a man of Hugh Miller's stamp—so keenly observant, so deeply reflective, and of such power of graphic description—takes staff in hand in a strange country, to look about him. As a geologist and a man of letters, England was to him peculiarly classic ground. Endued with poetic appreciation, his eye was open to the varied beauties of landscape, and as an observer he was ready to note the minutiae of circumstance and incident, phases of national character, social conditions, modes of industry, and all the every-day on-goings of English life. So qualified, we need hardly add that the "First Impressions" form a volume as instructive as it is delightful; although non-geological readers may not fully relish the recurring references to the Oolite, the coal-measures, and the mountain limestone, or enter with spirit into the detailed explorations for fossil remains. Every one who has read the book will remember the discussion at Newcastle—the exquisite descriptions of the Leasowes, where Shenstone wrote poetry, and displayed his taste as a landscape gardener—Stratford-on-Avon and Spakespeare's house and grave—the visit to Olney, and the fine taste and feeling of the sketch of the scenes pervaded by the genius of Cowper, and immortalised in "The Task."

Of a later date is "My Schools and Schoolmasters." Here Miller's theme is himself. As the story of his education, the book is fraught with a kind of instruction always of much value—showing as it does that self-culture is the only real education—and that of schools and schoolmasters there are no lack had we but the wisdom and the aptitude to make fit use of them. It is a book which brings before us a true nobleman of nature. We see how, prompted to exertion by no motive of worldly ambition, he rises from his obscure sphere by the sole force of superior intellect and moral worth. It abounds, too, in original pictures of character, and of hitherto undescribed aspects of humble Scottish life. While in its freshness, truthfulness, and simplicity, in its healthy moral tone and cheerful spirit, it attains to a charming combination of the interest of romance with the impressiveness of reality.

Miller on the brightest side of his intellect is the man of science. We have described his first geological lesson in the Old Red

Sandstone quarry on the bay of Cromarty. Shortly afterwards he discovered, in a deposit of the Lias, in the Moray Frith, in great abundance, Ammonites, Belemnites, and other fossils peculiar to that formation. Ignorant at the time of their names and nature, they were to him objects of wonder; and his curiosity, once excited, never afterwards slept. He became an assiduous collector of fossils—a thoroughly practical if not an enlightened geologist. Subsequently he had the good fortune to discover a deposit of the Old Red Sandstone, rich in the remains of fishes, within half a mile of the town of Cromarty; and here, after the day's toil was over, he used, as he expresses it, "to lay open its fishes by the score." As an unaided student of the rocks, his progress was very slow. "I was," he says, "acquainted with the Old Red Sandstone of Ross and Cromarty for nearly ten years ere I had ascertained that it is richly fossiliferous; I was acquainted with it for nearly ten years more ere I could assign to its fossils their exact place in the scale."

The Old Red Sandstone was, prior to the publication of the little work so named, comparatively a *terra incognita* to geologists. It was believed to be peculiarly barren in fossils, and Miller had the merit of first showing that its fossil-fishes were remarkably numerous and well preserved. But not only were they abundant, some of them were totally unlike all known fishes. Its *Pterichthys* and *Coccosteus*, encased in a bony armour of plates, presented figures so strange and anomalous as to induce the belief in the mind of their discoverer that they were not fishes, but an intermediate type of existence between the fishes and the Chelonians. Agassiz, however, pronounced them fishes, and attached the name of the discoverer to one of the species of *Pterichthys*, since known as the *Pterichthys Milleri*.

The publication of the "Old Red Sandstone" placed its author at one bound in the first rank of living geologists; while his pains-taking researches, his accurate descriptions, his poetic colouring and philosophic reflection, excited the wonder of his scientific compeers, and called for their commendations. In the third chapter of this his first scientific work, an allusion is made to the Development Theory as propounded by Lamarck. This theory is, in its germ, as old as the days of Anaxagoras, and owes its existence to the distaste of a certain class of philosophic minds to the agency of miracle in creation. It does not seek to dispute the being and personality of God as the first great originating Cause: but it places that God far remote and apart from His works; and, in effect, degrades man to the level of the irresponsible brute. Little could Hugh Miller have fancied, when bestowing a few passing words on the absurdity of the philosophic fancies of Lamarck, that

in a few years he was to witness the appearance of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," by an able British Writer, who, if not profoundly, was at least extensively acquainted with natural science. The "Vestiges" is substantially a reproduction of Lamarck's theory of development, with all the fresh enforcement of which its new advocate was capable. The principle of development in creation, as concerns geology, the author proudly attempts to establish, by a series of imperfect inferences, and by a loose and general kind of reasoning on the fact that the strata of the earth exhibit a progression or ascent in the scale of animal life, from the molluscous type of the older rocks to fishes, to reptiles, to birds, to the mammals of the Tertiary, and lastly, to man. The progression, so far as geological research has attained, is undoubted; but, is it a progression by development and transmutation; or by a series of creations—by the direct and repeated forth-puttings of miraculous power? The author of the "Vestiges" maintains the former position—Miller, in the "Footprints of the Creator," the latter. As far as the history of fishes is concerned, Miller conclusively proves that, while there has been progression of type or class of animal life, there has been exactly the reverse of development. The Ganoids and Placoids of the Old Red Sandstone ocean were more highly organized—stood higher in the scale of ichthyic life than the existing fishes of our seas.

The "Testimony of the Rocks" is, in many respects, the most powerful, as it is certainly the most ambitious of all Hugh Miller's writings. Most of the lectures of which the volume is composed have a more or less direct bearing upon the subject of the reconciliation of the Mosaic and Geological records of creation. Here we enter upon controverted, or, at least, unconsolidated ground. Practical geologists, the men of the hammer, each in his own department devoted to research and the accumulation of facts, and seeing year by year landmarks removed and opinions modified or overthrown, have turned away with a kind of impatient haste from Miller's speculations, and have cared but little, in any manner, to approach the Theological bearings of their science. The revision of the long-accepted rendering of the first chapter of Genesis, required by the "Testimony of the Rocks," is a stumbling-block to others. This, with a persuasion that the time has not yet arrived for grand geological generalisings, accounts sufficiently for the opposition with which in certain quarters the scheme of reconciliation propounded by Miller has been received. We venture to think, however, that although the lamented author may not have advanced a theory free from all objection, or one that will not require modification from future geological discovery, he has, at least, indicated points of wonderful agreement between the Record

of the Rocks and that of Moses, and surely pointed in the direction in which an entire harmony is to be sought. As a literary production, the work is distinguished by originality and comprehensiveness of conception, by philosophic depth, and by great imaginative power.

Two posthumous volumes have recently been published, the "Cruise of the Betsy," with "Rambles of a Geologist," and a series of lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, which Mrs. Miller, as her husband's literary executrix, entitles, "Sketch Book of Popular Geology." The first is a record of excursions among the Hebrides, and of ramblings over ten thousand miles of fossiliferous deposits, while the latter is the elaborated result of the so-acquired geological facts. The materials of both volumes were intended to form part of a projected work on the Geology of Scotland—a work which, of all men, Hugh Miller was most qualified to write, and which he designed to be the *maximum opus* of his life. It is fortunate that so much material has been left in a state so finished. The volumes are marked in full degree by all the well-known characteristics of the writer: the one exhibiting the freedom and freshness of unstudied narrative and description; the other bespeaking the labour of the closet, in its symmetrical grouping of facts and graceful precision of diction. We should have before alluded to an Essay on the geology of the Bass Rock and the surrounding district, which was a contribution to a conjoint volume, and which, as a piece of felicitous writing, ranks among the highest of its author's compositions.

We now proceed to notice certain of Hugh Miller's characteristics as a writer and a man. And first as to *style*. From all quarters have proceeded commendations of the superior excellence of his style as a writer. Reviewers, literary men, politicians, men of science, all combine to laud the beauty, grace, ease, and simplicity of his writings. We admire the modesty, not less than the beauty of Miller's style. It is void of all pretension, straining, and affectation. There is nothing in it inflated or magniloquent—never have we words which give a sound only, and do not convey a definite and distinct meaning. For the charm of his style he has been compared to Goldsmith. With some points in common, yet in others how greatly do the two writers differ! Goldsmith is pleasing and graceful; Hugh Miller, with these qualities, is also robust and vivid—he penetrates deeper—he bears along a weightier burden of thought than does the artless, simple-minded author of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Goldsmith we liken to the butterfly dallying among the flowers, and dancing in the sunbeams—now here, now there, as fancy bids; Miller, to the intent and

earnest bee, whose loaded thighs betoken its practical energy, and whose graceful gyrations and soaring evolutions are all strictly subordinate to the pressing business that sets it on the wing.

Not the least prominent of our Author's mental powers is his imagination. That creative imagination which enters as an essential constituent into the highest grade of poetic genius, we need scarcely say he did not possess. The faculty, as it existed in Miller, was rather kindred to that which his friend, Dr. Chalmers, and John Foster the Essayist, exhibit in their writings. With all the three writers, this noblest faculty of the mind plays a potent part, and shows itself either as interfusing, expanding, or subliming the subject-matter of their thought. The imagination of Dr. Chalmers gives a colour, a tone, and a diffusiveness to the whole texture of his thinking. He impresses, and not seldom wearies by a series of gorgeous iterations; he runs his thought again and again through an imaginative woof, and presents it in every possible aspect. John Foster's more profound thinking is ever and anon borne upward, as it were, from its depths, and irradiated by his imagination. Hugh Miller's imaginative faculty is more generally subdued, more quietly active, though not less present, than that of Chalmers—it more interfuses and shapes the substance of the thought than does that of Foster. It is one of the functions of the imagination to make the dry bones live—to invest the otherwise dreary details of a subject with freshness and interest. And in this respect we are always sensible of the action of the faculty in the perusal of Miller. To the mental eye, the surface of his thinking is not only suffused with beauty, but its substance, as if the imaginative force acted from beneath, is moulded into gentle and graceful undulations—the reader never finds himself on a tame level or a dead flat, but amid a varied expanse of hedge-row, hill, and vale. Grandly, however, on occasions, as in certain passages of the “Testimony of the Rocks,” and of the posthumous lectures, the intensified thought is heaved into table-lands of a sublimer altitude.

Mental robustness is another characteristic. There is a grasp and breadth of thought in Miller's writings, which evince an intellect of the highest order. In thoroughness of mental operation he again reminds us of John Foster. Foster is more profound, and upon a sympathetic reader, exerts an intenser influence. The body of Foster's thought shades into the indefinite; while Miller is at once deep and clear as a Highland lake. This character of lucidity is owing to the thoroughness of his intellectual processes; but perhaps not less to the kind of material upon which his mind operated—he deals with the concrete; seldom with the abstract.

The staple of his thinking concerns itself with facts, with the tangible and the definite. Foster's bias was meditative—his melancholic idiosyncrasy invests his speculative moralisings with a sombre tinge. Miller is gladsome as sunshine—broader—more genial and outgoing to the world of reality and nature. Both writers in their several modes are original. But wherein consists originality? In the free expression of the individuality of genius. It is the prerogative of the man of genius to see and feel for himself. What he sees and feels he utters. And this utterance we term original, not because by a lucky hit it happens to be new, but because it is genuine—because it is not the echo of other men's thinking, but the true expression of his own. Thoughts and fancies thus minted in the brain of genius bear the royal stamp of genuine originality—their value is recognised at a glance—they pass current without question. Every page of Miller's works bears this impress of originality; for every page reflects the individuality of the author, and truly expresses the thoughts of a deep-seeing mind. In large degree he had the faculty of seeing for himself and reasoning for himself. On the field of his favourite science, Geology, this is most discernible. But not only in matters of science, in all the varied subjects he handled we find the same insight and discrimination—the same self-reliance and independence of judgment—the same air of combined ease and strength—the same peculiar cast of thought, and the same unobtrusive beauty of expression. What Richter said of the German poet Herder, is also very applicable to our Author, as it is more or less to every strong man of genius—"He is a northern oak whose branches are sensitive plants." An exquisite emblem of Hugh Miller! How aptly does the figure express that which is inflexible, sturdy, and indomitable in his mental habitude and character, and also that which in the touch and complexion of his genius is refined and delicate! In intellect large of girth—towering and massive—yet also endued with the sensibility which thrills to every touch of those ethereal influences which the poetic spirit alone can feel.

Miller's writings exhibit high powers of description. Here he greatly excels. Traits of character—the minutiae of scientific detail—scenery and natural appearances, are all depicted with the easy vigorous touch of a master's hand. His taste, too, was pure and healthful. We cannot recal a single phrase of his writings defective in right feeling, or which trenches in the slightest on the coarse or the indelicate. Had he wit and humour? He shows himself a humorist, not a wit. Humour, however, is higher in kind than wit—wit is the sparkle of the intellect; humour the effusion of the whole nature, moral and intellectual. Voltaire

was a wit; he had not nobleness of soul enough to be a humorist. A delightful vein of humour runs through "My Schools and Schoolmasters," and adds much to its charm; so also in the "First Impressions," and in the "Scenes and Legends."

The two-edged weapon of sarcasm he could wield when he chose with a matchless effect. In his hand-to-hand encounters with his opponents in the columns of his journal, as is well known, his thrusts were sure and his aim effective. They were, however, opponents; they had stepped into the arena to measure swords with him; and that blows are heavy and thrusts sure, is it not the fortune of warfare?

The high advantage and value of self-culture we take to be the great lesson which the career of Hugh Miller teaches—a culture whose aim is not personal aggrandisement or worldly success, but what is nobler far, the due development and exercise of all the wondrous powers with which the Creator has endowed us. The culture that this self-made and noble-minded man contrived to work out for himself was wide as the range of his faculties. His mind and heart were open and responsive to the noble and heroic in character and action, and to all the varied forms of literary excellence. His career was marked by singular persistency of purpose. The progress of his mind was onward, and still onward; it knew no rest or pause. Indeed, for such as he, pause is impossible. Would that pause or respite, for his own safety, had been possible! Would that his mental toil had been less incessant! As it was, his acquisitions in the domain of knowledge were followed by his own achievements in literature and science. The eager curiosity of the boy ripens into the power that produced the volume of poems, and that again into that capacity and acquirement of which the "Testimony of the Rocks" is the expression and memorial. Resolute persistency, steady mental advance, were marked characteristics of the man. The adversity of circumstance which subdues so many, slightly affected him;—he made circumstance subservient. What seemed retarding obstacles were not only overcome, but converted into the means of progress. As he took his way on that early February morning to the Cromarty quarry, to begin a life of manual toil, instead of qualifying for a learned profession, as his worthy uncles urged, it might have been said that he was doomed to obscurity. How can these rough blocks of sandstone assist in his mental elevation? Alas! what else can they do but stand a perpetual barrier in his path? But this young intellectual Titan is not to be so easily impeded. He wrings from the dumb rock the secret of its origin. And, by means of the insight and energy of superior intellect, has he not made that same Old Red Sandstone of Cromarty the chief

monument to his fame? Has he not written upon it, in characters not soon to be effaced, the name—HUGH MILLER?

Persistency of purpose is allied to ambition; but Miller's ambition was noble and manly, and without one sordid tinge. Intellectually ambitious and self-asserting, he was personally modest and shy. He shrank from no encounter where truth and right were concerned. He would take any man to task, in literary warfare, who fairly crossed his path; yet would he shun publicity and personal display, and studiously court the retirement that he loved.

One other manly quality was his sense or pride of independence. Burns too frequently obtruded the personal independence in which he gloried upon the notice of others. Miller quietly acted and deeply cherished his. This was a prerogative and a possession with which he would suffer no one to interfere. Had he not for himself, and by his own right hand, carved out his way from the Cromarty quarry to competence, to honour, to fame? And what living man was there, what peer of the realm even, that would deign to act as his patron, or proffer to take him by the hand? If ever man stood alone and unpropped, that man was Hugh Miller. And yet, we should lose the key to the full appreciation of his character, both as a writer and a man, without a clear reference to his Christian faith. On this point we quote his own words. "I was led," he says, "to see that my Theologic System had previously wanted a central object to which the heart, as certainly as the intellect, could attach itself, and that the true centre of an efficient Christianity is, as the name ought of itself to indicate, 'THE WORD MADE FLESH.'" The Word made Flesh was to him the central sun of the Christian System, "to be appreciated not only intellectually as a doctrine, but as a Divine Person, so truly Man that the affections of the human heart can lay hold upon Him, and so truly God that the mind, through faith, can at all times and in all places be brought into direct contact with Him." When the heart of such a man finds repose on the all-worthy, all-infinite Object, there is, with a higher purpose, a new light and power, a wider reach and scope, given to the intellect, as well as a fresh harmony and consistency imparted to its operations. But for the sincerity of his Christian faith and trust, the organisms of the rocks would not in his hands so have testified of God as to cast wondrous light upon the great fact and ultimate end of the Incarnation. Geology remains not with him a science of mere detail and uncouth terminology—it bears witness to the truth of Revelation, and does homage before the throne of the Highest. Grandly, indeed, has he illuminated by his consecrated genius the great eras of our earth's past, and

made the rocks vocal to the Creator's glory. As we peruse his pages, we gaze through the countless ages of time into the vista of the by-gone eternity; and as the wondrous panorama of change stretches out before us, we see the unfolding of the Divine plan—the onward march of the Divine purpose—one preparatory epoch succeeded by another, with an ever-ascending gradation of organized existences, until the earth, fitted and furnished, at length receives a nobler denizen, and MAN, God-like and erect, steps upon the scene. Nor does Miller stop here—he makes his science point to the future—to redeemed and glorified humanity—to that grand terminal dynasty, in which all progression closes in the unending reign of the God-man Monarch!”

Hugh Miller has passed away! Not again will his seemingly robust and well-known form, enwrapped in shepherd's plaid, be seen in the streets of Edinburgh, or met with when on his geological excursions at country inn or railway station. Not again are his living features, so indicative of modest manliness and latent power, to meet the gaze of the curious and the admiring, or to relax from their repose to the cordial greeting of friendship. There was mourning and dismay at his untimely removal, snatched as he was from earth by a stroke as mysterious as it was unexpected and overwhelming. And fertile as Scotland has proved in men of mark, many generations may elapse before it produces another such as he. Specially, then, is it befitting that the country which he so truly and proudly loved, should, with a mingled feeling of respect and admiration, revere his memory and cherish his name.

III.

ZINZENDORF:—CHAPTER II.

A BRIEF SKETCH FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MORAVIANS.

It is little to be wondered at that old Rabbi Abraham could understand neither Zinzendorf nor his purposes. Were there not Christians enough at that period, from whom his name called forth nothing but a compassionate smile? Are there none such still? Only now when the man and his labours have become matter of history, which, though not always impartial, is at least free from personal animosity, can that be said.

Zinzendorf was born on the 26th of May, 1700, of a family that had quitted Austria and settled in Saxony on account of their religion.

High worldly position and true piety of heart were attributes of this family; and the parents of the young Count invited the pious Spener to be one of his sponsors, that their Nicholas Ludwig might be stimulated and carried forward by his example. Six weeks after baptism, the child was carried to his father's death-bed, and received his blessing. That blessing was not lost. His maternal grandmother, the Baroness von Gersdorff, received the mother and child into her house; and as the young widow soon married again, the little Count remained under the care of his grandmother and his aunt Henrietta.

It was a blessed school for childhood. Two women who could educate a man like Zinzendorf deserve more than a monument of stone or brass erected to their memories. Under them he became the child that could shed tears of tenderness at the recital of a Saviour's love and sufferings; that could already enjoy communion with Him; that could hold prayer-meetings with his household; and that restrained, by his piety alone, a band of Swedish soldiers who broke into his grandmother's castle for purposes of plunder. A child of six years old, praying and speaking of God, was to these untutored men a striking and soul-subduing sight.

The foundation which these excellent women laid was built upon by an admirable tutor, named Erdling. Whatever is beautiful and holy in the Church of Christ was brought into the child's heart, and there received in a deeply impressible soil. His earnestness was such, that he himself tells us of his feelings at the time:—"Every one whom I saw approaching the Lord's table I could not but address with reverence; for the words, 'He whom the heavens cannot contain now condescends to dwell with thee,' went so to my heart, that I really believed such an one had, by the Lord's body, been verily united into one spirit with Him."

A desire had already risen in the child's heart to be at some future time a preacher of the Gospel, and in spite of all the dissuasions of his friends and relatives, his desire was eventually accomplished. With surprise we read the hymns written by him in his boyhood—each of them the expression of a heart free and happy in his Saviour's love. This childish piety had nothing morbid in it:—Zinzendorf was a merry, happy boy, and in his intercourse with others, full of kindness and sympathy.

His confirmation was now drawing near; and what he felt on the occasion is expressed in his hymn, entitled his "First Communion," written in his fourteenth year.

In his eleventh year, his grandmother had sent him to the college at Halle; and there, under the direction of the pious Franke, he was well cared for. But in the two tutors whom he had up to his nineteenth year a mistake was made, especially by his grandmother. She instructed them to be very strict with him, lest he should fall into self-conceit; and this led to unkind and injudicious treatment. But neither his teachers' short-sighted zeal, nor his own frequent illnesses, could turn Zinzendorf's young heart from the Lord. The severities he experienced were lightened by some friendships he

formed, which were ratified by mutual desires to live and labour for Christ. These early intimacies became life-friendships; and what was purposed by the lads in their young, ardent courage, was carried out by them in manhood. One of these, Frederick de Watteville, a member of the brotherhood formed at Halle, became in after-life his most faithful coadjutor.

If Zinzendorf were, in the opinion of those who did not understand him, a singular pupil, he was a still more eccentric student - so different from those of his own rank and fortune, as to be an object of ridicule to all but a few true friends. At Wittenburg he devoted himself more to theology than to the law, to which he had been destined; and at nineteen, according to custom, he was sent on his travels. At Paris, where too many young Germans learnt to spend German money and forget German manners and morals, he sought out the eminent men of the day, was loved and esteemed by them, and honoured with particular favour at court. He preferred visiting the hospitals, however, to frequenting the palaces of the rich and the great.

On his return from Paris, he visited his aunt, the Countess of Castile, and there he imagined he had found the companion whom God had destined to him for life. In a happy, hopeful spirit, he continued his journey with the fair Theodora's image to cheer him on the road; when he discovered that an attachment to her already existed on the part of his friend, Count Henry XIX. of Reuss-Ebersdorff.

After a severe internal conflict, the unselfish Zinzendorf determined to withdraw his pretensions in favour of his friend. "She will be less exposed to the dangers of the world, and at the same time placed in a higher position than I could offer her. I will sacrifice to the Lord's will, therefore, the dearest affection I have on earth."

Thus mused Zinzendorf; and travelling back with his friend to Castile, he there besought the favour of her whom he loved in behalf of his friend, blessed their engagement, and hallowed it by a prayer which drew tears from all present. The verses he wrote at that time show a strong and lively faith, and at the same time a humble and self-sacrificing spirit, which breathes through them occasionally, like a plaintive minor note in a sacred melody.

The desire of devoting himself to the ministry was now stronger than ever, but his relatives were strenuously opposed to it; and though now in possession of his fortune, he deferred to their wishes, and sought a government appointment at Dresden. He entered on it with evident repugnance; one of his wishes, however, was fulfilled. He was able to obtain by purchase the estate of Bertholdsdorff, belonging to his grandmother, in connection with which he had conceived designs similar to those which were afterwards developed at Herrnhut. Thither he called a young and pious candidate, Johann Andreas Rothe, whom he had learnt to love and esteem as one of Christ's children; and over his household he set his steward Heitz,

an equally remarkable man ; for it was Zinzendorf's peculiar gift to find out the right man for the right place. In offering to his friend Rothe, the care of the parish of Bertholdsdorff, he wrote—"Go forth, then, into the Lord's vineyard ! He sends you to reap His harvest ; you are the bearer of glad tidings ; go in peace ! Feed the flock of Christ. Say to the righteous that it shall be well with them. Make a straight path for the glory of God. Show the Lamb of God to your disciples, and direct them to it. You shall find in me a brother and coadjutor, rather than a patron ; and, poor and weak as I am, I will help you to fight in the strength of the Lord Jesus."

With a steadfast view to his projected course, the Count married Erdmuth Dorothea, Countess of Reuss, the sister of his friend Count Henry. The marriage took place, September the 7th, 1722. He did not conceal from her what she would have to expect in a union with him ; and as she was persuaded that his call was a leading of Providence, he was sure he had found in her a suitable helpmate.

While the Count was preparing for his marriage, a carpenter from Moravia, named Christian David, came to him and told him of the oppressions to which the Protestants calling themselves Moravian Brethren were there subjected, and begged him to afford some of them a place of refuge. The Count, without thinking much about it, granted his request. He heard shortly from his steward of the arrival of some Moravians, and sanctioned their remaining for the present. He little thought that these were to be the founders of Herrnhut. In the following autumn, when he travelled to Bertholdsdorff, and arrived within a short distance of the village, he was struck by the appearance of a light on the hill Huttberg ; and, stopping his carriage, he walked up to it. It was burning in the first house built by the Moravians. Here Christian David had felled the first tree, saying "Here hath the sparrow found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts !" This was on the 17th of June, 1722.

Zinzendorf greeted his new subjects cordially, and together they bent their knees and prayed that the Lord would watch over that house. And He did so. In a few years, the mustard-seed became a tree and threw out branches. Continually did that apostolic man, Christian David, take up his staff and guide fresh parties of his brethren to this favoured spot—the men carrying their psalm-books, the women their children. Frequently they left behind them well-filled houses and barns, and carried nothing away with them but the faith of their fathers, and their hopes of a place of quiet rest. Yet these were the very fugitives that received the warmest welcome. Those who brought their valuables were looked on more doubtfully. Many came from other parts besides Moravia, but all from the same motive, and the discipline of the ancient Church, which Zinzendorf increasingly loved, daily built up and strengthened the congregation.

Zinzendorf was the pastor's faithful helper. He went from house to house, teaching and exhorting ; he and his wife drew the little ones of the settlement around them, and founded those schools which

for more than a century, have been a blessing to all Christian countries. In this, the Count was faithfully aided by his gentle, benevolent friend, Frederick De Watteville, and by many first-rate men of the congregation—Christian David, the Nitschmanns, and others. Many women were already willing and active members of the community.

The most striking fact, however, was the constant supply and swift growth of labourers in the vineyard. It was as if new life were infused into these lowly people. Though, for the most part, without much of this world's knowledge, their living together in community, their service of the Saviour, their constant reference to Him in all things, gave them a fervour of piety, a freshness of faith joined with so rapid a growth in knowledge and wisdom, that even Zinzendorf could only adore in silence the marvellous grace of God.

As may be imagined, a congregation of six hundred, drawn together so promiscuously, could not immediately fall into the prescribed regulations. Many were received who could not at once give up their former religious views, and a spirit of sectarianism and form-worship threatened to divide the little community. Zinzendorf took up the matter courageously and powerfully, the offenders left the church; and those who had been led astray, returned full of penitence and with renewed ardour, to their labours in the community.

At this time, question was made whether the discipline of the ancient Moravian Church, which had hitherto been maintained, should be adhered to, or whether the congregation should altogether join the Lutheran Church. The latter appeared advisable, as the Brethren held the Augsburg Confession. But here, also, Zinzendorf showed the congregation the right path. The name, therefore, of "United Brethren," and the ancient discipline admired by Luther so long before, were both preserved; and the re-establishment of unanimity and peace were then celebrated in a manner that made the presence of the Holy Spirit sensibly felt by the members of the community.

Zinzendorf was the avowed head of the congregation, and he bore the responsibility with meekness and courage. In contemplating the numerous works he published between 1722 and 1736, the journeys he undertook, the attacks levelled at him, the praises bestowed on him, how he was honoured and despised, eulogised and libelled, yet ever active, loving, and forgiving—one can understand his meaning in the following couplet—

"I have one master passion
'Tis Christ, and He alone"

And for His sake he argued with the various sects in the Wetterau, was preached against by the Prophet Rock, whom he had invited to be godfather to one of his children, accepted from the hand of the King of Sweden the order of Dansbrog, which he determined to wear in the cause of Christ, refused an honourable office at the Court of Copenhagen, and was present there at the King's coronation.

Meanwhile the Church of Herrnhut began to manifest itself as a portion of the salt of the earth. A desire to labour among the heathen was awakened, missionaries were sent to the negroes of St. Thomas, and the Esquimaux of Greenland—Leonard Dober and David Nitschmann to the former, Christian Stach and Christian David to the latter. And now the time arrived for the fulfilment of the Count's passionate desire to become an ordained preacher of the Gospel. He travelled under a feigned name, as tutor to a young merchant, to Stralsund. There he underwent examination as candidate for holy orders, and for ever laid aside the sword he had hitherto worn as Count of the Empire. This last step giving offence to the Court of Copenhagen, he modestly returned the order he had received.

His entering the ministry was the signal for a general storm of attack. A deputation from Dresden was sent to inquire into the doctrine and habits of the Brethren; and though nothing could be discovered against them, the Count was advised to sell his estates in Saxony, in order to escape banishment. The object was to separate him from his work, in the hope that it would then die out of itself. However, he made his estates over to the Countess, his wife.

On returning from a journey to Holland, where he succeeded in forming a congregation of the Brethren, he was met at Cassel by a decree of banishment for life from Saxony. This was in the spring of 1736. He sent his wife, who had accompanied him to Holland, in haste to Herrnhut; for, with the decree of banishment came a commission for a more thorough investigation. He himself repaired to Frankfort, to be near his friend Spener, where the happy results of the investigation reached him on his birthday.

At first, he knew not where to turn, but he was not left friendless in a strange land. Spener's friends welcomed him with cordiality, and Lindheim, as we have already seen, was offered him for a dwelling-place. He preferred the Ronneburg. While apartments were being hastily and scantily furnished for him there, and while awaiting the Countess's arrival from Herrnhut, we find him and his friends at Marienborn.

On a bright sunny afternoon, the Saxon exiles were assembled in the garden at Marienborn. Gentlemen engaged in serious conversation were dispersed in groups in and about a large roomy summer-house. At a stone-table sat the Countess Zinzendorf, a lady of refined bearing; and though her regular features wore an expression of great fatigue, there was a bright loving light in her eye. She was conversing with her husband, who sat beside her, of her recent journey from Herrnhut, its future prospects, and their own recent banishment. The whole thread of the discourse between these two distinguished persons, which was chiefly on their own affairs, had constant reference to a third party, of whom their hearts were full; and it was their mutual love for Him, their Lord and Master, that lent such a charm to their countenances and conversation.

The Countess, after a time, became absorbed in thought, and did.

not notice that her lovely little daughter Benigna was patiently waiting beside her, with a pleading expression in her eyes. The Count was the first to perceive her, and said :—

“ Erdmuth, our little one has a favour to ask. Hear what it is.”

“ What do you wish, my child ?” said the mother, gently.

“ Please, mamma, may I have the scissors out of your work-basket ?”

“ What do you want them for, my love ?”

“ To cut a cross out of this gold paper.”

“ Is it that it may remind you of the Saviour, my dear ?”

“ I always think of Him, mamma, but just now I am at play. You see, brother Christian is holding the lamb there which the kind shepherd gave me this morning ; and I am going to cut out a cross, and lay it on its back, that it may become more patient. We love it, and do everything we can for it ; but it remains as wild as ever, and tires us with running after it.”

The Countess glanced at her husband, and read in his eyes an expression of the purest joy. She gave her scissors to the little girl, whose fingers, however, were not quite equal to the undertaking, and she looked up beseechingly at her father. Zinzendorf took the gold paper and scissors, and soon produced the desired cross.

“ Here, Benigna,” said he, smiling, “ take this and lay it on your little lamb, to make it gentle ; but tell me, before you go, how do the angels sing who stand around the throne, as we read in Revelations ?”

“ They sing,” replied the child, “ ‘ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.’ ”

“ Erdmuth,” said the Count, as the child ran off, “ as long as the Gospel is revealed to babes, let it remain scaled to the wise and learned. But let the cross which our little one means to lay on her lamb be a lesson to us to bear ours patiently, and to follow Him whithersoever He goeth. See,” he added, “ here comes our Christian David. He has been to Ronneburg to-day, and perhaps comes to tell us we can now remove thither.”

The person thus named approached. He was a short but powerfully built man. A pair of sparkling eyes shone from beneath his dark brows, and his mouth had the character of resolute determination. Yet his aspect betokened tender feeling and entire self-command. His dress was extremely plain, and the only approach to ornament was a handsome cane in his hand, a present from the Count.

He bowed ; and in a deep bass voice said :—

“ My lord, magistrate Schuchart presents his most humble duty to your lordship, and begs to inform you that all is now ready for your lordship’s reception, as far as it is possible to make the place so. There is indeed no absolute danger of the roof falling in ; but, with all due respect and deference, I wish to impress on your lordship that it really is not a place for you to inhabit. What I have again

heard and seen up there to-day passes belief; you will be miserable there, my lord, and without the least hope of doing any good for the Saviour."

The Count looked quietly up at the speaker, and then said:—

"Dear brother David, first of all let me beg you to moderate your 'lordships' and 'my lords.' My friends here know what I think on the subject of vain titles; and, at all events, they are misbestowed on a banished Count in a minister's gown. Call me simply 'Count,' since Count I am. As for the Ronneburg—have not you, my brother, been in Greenland?"

"Yes, Count, and I bless the Lord for it; but the Esquimaux in their fur-jackets, and smelling of train-oil, had human hearts in their bodies—hearts that opened to the Word of truth; but when one sees the wretches up here, one can only think of our Lord's words: 'Give not that which is holy unto dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine.'"

"It remains to be proved, my friend, whether they really are such as you think; and even if they should be—why, all things are possible with God. I burn to bring souls to Christ—to show them my own happiness and the Lord's goodness." And, turning to the Countess, he said: "Erdmuth, you are of my mind, are you not? You are not afraid of the scene which David has depicted to us?"

"God forbid that I should be," said the Countess, with emotion; "I am ready to go wherever the Lord leads, without fearing what flesh and blood can do unto me. Had I thought otherwise, there were many friends and foes who would have deterred me on my journey hither. But I have fixed my eyes steadily on my soul's Beloved, and He has led the way."

At this instant, a messenger, led by Melchior, approached, and presented to the Count a large packet of letters from Hanau. Zinzendorf desired that the man might have refreshment, and then spread the letters on the table before him. They came from various parts of the world. He eagerly opened one in the hand of David Nitschmann, but after reading a few lines, his arms sank, and his eyes filled with tears.

"My dear brothers," said he, "another of us has been called home. Our faithful Tobias Friedrich is with the Lord."

Every countenance expressed unaffected grief. "Our dear, good Tobias Friedrich!" "Oh, how sorry I am!" "What a blessed change for him!" were the exclamations heard on all sides.

And who was this lamented friend? The Count's steward, and the organist of the congregation. A nobody as to worldly position, but a true man of God in his heart and life.

"The Lord's will be done, in him and us," said the Count. "I grieve for thee, my brother Jonathan! I had much comfort and confidence in thee. There was an instrument prepared of the Lord, for this service! I could have said of him, 'Lord, leave us Thy champion yet a little while.' But he is doubtless more fitly placed in the heavenly mansions than here below. Therefore,

with all our hearts, let us respond a cheerful Amen to 'Thy will be done.' "

Zinzendorf took up the letter, but again let it fall.

"Silence will not do, friends," said he, "when the heart needs to speak. I remember, as if it were yesterday, travelling many years ago in the neighbourhood of Nuremburg;—I had left my carriage, and was walking up a steep hill, when a little barefooted boy, with a beggar's wallet over his shoulder, came running up to me. He had an old fiddle in his hand, and he said, 'My Lord, will you allow me to play you a little tune?' I was deep in thought, and did not immediately attend to the child, but mechanically put my hand into my pocket for alms. As I looked round to give him money, I was struck by a pair of the largest and most beautiful blue eyes I ever saw; and the child's soul seemed to say to mine, 'Come over and help us.' I bade him play: his tunes were chiefly dances. At length I said, 'Can you play me a hymn?' 'Certainly I can,' said he, and began to tune his fiddle afresh. I liked this—he was now in a different key. He began the tune 'Praise and glory to our God;' and I nodded approval. Presently I said, 'Do you know the Creed?' 'Yes,' replied he quickly, 'the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer.' 'Let me hear you,' said I. The child repeated the Belief and the Ten Commandments, looking me full in the face; but no sooner came to 'Our Father,' than he laid his violin down on the ground, placed his cap beside it, and reverently joining his hands, bent his head, and prayed aloud. When I saw this, I prayed the Lord to give me the child's soul, that I might win it for Himself; and He granted my prayer.

"We became companions on our onward journey; and what was promised me that day by the little boy then sitting beside me in the carriage, was afterwards fulfilled by the man. Thanks to our dear pastor Rothe, he was well grounded in knowledge, and became a good Latin scholar and general linguist. But far greater thanks are due to his heavenly Teacher, who admitted him into His school of grace, and blessed him with heavenly wisdom. Our Friedrich seemed to have a peculiar gift in the Lord's vineyard, and very little good seed, in his case, fell to the ground. What a heart looked forth from those honest blue eyes! When any misunderstanding arose in the congregation, who was so effectual a peacemaker as Friedrich? When strangers came to inquire into our proceedings, who could explain them with his persuasive gentleness?—so winning a way for the love of Christ into their souls that some of our most distinguished men have valued the friendship of Tobias Friedrich. Wherever the church sent him—whether to Sweden, where he opened a new door for the Lord, or to the philosophers at Jena, this man, by his amiable engaging manners, made more friends and reconciled more enemies than any one of us can boast."

"To that I can bear witness," said De Watteville, "for he was my friend and colleague in the administration of the affairs of our community. Without his aid, I never could have brought so many different tempers and dispositions under control."

"I should think," interposed Christian David, his thick, bass voice trembling with emotion, "none of us know better than I, what a loving heart our Friedrich had. I confess, with deep humiliation, that for a long time I was lost in sectarian error—next to the Lord, I have to thank him for bringing me into the way of truth."

"And, dear friends," pursued the Count, "what would our congregational music have been, but for him? He was indeed a real genius, and his soul was so full of melody that he seemed to have caught the echoes of angels singing round the throne. Music is to our services what the flower is to the place which bears it, and its sweet attraction draws directors of music to us from far and near. All were amazed at the genius of the man who led the whole congregation from one strain to another till the whole became a melodious worship, in which the believing soul felt the nearness of the Lord."

"Let me also add a few words to his memory," said the Countess gently. "When I call him the Eliezer of our family, you can conceive to yourselves his faithfulness, his activity, his unwearied care and zeal for us, his devoted love for our children, and his disposition like a spring-day, so sweet, balmy, and joyous."

"Amen," said the Count. "May his place be among those who tune their golden harps beside the sea of crystal!"

The evening service of the little band of pilgrims was over. All had retired to rest; even Christian David, the most watchful of the Brethren, slept peacefully, for the old tower-clock had struck two: but Zinzendorf still sat at his writing-table; and after taking leave of his family for the night, spent a long time in earnest communion with his Saviour.

IV.

MODERN BIBLE PICTURES.—No. II.

BEYOND all doubt, the world has of late discovered a mighty power in the culture of "the imagination." A pleasure before, it is now a business and a duty; nay, it is called the very consummation and highest use of all the so-styled mental faculties, in this sole uniting exercise of them. "Imaginative recreation" is thought now, in the world, to be merely a better name than heretofore for that equal and harmonious training of all mental power, which of old the Greeks would have called "gymnastic." There are some Doctors, seemingly, who imply a panacea in this psychology. There are those who hint that if this mental spring can but be touched (as they appear to fancy it), then consciences can be awakened, which are dead to every other

appeal; or faith may be produced, though testimonies and wonders should have failed. Others have written whole brilliant books to exemplify the conception, that the fancy and the understanding are two sides of the human soul, which severally could be nourished or starved by a master; the first of them, though it were trained apart, being certain, after all, to turn out a pleasant child of the better instincts; the second, a hard and uncouth creature, without any such saving element. Happily, if thus the schoolmaster may be lectured, not so with the preacher. He smiles in pity at the assumption. The mind, he feels, cannot but spontaneously picture to itself some representation of what it is concerned with; yet in proportion as it tends from earthly objects, maturing to its higher engrossment, so does all help from earthly scenes and analogies become idle, till it is profane; yea, he who at that point shall presume to offer his human aid in our weakness, though he were the very hierarch of human art, puts himself in the priestly place, from which he must be hurled with contempt. The old Puritan avers, and truly, that the enlightening power is above the human sphere, not increased or lessened by any culture there. The shut sense being only turned toward the fixed lights, then all is done that man can do; nor does the worldly man any more seek or know to do it, than the blind, who fancies he beholds, can seek to lead the other blind aright. Each is equally, to the evangelist, a child of darkness; save that the dullest is the least deluded. *Faith* is his transforming, beautifying, adorning, world-or-nation-changing essence; source of all religion, all good works, charities, graces—and it is “faith” alone. Nor is it our part to differ about names, and decide between the terminology of systems proceeding from opposite quarters.

We ought merely to suppose here, for the present, that the result is agreed upon as something beyond tutors or masters, who do the cultivating part. We ask, at the same time, why are the two different sets of preparatory means and instruments still so distinct—so apparently irrespective of each other? The world's new zeal, in this direction, is aggressive; the old zeal of the Churches has become barely so much as self-supporting, internally controlling—not defensive at the best. The World grows fervid, serious, imposing, in its figures, representations, and pictures; the Churches recoil the farther into precept and discourse, ethics and doctrine, when their tropes and similes are not forced and chill, or their symbols and pomps elaborately foolish. The world takes up the allegorical and visionary part, and trenches upon sacred ground; the Church does not retaliate by thus vividly seizing, in turn, the territory that is secular. There are practically no sectarian divisions in the illustrative spirit of the age, nor any tedious controversies, which detain it from so advancing; but in the other spirit that professes to contrast with it and oppose it, how slow even the few motions of union, or the difficult decisions in favour of joint action! Unaccountable as ever is the world's evil, except on the old ground

that *it*—the “world—lieth in the wicked one,” whose devices are subtle enough to take the forms of heaven, the colours of the rainbow; and the work is the work not of men merely, not even of saints themselves, with angels to aid. For each victory does but aggravate the intensity of the conflict to come; all the hosts of evil overcome, have but left the last host more openly accumulated and concentrated. Civilization helps the struggle only by showing it direr, and yet more dire; against the corrupt nature which thrives and flourishes in daylight when the darkness has been done away, and breaks out at home again as soon as repressed abroad. Nor can anything end it, after all, save the final settlement—stern, sovereign, judicial—which shall separate between good and evil for ever.

True, the contrast of these two descriptions is somewhat more apparent than real. It is not the custom of Englishmen, engaged in any special business whatever, to mix up with it their private notions of another matter altogether. They sink the whole of this question in their political or commercial capacity, still more than in religion; and the imaginative-culturists are to them equally a sect with the evangelical. As parents, too, they agree to sink it; and as enlightened patrons of early education, or amiable heads of cheerful households. It seems generally taken for granted, now-a-days, that there is a unanimous declaration on the part of children in its favour, tantamount to a certainty of rebellious or surreptitious accomplishment of the desire, were refusal made. Their work, play, and rest, may all alike be enlivened by as much illustration, entertainment, and fancy as possible; be it only innocuous in appearance, and not openly incompatible with the several adult creeds. Be it granted that the world grows more entertaining and lively, the week-days pleasanter and happier—all the more spiritual is religion, all the more hallowed the Sabbath. Far from redounding to the damage, either, of creeds more symbolical and ceremonial, this dilemma offers them the fairer opportunity for consecrated triumphs, in which the judicial mind must allow that secular art is less gorgeous than the ecclesiastical, and the poetic layman inferior to the clerical in decided force of meaning. So that however humble the sphere, or weak, perhaps, the performance, denominational religion does not suffer in this quarter from competition with the pictorial spirit of the age.

Are there any, indeed, that have looked this question fairly in the face; or who have heard the still small voice of injunction to prepare for it early enough, in the strength of a living modern faith, as it were some ark of safety for the old household religion of England? Is it in reality the case that these strong primitive instincts have ignored the new ones in this relation; or have rather, in the view of it, blanched and quailed at their imposing aspect, thus singularly different from the grave Puritan model? So different, with those supposed melodramatic tastes, cravings for spectacle, excursion, festival, or *fête champêtre*, those romantic and pictorial tendencies, those excesses and revellings in the luxurious—that by turns the mediævalist and Parisian classicist have contended for their favour;

may, there still circulates the devout imagination that their indifference to all sorts of architectural styles may be conquered, and that they may be gained by an increase in the number of rites or of bishops, if not by public buildings with historical frescoes, or more museums of animated nature on the Sydenham pattern. *He* must have been a bold man, and apparently a very shrewd one, though scarcely less sincere than bold or shrewd, who first suggested a recent project for the proselytizing of "the lower classes;" of which some obvious results are now before us. These are no less than palpable tokens of a scheme, which must so far have been successful, to propagate, among the very millions who read illustrated miscellanies and pictorial journals, the notions and the feelings of the Puritans themselves! And no Jesuit or Jacobin disseminator could have more subtly calculated the mode, or entered into the character of the people with whom he had to do; for he adopts the precise forms and times which are most in vogue, with the attractions most similar to those in favour; and is so far from incurring the suspicion of a gratuitous propagator for an insidious end, that the commercial prejudices of the race are respected by his evident determination to make it pay. None, perhaps, but a member of the very classes thus aimed at, a working man, a trader, neither cloistered nor clubbed, could so have propitiated their attention to the extraordinary attempt *he* makes; since it assumes the fact that it is a workman's scheme, a business of profit and loss, yet a thing for those who must rest as well as work, requiring household comfort along with worldly care, capable of refined pleasures though subject to coarse pains, and of all men most concerned to live for ends above the earth. He positively assumes it for an undoubted truth, despite every apparent circumstance to the contrary, that the mass of Englishmen believe, if not in churches or their various modes, yet in the plain old-fashioned dogma of the soul and the unseen world to come, in a Sabbath, a Bible, and Him who is their author. It is a "Penny Weekly Illustrated Family Bible for the People," whose numbers and whose parts have run through many months, and will continue to run, if the undertaking still prospers, through some future years. Whatever the individual credit of the idea, or the particular religious denominations to which the publishers may belong, it may at all events be said that the name of "Cassell and Co." bids fair to be associated with modern Puritanism of a very original kind; associated, too, we trust, in after ages, with a great and lasting benefit to their country. The unsectarian and unpretentious manner of the enterprise deserves praise which can very seldom be accorded to any: in the method of its execution, and the general character of its details, there is much to justify the claim advanced for it, of a "National Work." They offer grounds which few will question, for the appeal to "hearty and cordial assistance" from all classes, "in bringing it to a successful termination, marked by that degree of excellence which now characterizes every feature," indeed for increased efforts to render it satisfactory: as for the natural belief of the projectors

"that, while accomplishing one of the most successful typographical and artistic efforts of the day, and presenting the sacred truths in the most attractive form, they are causing them to be generally read in circles they have not hitherto reached, and that by means of the explanatory notes, they will insure their being more fully understood and appreciated, and thus the cause of morality and true religion will be advanced." Therefore may they now be congratulated on the promised repeal of the paper duty, and wished courage still higher, as well as good speed, in their endeavour to supply this supposed demand amongst the British People.

Truly, the "elevation of the masses" question seems to have been one which was unnecessarily perplexed. A too profound philosophy may have conduced rather to embarrass than to help it. The native country of art, we hear, was Pagan: as to what is called sacred art, we are told it arose in a land which, till of late, was dead; and it became the "handmaid of religion," only to assist in oppressing conscience and free judgment. Hence, have we English been exceedingly jealous of it in these matters. Meantime, allowing it to flourish in every other respect; while in *these* we have preferred to import a great deal of German learning and metaphysics, for whose subtle sceptical influence there was a degree of compensation, it appears, in our practical turn, our experimental science, our in-door and out-door habits that lead to a healthful and manly literature, cherishing at once the poetry of humanity and nature. And with all the psychological insight of such wisdom, perhaps, we turn our philanthropic politics to bear on this sudden business of the "lower classes." Laudable, indeed, is the growing unanimity, even of sects, to lay aside, from "national education," the one doubtful point—whether anything religious should be said, or how. They agree to differ on it in public, and be there silent, undemonstrative, and utterly without representations or devices regarding it; for the good end that in private, at home or church, and where neither home nor church exists, the zeal or the indifference of the adult British soul may have its fuller scope, each in its own way, with the nascent instincts of its posterity. Possibly we shall cease to wonder, before long, that the free British parent, who esteems this privilege, for the most part declines to hand it over to the Sunday-school teacher of these modest creeds, or to the lofty ambassador of one which is more arbitrary and elaborate. He may in all likelihood know nothing of the secular philosophy which reserves for him this sacred right, to use or to delegate; but common sense must force upon him the impression that if himself incompetent to the office, he is yet more unable to decide between the rival deputies. Alike with symbolist or spiritualist, votary of intelligent or of credulous piety, it is a parable of abstractions, or an abstraction of parables, that they offer for his choice; and to the mass of the people of England has all its Protestantism become a filmy unreality, without so much as a conceivable claim upon their notice.

Yet turn we to the simplest of expedients, and we are chiefly sur-

prised, as usual, at having let it lie unused so long beside us. Take the same old rudiments of the world's faith, which have served it for all its purposes hitherto, and see once for all whether they would do again, or whether they would fail. If *they* were but distinctly brought in contact with the mind of the age, from its dullest to its keenest side, then let the whole superstructure of dialectical symbolism go indeed to the winds, while the venerable record itself is read once more in the living vernacular, translated from a language that belongs now to the past. Then try verily, ye creeds and churches, which of you shall emerge secure from the process; rather, whether there is not something in the vast wants and desires of a great people, that shall extract for itself the genuine essence of the preciousness of the law and Gospel, overlaid too much perhaps by commentaries and glosses, the "cycles and epicycles" of a necessity that becomes obsolete. Why not put off some degree of misconfidence in this respect, at least—and trust that all is safe when these two things come closely together—the inspired Book and the homely household circle. True, art is to be now the commentator—it will be said, the human commentator.

It will be so at all events. The day of cheap literature, popular pictures, and wood engraving, has evidently settled it. Be it low art or high art, art has begun to take the mighty matter in its strong hands. If it be thought in any way deplorable, let us cheer ourselves by a glance over the pages of "Schnorr's Bible Pictures." This is surely by no means a token to be lamented, of how the common national instinct of a serious people will work itself clear, once leavened with a profound vital belief; till it reflects Divine truth in pictures from above, although asked to substitute for them the brilliant bubbles from below, the shining shadow within. Here, from Germany itself, is neither rational neology illustrated, nor the embellishment of mysticism returned to Rome; but the old Bible of our childhood, vivified with such forms as we wished to conceive. It is felt here, even in the series of hundreds of such pictures by a single man, how the function of art rises thus through genius—not to a fancied original novelty, but to a widely sympathetic embodiment of the spontaneous impression in childhood, when the fancy was nearest heaven. And were a chosen company of artists like Schnorr to make Bible pictures for England, what might we not look for then? There is no need of size, expense, or accessory and adventitious attraction. What would be required is the spirit of a school of painting with reverence in its heart, while knowledge guides its hands, and a sense of its own highest duty elevates it. In simple black and white, often in mere outline which surrendered both, did Schnorr's earnest purpose serve him to show a decision and fluency of drawing, with a variety of thought, that leaves his single-handed work a marvel; though the best help of many artistic fathers and reformers, commentators, and interpreters, and translators must, of course, have been virtually with him, as with Luther in his solitary library, when he performed a similar labour. The Luther he may

be well called of this most recent Protestantism. What we might ask for, still, is the joint execution of that maturer task—the sifted and resifted product of all former versions, which should furnish for every English household the plainest assurance of a Bible as Heaven gave it. With all its natural idioms, its clear phraseology, its patent and easily tested equivalents for the foreign, the ancient, or the inexpressibly strange—how indeed could such a translation be received among us, except through the medium of a nobly-devout national art?

Such a national work “should contain,” says a late criticism on “Cheap Art,”* “those illustrations of Eastern customs, upon a knowledge of which so much of the pictorial interest, and indeed the mere comprehension of most of the subjects depends. Half the spirit and beauty of many Biblical illustrations is lost upon our people, because they are ignorant of Eastern customs. Many an allusion, resplendent with poetry and pathos, appears dull to us without this knowledge. Now, those works of Schnorr, with all their excellences, fail to supply this want, and lose much nobly picturesque element thereby. . . . An adherence to traditional art-errors is palpable throughout the series, and is a defect we cannot but lament. Now, it would be a grand thing for a grand artist to do, to go to the East, and there, where the manners and customs of the people have slept unchanged for so many ages, study those most interesting and, indeed, for the comprehension of the Scriptures, vital points. . . . But most will depend on the choice of a fit artist. . . . Surely, if it is worth while to excavate the ruins of a seventh-rate city in Asia, like Xanthus—to dig at Budrûm for the remains of Halicarnassus, or at Nimrûd for Nineveh—it will be worth while to illustrate the Scriptures with the results of the knowledge, and the unexpected and marvellous light gained by these researches; the practical use of which seems to us to lie chiefly in this very employment of them for the ends of art. Raise up the buried city of Babylon before our people; resuscitate the glories of Jerusalem upon the paper before the multitude; let us have patriarch and prophet, hero and king, in the habit in which they lived; and then we may hope to have the benefit of these researches no longer confined to the knowledge of learned men, but lending an interest and a value to many an ill-understood passage, giving life, and substance, and persuasiveness to all, from the realism they would possess. This would be a triumph of art, and might be cheap art.”

To the children, and to the people, who must have their Bible with pictures, let it be trusted that something like this is coming. But who is there so mature, so cultivated, shall we say so Puritan, as not to learn from it when it comes, to find it revive faded impressions, create new, and bring abstractions into shape—when he shall look on with the so-pleased children, sharing the people’s recreation? What would it not have been to *us*, in the austere old Scottish Sab-

* Macmillan’s Magazine, November, 1859. By Frederick G. Stephens.

bath which we remember thirty years ago—whose very rigidity and vacancy appear sacredly picturesque now, but might, instead of that, have diffused life and practice, beyond all pictures, through our daily conversation in the world? Experience whispers to us now, from that distance, that, at the time, it disclosed no hues nor lineaments of attraction to compete with those of the world; but contained a stony image of unmeaning abstinence, seclusion, and inaction, to which, when we were young, we rendered, at the best, an idol-worship. Seeing now through our fathers' eyes, we see a picture of blessed meaning, gracious privilege, repose, recreation, meditative and contemplative sanctity—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The indorsement of supreme delight."

But through the eyes of our children we would fill it, on the contrary, with the flower of action, and beautify and enliven it with all the foliage that belongs to fruit throughout the week-day world.

There is a picture now exhibiting in the midst of our world, to see which becomes as fashionable, as it must be pleasant to the cultivated, and satisfactory to the friends of art. After years of the most serious labour, with pains, trouble, and distant research, which in themselves are astonishing, one of the much-questioned "Pre-Raphaelites" has achieved what seems at length a triumph for their school. It is a work, not merely of high art, but of what we are accustomed to call sacred. If the words even of sober eulogy do not far exceed the truth, Mr. Holman Hunt's painting of "The Finding of the Youthful Saviour in the Temple," must absolutely open a new conception of what may be yet done by "natural" British art. "By the vividness and vitality of his representation, the first step of Christ's mission produces a fresher, and, it may be, deeper impression upon the mind, than that which most men can recal the memories of their youth even to suggest, within themselves. . . . The result stands before us almost with the solemnity of a fact. . . . The fruit of study and of local as well as learned examination, with constructive care and fidelity to actual detail, is here marvellous." So also are "the luminous depth and intensity of colour, the perfect truth of *chiaroscuro*, the solidity of handling, yet the minute and elaborate finish;" the "expression of the Virgin mother's face and attitude, and of the beauty, the dignity of high obedience, the mildness of lowlier sufferance, in that mysterious Child-Teacher's aspect." Let it be hoped that a further step is here indicated in the good progress already visible in our age, by more animated means and livelier instrumentalities, towards the vital import of them all. Here, at least, the Puritan agrees with the pictorial spirit—that if we rest in the figures, or stop short with the symbol, then they soon become to us no better than the last popular spectacle and the latest fashionable preacher, whose useless image clings for a little to our memory as we pass away.

G. C.

V.

A CLASSICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL NOVEL.

A NEW novel is to a large class of readers a most delightful thing. They have nothing else to do but to read it. A day's work is an orthodox three-volume romance, which having been once got through, is forthwith consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness and thought of no more. There is a tale told of an American lady, who, talking with a friend from the old country, asked if there was anything new in the way of novels. "Have you read 'Now and Then?'" inquired the visitor. "Yes," replied the lady, "of course I have: I read all the novels that come in my way." "Have you read 'Ten Thousand a-year?'" "No," replied the fair Transatlantic, a little staggered by the literary digestion implied in such a question; "I *have* read some hundreds, but certainly never read ten thousand a-year!" It seems difficult to understand, with all the prodigious productiveness of the modern pen, how the supply of new novels can keep pace with the demand. Old men and maidens, young men and (may we not say) children, are at work constantly in their manufacture: wives and widows are not wanting. And the qualities are as numerous as the quantities are great: some Grandisonian ladies and gentlemen who mount on stilts of or-molu to write at a desk ten feet above the ground; others who, eschewing even the ordinary apparel, concoct their romances in dressing-gown and slippers; some rigidly righteous and virtuous, even to gall and wormwood; others amiably inconsiderate; and a third class elegantly dissipated, with their morality down at heels and out at elbows. Indeed, it is said that we have authors who aspire to be what the French call *décausés*. We hope not; it is a bad ambition, and the style is one in which no English writer will ever gain celebrity.

We have no new novel to recommend just now. Last week there were several, but their time is passing away; and we are driven to comment on an old one—a very old one—some seventeen, or it may be eighteen hundred years old. And may not some interest attach to a novel which demonstrates that the Greeks and Romans were neither wiser nor more virtuous than we are; which may depict fashionable life as it was exhibited when Christianity was scarcely more than a century old; and which, in addition to these piquant relations, may make known to us something about the philosophy and the superstitions of the time?

Such a book we propose to bring before our readers, believing that to many of them it will be new. "The *Metamorphoses of Apuleius*," a genuine romance, written in the early part of the second century, has hitherto failed to meet with so many readers as the character of the work deserves. Several causes have combined to bring about this result. By the classical student, Apuleius never

has been, and never will be, much read. Born of a Greek family at Madaura, a Roman colony in Africa, he studied first at Carthage, then at Athens, and afterwards at Rome, where he acquired the Latin tongue without the help of a master. All his works now extant were written in this language; and, as might reasonably be expected, are scarcely fitted therefore to hold a place among those of classic writers. But there are other and more serious obstacles in the way of the "Metamorphoses" becoming popular. It is true that the author was a Platonic philosopher, and that his book is written throughout in a highly moral tone, and with a moral end in view; but we must recollect that the work made its appearance nearly seventeen centuries ago, and its pages are constantly defiled with passages such as the present state of civilisation and morality cannot tolerate. Sir George Head, in his edition of 1851, well points out the value of "The Golden Ass," with regard to the graphic and characteristic descriptions it contains of the habits, manners, and customs prevailing at the time among the people in the provinces subject to the Roman Empire. "Under the form of a personal narrative, interspersed with episodes, are collected interesting, instructive, and amusing sketches relative to popular superstitions, religious ceremonies, social entertainments, proceedings of courts of law, dramatic spectacles of the Amphitheatres, hordes of robbers, &c., &c.; while to complete the picture, and to leave nothing untouched, the hero terminates his course by being enrolled among the priests of Isis, and an account of the religious rites and ceremonies used at the worship of that goddess forms the conclusion of the work."

The authorship of "The Golden Ass" has been with some a matter of dispute. There is a story in Greek by the celebrated Lucian, which is unquestionably identical with "The Metamorphoses of Apuleius" in the main features; but the version of Apuleius as far excels that of Lucian in the style of composition, as it exceeds it in length; and contains moreover matter which indisputably belongs to him alone, such as the mysteries of Isis, and the no less celebrated than beautiful tale of "Cupid and Psyche," with numerous additions and embellishments in the body of the work.

But let us proceed to lay before the reader a brief digest of the work itself.

The narrator of the story, whose name is Lucius, begins by stating that by his mother's side he was descended from the celebrated Plutarch, and that he was of Thessalian origin; and that in a business journey one day into Thessaly, he joined two travellers, with whom he entered into conversation; one of whom had just been relating the wondrous doings of a magician, which the other discredited. Lucius, in his turn, then tells of the feats of a juggler whose performances he had not long before witnessed at Athens, and invites the first traveller, whose name was Aristomenes, to repeat his tale. This he accordingly does, prefacing it with a solemn asseveration of its truth, and taking the divinity of the sun to witness as to the fact.

Aristomenes was a commercial traveller, and hearing of a new cheese of exquisite flavour, to be obtained at Hypata, the principal city of Thessaly, at a very low price, he had gone thither with the intention of buying it all; but it had already found a purchaser. Tired with his journey, and disappointed at its results, he went to the baths to refresh himself, and here met with an old friend named Socrates, looking the picture of beggary and misery. After some trouble, for his old friend was in a most desponding state, he managed to induce him to accompany him to the baths, where he was washed, scrubbed, and anointed, and otherwise set to rights, and then took him to an inn, gave him as much food as he could eat, and comforted him with a cup of wine. After a while he became talkative, and even noisy, but suddenly again changed his tone, and heaving a bitter sigh from the bottom of his heart, began to explain how he had been reduced to his present wretched condition.

On his journey home after a long absence, and with a large sum of money about him, he had nearly arrived at the city of Larissa, when he was attacked by a band of robbers and stripped of all he had. Escaping with difficulty with his life, he took refuge in a tavern kept by an old woman of the name of Meroe, who received him very kindly, gave him a liberal supper and lodging gratuitously, and kept him in her house till morning. Here, suddenly breaking off in his narrative, poor Socrates said that he dared tell no more, lest that terrible woman should smite him with some dire plague. She was a witch, he said, of power ineffable. Aristomenes recommended his friend to retire to rest, suggesting that after some sleep they would leave the house, and get away as far as possible from the place before daylight. Scarcely had he pronounced these words before Socrates was asleep and snoring: Aristomenes, therefore, having taken the precaution of bolting and barring the door, lay down on his bed, which he placed against the door for better security, and also went to sleep. Barely had he closed his eyes, when, with a thundering crash, the door was burst open, his bed overturned, and himself shaken out, rolled on the floor, and concealed under the bed. Peeping out from underneath, he saw two elderly women enter the room, one carrying a lighted lamp in her hand, the other a sponge and a drawn sword. Of these women the one was Meroe, and her companion was called Panthia. Approaching the bed of Socrates, and drawing his head a little towards her, Meroe plunged the blade of the sword into his throat, and afterwards tore out his heart. Panthia closing up the gaping wound with a sponge, and exclaiming, "Oh! sponge, thou wast born in a sea; beware how thou passest a river!" The women then withdrew, and the door and its bars and bolts resumed their proper place. Aristomenes then began to think of his position, and to fear lest, from the circumstantial evidence being so strong against him, he might be accused of the murder of his friend. Accordingly he fancied that it might be the safest plan to leave the inn at once; this, however, he could not do,—the porter refused to let him out; and so returning in despair to his

him, he made a loop of his bed-cord, flung one end over a beam, which projected from the window, inserted his neck in the noose, and by trying to kick away the bed from under him, attempted to hang himself. The rope was old and rotten, and gave way; and the wretched suicide falling upon the body of Socrates, tumbled with him off the bed and rolled upon the ground. The porter at the same instant bursting into the room and shouting to them in a loud and discordant voice, Socrates, to the great astonishment of Aristomenes, sprang upon his feet, and began soundly to rate the fellow. Aristomenes overjoyed, would have embraced him, an attention which Socrates declined; and after settling with the innkeeper for their entertainment, they set out on their way. As the rising sun now began to render objects more and more visible, Aristomenes stedfastly looked at his companion,—at his throat which he had seen pierced with the sword, but could perceive no trace of any wound, and was inclined to set it down as a dream caused by indigestion. Socrates shortly suggested that he was hungry, and sitting down under a plane-tree, then began their breakfast of bread and cheese. Socrates ate heartily, and then, in order to quench his thirst, rose up and went to a neighbouring stream, and knelt down on the bank to take a draught. No sooner had his lips touched the water than the wound in his throat re-opened, the sponge rolled out, and the inanimate corpse would have fallen into the river had not Aristomenes laid hold of one of the feet, and with difficulty dragged the body to the top of the bank. Thus died Socrates, and Aristomenes buried him by the river, and, trembling and afraid of his own shadow, fled from home and country, and wandered about in desert places like a conscience-stricken homicide. At last, condemning himself to perpetual banishment from his native land, he married another wife, and settled in Ætolia.

The gate of the city to which they were travelling, Hypata, was the common termination both of the story and of the journey; and, bidding his companions farewell, Lucius entered the city and asked the way to the house of one Milo, to whom he had letters of introduction. On his knocking at the door, it was answered by a young woman, whom he desired to inform her master that he wished to speak with him, and was the bearer of a letter from Demeas of Corinth. On being admitted, he finds Milo and his wife just about to begin their very scanty supper, and presents his letter, which Milo reads, and then bidding his wife begone, desires his guest to take her place, and tells his maid Fotis to get ready a bed-chamber for him. Lucius sallies forth to find the baths, and, after bathing, he returned to Milo's house, with whom he was asked to sup; but, after having to reply to an interminable series of queries, he became so thoroughly worn out with fatigue that he was compelled to retire to his chamber, where without fear of indigestion,—for Milo's conversation was all the supper he had had—he threw himself upon the bed, and gave himself up to that repose of which he stood so much in need.

As soon as he awoke in the morning, our hero set out to see the town of Hypata; and, in the Forum, overtook a lady of rank and wealth, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, and attended by a large troop of domestics. The lady, whose name was Byrrhæna, declares herself to be a foster-sister of his mother's, to whom she was also akin, and requests him to accompany her to her dwelling, when she puts him on his guard against Pamphile, the wife of Milo, whom she represents as a great sorceress, given to falling in love with good-looking young men like Lucius, and able to transform any who might resist her wishes into any animal she pleased. This was unfortunately just what Lucius wanted to hear; he had had his curiosity so much excited by the story of Aristomenes, that he was only too glad of an opportunity to see a little of that of which he had hitherto only heard, and he accordingly made his way home to Milo's, feeling far from inclined to take the warning of Byrrhæna. Milo and his wife were out; but the pretty Fotis was at home, preparing dinner, and Lucius takes the opportunity of ingratiating himself with her. When at table with Milo and his wife Pamphile, Lucius, taking advantage of a prediction of bad weather drawn from the lamp by Pamphile, mentions that he himself knew a great magician, one Diophanes, a Chaldean, of whom Milo, who also knew him, told a curious story. He had been some time before in the neighbourhood of Hypata, and one morning, while he was enunciating the decrees of the Fates to a crowd of people, a certain merchant, named Cerdo, asked of him the proper day on which he should set out on a journey for a certain purpose, and, on receiving the answer, paid him the 100 denarii which he required as the price of his divination. Just as the Chaldean had put the money into his purse, he felt his gown gently pulled from behind, and turning round, beheld a young friend unexpectedly standing before him. While Diophanes was relating to him the circumstances of a dangerous voyage that he had made, and of his brother's death, Cerdo caught up the purse in which his 100 denarii had been placed, and was out of sight in a moment.

The next day Lucius received a most pressing invitation from Byrrhæna to sup at her house, an invitation which he would willingly have refused. However, he made up his mind to go, and he found a numerous assemblage there to meet him. The conversation after a while turning on witches and their powers, the guests called on Telephron, one of their number, to recount, for the benefit of the stranger, the story of the laceration of his face by some of those hags. After some little pressing Telephron related his tale.

The hour was late, and Lucius, attended by his servant, set out to return to Milo's house, with but very unsteady steps. When at last he arrived, he beheld three lusty fellows kicking at the door; taking them for robbers, he drew his dagger upon them, and had the satisfaction of seeing them fall, one after another, dead at his feet. Fotis, awakened by the noise, opened the door, and our hero, panting with his exertions, crawled to bed.

Scarcely had he risen in the morning, when a great confusion was heard in the street before the house; the magistrates and other functionaries appeared, and led Lucius to the Forum, on the charge of murdering three citizens. The Prefect of the night-guard prosecuted, and the accused most pathetically defended himself; when the senior magistrate on the bench, declaring that the prisoner must have had some accomplices, for that it was not at all likely that he could have overcome single-handed three so robust men as the deceased, bade that he should be put to the torture, unless he would confess the names of his fellow-assassins. Upon this, one of the female mourners over the dead, who declared that she was their mother, suggested that their bodies should be uncovered, in order that the indignation of the people against the murderer might be excited by the sight of the bodies of his victims. It was done; Lucius himself was ordered to remove the pall, and discovered, instead of three corpses, three wine-skins, pierced while in a state of inflation with various holes, exactly corresponding, aperture for aperture, with the gaping wounds which he remembered to have inflicted the night before. The Forum rang with shouts of merriment; but the more the mirth increased, the more increased our hero's indignation at the insult he had received. The magistrates thereupon, out of consideration for the high rank of Lucius, waited upon him at Milo's house, and explained to him that it was the festival of the God of Laughter, and that it was the custom of the people of Hypata to devise some merry trick in honour of the god; and offered to erect to Lucius a brazen statue in memory of the amusement he had afforded them; an honour which was, however, respectfully declined. In the evening Fotis acquainted him with the true state of the case, and explained to him the circumstances of the adventure that had befallen him. Her mistress Pamphile was enamoured of a young man, a Boeotian, whom she endeavoured by magic spells to win to her affections. Happening, as she passed through the city, to catch sight of him in a barber's shop, she ordered Fotis to return to the shop and to gain possession of a piece of his hair, of which she intended to make use in her incantations. Fotis being discovered in her attempt to abstract the hair, was compelled to turn her footsteps home without it; but fearing the anger of her mistress, if she presented herself empty-handed, and chancing to light upon a man clipping goat-skins for wine-bags, she took a piece of flaxen-coloured goat-hair to her mistress as that of the young Boeotian. This was done while Lucius was at Byrrhaena's supper-party. Pamphile immediately began her sorceries, and by the time Lucius returned at night, she had so far succeeded as to have inspired new life into the skins, which, coerced by the occult force of the spells, received human breath, and thought, and heard, and walked accordingly, and presented themselves at Milo's door and endeavoured to force their way in. At that moment Lucius arrived; and his head being not quite clear from the fumes of the wine he had been drinking, he began to lay about him with his dagger, and committed the crime

of capricide. Deeply interested in the account of Fotis, Lucius prevailed upon her to make him a secret witness of Pamphile's magical doings; and a few days after had an opportunity of watching her, while she went through the operations necessary to cause her to assume, for some purpose or other, the form of an owl, when she spread out her wings and flew away. No sooner did Lucius see this, than he was also seized with a desire of undergoing for a time a like metamorphosis, and begged Fotis to procure him some of the ointment which Pamphile had used to effect the change. After much persuasion, Fotis was induced to fetch a box, and gave him the proper directions for use. Lucius accordingly stripped himself and anointed his body all over with the precious ointment: but, alas! the effect was most unexpected, as he himself relates:—"When I was thoroughly anointed, I swung my arms up and down, in imitation of the movements of a bird's pinions, and continued to do so a little while, when, instead of any perceptible token of feathers or wings making their appearance, my own thin skin, alas! grew into a large leather hide covered with bristly hair, my fingers and toes disappeared, the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet became four solid hoofs, and from the end of my spine a long tale proceeded. My face was enormous, my mouth wide, my nostrils gaping, my lips pendulous, and I had a pair of immoderately long, rough, hairy ears. In short, when I came to contemplate my transformation to its full extent, I found that instead of a bird I had become changed into an ass."

Poor Fotis was in despair; but she had sense left to point out the remedy: "'Tis fortunate," she said, "that the cure is not difficult; again, once more, ere long, thou wilt be my Lucius; nought more hast thou to do but to eat roses in the morning, and then immediately thou wilt quit the form of an ass and regain thy human figure. But, for the present, Lucius in his new form was conducted to his proper resting-place, the stable, where he found his own horse, and another ass belonging to his host Milo. While there, a troop of banditti first broke open the house of Milo, and possessing themselves of all its valuable contents, packed them upon the backs of the horse and the two asses, and set out for the mountains. After travelling some way, they came at length to a pleasant little garden, in which Lucius quickly perceived a cluster of new-blown roses, dripping with the morning dew. Filled with joy, and elated with hope, he was on the point of stretching out his mouth to the prize, when the reflection came across him, that a sudden transformation into human form in the midst of a band of robbers would lead to certain destruction; and he therefore resolved to wait for a more auspicious opportunity, and to champ, with what patience he could, the bridle, under the form of an ass, for a longer period.

After a long and fatiguing journey, they reached the robbers' cave, where dwelt an old woman, who welcomed them in, and had already prepared for them their bath and a sumptuous repast. Here they

were soon joined by another troop, who also had brought with them much booty, and one of whom related to the first company the history of their late doings.

At a late hour of the night, the whole troop sallied out again, but returned at an early hour in the day with no booty, and but one solitary prisoner, a beautiful damsel, whom they left in charge of the old woman, and again departed. The maiden was overcome with grief and terror, and related that she had been torn away from the embrace of her mother at the moment when the latter was whispering in her ear all her parental hopes and aspirations, preparatory to delivering her to her betrothed husband. The old woman, to comfort her, invited her to listen to a tale which forms by far the most beautiful episode in the book,—the celebrated story of Cupid and Psyche.

To epitomise this tale in such a manner as to do it justice, is simply impossible; it is poetry throughout, and is one of the most exquisite allegories in existence.

Psyche was the youngest, and by far the most beautiful of the three fair daughters of the king and queen of a certain city; so beautiful was she, and so great was the fame of her beauty, that Venus herself became jealous of her, and desired her son to punish her by causing her to fall in love with some mortal of mean condition,—“a wretch whom Fortune had stripped of health and patrimony; a miserable, grovelling outcast, whose character Fame hath blasted; a being such as the universal world, within its wide expanse, hath not his fellow.” Cupid had, however, become enamoured of the maiden himself, and married her secretly; but by command of the oracle of Apollo, who on this occasion played into the hands of the god of love, Psyche, arrayed in bridal dress, and laid on a bier, was conducted in funeral procession to a rock, and there left by her sorrowing parents and people. Scarcely had they taken their departure when Zephyr, blowing a gentle breeze, and tenderly lifting her from the rock, bore her down into the beautiful flowery recesses of the valley below. Here she found a beautiful palace, filled with riches from all parts of the world; voices were heard around, which invited her to enjoy all that she saw, and invisible hands ministered to her wants. At night, she was visited by her husband, who, however, left her always before the dawn. Her sisters, presuming, from the fact of her disappearance from the rock, that Psyche was dead, uttered the most doleful lamentations, which reached her ears as she sat in her palace, and she begged her husband to be allowed to have them brought to her, that she might sooth their sorrow. The request was granted, and her sisters came, and brought Psyche's misery with them. Through jealousy of her happiness, they managed to make her believe that in the darkness of the night she was embracing only some hideous monster, and they even induced her to get ready a lamp and a knife, that she might discover the nature of her husband, and rid herself of him. This Psyche did; she lighted the lamp, and beheld by its

first rays "the very gentlest and sweetest of all the wild beasts that ever were seen in the world"—the beautiful God of Love, Cupid himself—softly, soundly sleeping. Charmed with his beauty, overcome by the sense of her good fortune, and infatuated more and more every moment, she leant in excess of tenderness over the rosy deity, trembling and agitated lest she might awake him, till the lamp, elevated in her hand,—“whether from the genuine envious perfidy of its nature, or the desire itself to impress a kiss on an object so beautiful,—spirted a drop of scalding oil from the summit of its flame on Cupid’s right shoulder.”

Cupid awoke, and, after censuring Psyche bitterly for her mistrust of him, spread his wings and flew away. The first impulse of Psyche was to throw herself into a river; but its waves, in honour and fear of the God of Love, wafted her gently again to the shore. Then wandering about first to the temple of Ceres, then to that of Juno, who both pitied but dared not shelter her from the wrath of Venus, she at last presented herself at the abode of Venus herself, in the hope of there meeting with her husband. The treatment which she received at the hands of the enraged goddess was cruel in the extreme; the tasks which she gave her to do, impossible, had not Cupid, who still loved her, secretly managed to assist her. At length Cupid, recovered from the effects of his hurt, pleaded with Jupiter himself for permission to marry his beloved. A full council of the gods was held, and Jupiter made them acquainted with the petition of Cupid, and his own intentions with regard to the matter. Mercury was ordered to fetch Psyche to Olympus, and Jupiter himself presented her with a cup of ambrosia (the essence of immortality); and the nuptials of Cupid and Psyche were celebrated amid the joy of the assembled gods. It has been observed that “in this pleasing story Psyche evidently represents the human soul, which is purified by passions and misfortunes, and thus prepared for the enjoyment of true and pure happiness.”

While Lucius was still thinking upon “the pretty fable” he had heard, the robbers returned laden with booty, but with several wounded among them. The booty they stowed away; those who were unable to accompany them they left at home, and then set off again, taking Lucius and his horse with them, as beasts of burden. Lucius fell lame, and the robbers determined to put him to death. But upon their reaching the cave again, which they soon did, for the journey was not a long one, they unloaded him; and forgetting to put their threat into execution, sallied out again, this time accompanied by their wounded comrades, whose hurts were now dressed. Lucius then thought it as well to make a start for liberty, and so snapping asunder the leathern thong that confined him, he was upon the point of taking to his heels, when the cunning old woman espied what he was after, and seized upon his halter. The captive damsel ran out at the old woman’s cries for assistance, only to find her being dragged along the ground, holding on to the thong. This the damsel wrenched out of the old woman’s hand, and, jumping upon

the ass's back, urged him to his utmost speed; but all in vain. In the road that led to her parent's house they met again with the robber-band, who came to the resolution over their dinner of cutting Lucius' throat next morning, and sewing up the damsel in his inside.

Scarcely had morning broke ere a spy of the robbers at Hypata made his appearance at the cave, and related to them what had taken place in that city after their attack upon the house of Milo: Lucius had the satisfaction of hearing that the robbery of his host's property was attributed to him. The robbers in their turn made known their own doings, and told the spy of the severe losses which the band had experienced by the death of so many of their bravest men. Upon this he advised them to remain a little more quiet, at least for a time, and moreover to recruit their ranks, and to fill up their force to its full complement. He himself said that he knew a fine young fellow, who was quite willing to join their company, if they would allow him to do so. He was requested to bring the young man, and soon returned with a ragged-looking, but strong fellow, taller and larger than any one present. He announced himself as a robber of Macedonia, known as Hemus, of Thrace, son of the robber Thero, and gave them an account of some of his exploits; then drawing from his bosom a bag of money, he presented it to them, as a free-will offering to the troop, and proposed himself as their leader. His proposal was adopted, and after changing his rags for a better dress, with which his new comrades provided him, he was led to the seat of honour, at the head of the supper-table. During the repast the conversation turned upon the young captive damsel, her attempted escape, and her intended death; whereupon the new chief desired to see the girl; but when conducted to her turned on his heel with a sneer of contempt, and resumed his place at the table; where, upon the former conversation being renewed, he gave it as his advice, as promising greater gain to the troop, that instead of putting her to death, they should send her to some populous town, and sell her as a slave. This plan met with their approval; and the captain then proposed that, in order to insure success to all their undertakings, they must begin by offering a sacrifice to their patron deity (Mercury). He with ten comrades forthwith set out for the nearest castle, in order to get the wine and the sheep for sacrifice; and those who were left at home lighted an enormous fire, and built an altar to the god.

The new chief showed as much skill in conducting the entertainment after the sacrifice as he had already in leading the marauding party to provide matter for the feast; and taking upon him, among other duties, that of butler, he supplied all the company with wine as fast as they could pour it down their throats. In addition to all this, he waited diligently upon the young captive (between whom and the captain, Lucius soon discovered that some understanding existed,) and carried her secretly the most delicate morsels from the robbers' table. The chief was, in fact, no other than her

betrothed Hepolemus, who had thus disguised himself in order to effect her liberation. Nor did he fail in the attempt. He so plied the robbers with wine—in which Lucius imagined that he also mixed something soporific—that it was not long ere they all, without exception, lay wrapt in insensibility. Then binding them all with stout strong cords, and leaving them, he lifted the damsel on Lucius' back, and proceeded home with his bride. Leaving her for a while at her parents' house, he returned with a crowd of citizens to the robbers' cave; where, with the assistance of his companions, he put them all to death, and returned with their booty to the city. The happy damsel knew not how to express her gratitude to the ass, who had been instrumental in aiding her escape; but the plan ultimately adopted was that of consigning him to the care of the master of the stud of horses, with particular injunctions as to the care to be taken of him. But notwithstanding all the orders given, Lucius met with but indifferent treatment, being sometimes over-worked in a mill, sometimes cruelly beaten and otherwise horribly treated by his new mistress, the wife of the master of the stud; and all hope of having his condition bettered was soon destroyed by the death of her whose life he had been instrumental in saving.

Passing on from the village they came the next day to a large and populous city, and after three days, Lucius and the other animals, whose appearance had been improved by rest and abundance of food, were led out into the market, and sold by the public crier; our hero becoming, for seventeen denarii, the property of a company of fanatic priests, who used to place an image of the Syrian goddess on his back, and proceed daily from house to house, collecting contributions from the people.

Lucius left the town with his masters, who were, however, soon overtaken, led back, and cast into a subterraneous prison for stealing a gold cup from the temple of the goddess Cybele,—a cup which they swore, but in vain, that the goddess had herself given to her sister, the Syrian divinity, as a pledge of hospitality.

The gang of religious impostors being thus broken up, Lucius was once more brought out for sale in the market-place, and this time fell into the hands of a baker. His duty was to walk round and round in a mill. His fellows in the service were a miserable lot of weak, worn-out animals; while the human beings belonging to the establishment were dirty and stunted; weak, pale, half-naked creatures, with their foreheads branded with letters, and their ankles encompassed with iron rings. The master was a well-behaved, and tolerably good man; his wife, the most wicked woman in existence, —a cruel, treacherous, irreligious person, faithless to her miserable husband, a cheat and a drunkard. She used poor Lucius most barbarously. Her wretched husband was soon after found hanging quite dead from one of the beams of the ceiling. The whole of his property was, on the ninth day after the funeral, sold for the benefit of his widow; and Lucius now entered the service of a poor gardener, who bought him for fifty pieces of money.

While in possession of his new master, an incident occurred which again altered the fortunes of our hero. A soldier met the gardener, as he was jogging along quietly on his ass, and arrogantly demanded him for the use of his superior officer. The gardener protested that the animal was but a sluggish brute, and most civilly and submissively entreated the soldier to let him be. However, words came to blows, and the result was that the soldier was left for dead in the road, and the gardener, instead of returning to his garden, betook himself to an acquaintance in the neighbouring city, and begged for a hiding-place. The gardener was accordingly secreted in a warehouse, in a capacious chest, and Lucius was taken to an upper room. The soldier, on recovering, also made his way to the town, and laid an accusation against the gardener for having found on the road a silver cup belonging to the commanding officer, and desired that he should be compelled to return the property to its lawful owner. The house in which they were concealed was soon surrounded by lictors and soldiers, and the magistrates demanded of the householder that he should bring forth the culprit. The host, however, vehemently denied that he was upon the premises; when luckless Lucius, attracted by the noise to the window, put forth his head, and the eyes of one of the soldiers happening to fall in a line with the shadow of Lucius that fell upon the ground, he immediately betrayed him to his companions. The gardener was of course forthwith dragged from his hiding-place, and sent off to the public gaol; while Lucius became the property of the soldier.

With his new master Lucius set forth upon a good road through the fields, and at last arrived at a small city, where they put up at the house of a decurion, or cavalry officer of rank. While they were staying with him, a dreadful crime was committed, of which the following is an account:--

The master of the house to which Lucius' stable was attached had a son deeply versed in literature, and of studious habits. When he was very young his mother died, and his father having married again, had at this time another son of some twelve years of age. The step-mother, however, fell in love with her husband's son, on hearing which the step-son fled the house. When this was reported to her, the step-mother became as full of hate for her step-son as she had been full of love, and cast about for means to destroy him. Taking an old slave into her confidence, she managed through him to obtain from a physician a deadly poison, which they put into a cup of wine, and waited for an opportunity to administer it. But the younger brother, the woman's own son, happening to come in tired and thirsty, caught sight of the cup of poisoned wine, and unsuspectingly drank it off. On the return of her husband home, his wicked wife declared that the poison had been given to her son by his half-brother, who had also made an attempt to assassinate her. The Senate met, the young man was brought forward on the charge of having murdered his half-brother, and his step-mother's slave bore very strong witness against him. But the physician, happening to

be present, altered the current of events by a simple statement to the effect that he had sold the potion ; but that, suspecting all was not right, he had given, not poison, but a draught to produce a heavy continuous state of somnolency, equal in appearance to death itself. He moreover declared that it was just at that very hour that the effects of the dose would cease, and he therefore invited them all to proceed to the tomb of the supposed deceased, and examine for themselves. They did so, and the youth just awaking from his trance, was received in the embrace of his delighted father. The truth of the case was now easily arrived at ; the step-mother was condemned to perpetual banishment, the slave crucified, and the doctor handsomely rewarded.

Shortly after this, the soldier having to go a distance with letters, sold Lucius to two brothers, servants together of a very rich man, —one being his cook, and the other the confectioner. Their lord then bought the ass of his servants, for four times as much as they had paid for him, and put him under the charge of one of his freed men, who not only treated him well, but, in order further to ingratiate himself with his master, taught him many curious tricks. The name of Lucius' new owner was Thyasus, a lord of Corinth, who had come to Thessaly for the purpose of purchasing gladiators and wild beasts for a show he was about to give at Corinth. His business being completed, he set out on his return home ; and at Corinth the people so crowded to see the ass and his wonderful tricks, that Thyasus made a good sum of money by charging a certain price for admission to Lucius' presence. At length the first day of the public show arrived, and Lucius had an opportunity of seeing a performance of the Pyrrhic dance, and a dramatic spectacle entitled the "Judgment of Paris," this last being followed by the execution of a woman, who, for murder, had been condemned by the Præfect to be devoured by wild beasts.

But while preparations were being made for her execution, an idea suddenly struck Lucius that it was quite possible that the beasts might even take it into their heads, after devouring the murderess, to devour him into the bargain. Partly actuated by this fear, partly with the intention of carrying into effect a thought that occurred to him, he walked very gently to the nearest city gate : having passed this, he struck off into a brisk gallop, and went at his utmost speed to Cenchræa, where, in a sequestered spot on the sea shore, he stretched himself at full length upon the soft sand, and suffered his wearied body to be sprinkled and refreshed by the spray of the ocean. Almost the first watch of the night he awoke, and dipping his head into the sea seven times for the sake of purification, in obedience to the precepts of Pythagoras, he addressed himself in prayer to the Queen of Heaven. His prayer ended, and overcome with a feeling of drowsiness, he lay down again and closed his eyes. Scarcely had he done so when a celestial vision appeared before him ; it was the Queen of Heaven herself, "called by many names in many lands, but worshipped by the Æthiopians, the Arii, and the

Egyptians, who surpass all others in ancient learning, under her true and proper denomination of Queen Isis." The goddess, in the shape of a divinely beautiful female, emerged slowly from the midst of the ocean, and foretold to Lucius that the day of his deliverance was now about to dawn. She announced that on the morrow her worshippers were about to dedicate to her a new ship, and that in the procession at the solemnity he should perceive a priest bearing a crown of roses attached to a sistrum in his right hand, and that those roses should effect his transformation again into a man. She assured him that she herself was at that moment present in the dreams of the priest, and predicting to him that which was about to happen; and that, on his transformation, she expected him to dedicate the rest of his days to her service, promising him many blessings if he faithfully observed her injunctions.

On the morrow, the words of the deity received their accomplishment. The procession formed, and, just at the close of it, the priest appeared, bearing in his hand a sistrum, to which was attached the token of Lucius' deliverance. The priest, struck at the appearance of the ass, and evidently pre-admonished as to what was to take place, held the crown close under Lucius' nose. Whereupon he says:—

"My limbs trembled and my heart throbbled with rapid pulsation. I seized eagerly with my lips roses the most beautiful and brilliant, and greedily, most greedily devoured them. Nor did the celestial promise deceive me. Instantly deformity disappeared, and I lost the form of a brute."

The multitude, wrapt in profound astonishment at the sight of a testimony so great to the power of their divinity, poured forth their gratitude to the goddess for this signal mark of her favour. Then the priest, directing one of the religious persons present to cast his tunic over the shoulders of the naked Lucius, addressed him in the following words:—

"Oh, Lucius! tempest-driven by the storms of fortune, at last hast thou arrived in the haven of peace, and at the altar of pity, after the vicissitudes of thy long, toilsome career. Neither hast thou hitherto been shielded by thy birth, thy social position, nor the learning in which thou art known to excel. During the boisterous season of youth, thou hast given way to servile pleasures, and thy ill-fated curiosity hath reaped its just reward. Fortune, nevertheless, through her blindness, even while tormenting thee with most grievous perils, hath conducted thee, as it were with provident malignity, to a life of religious beatitude. *Let her soon go her ways; let her rage with her utmost fury; and let her seek another victim for her cruelty.*"

This passage—"Eat nunc, et summo furore saviat, et crudelitati sua materiam quærat aliam"—is alone sufficient to show that Lesage, when he composed *Gil Blas*, had in view the metamorphoses of

Apuleius. In addition to the coincidence of the cave of robbers, the robbers' narratives, Dame Leonarda, the captive damsel, and her escape with the hero of the tale, being persons and events introduced into both compositions, the above apostrophe to Fortune is rendered almost literally in Latin verse by Lesage. The lines inscribed by Gil Blas, about to devote himself to a life of rural retirement, over the door of his house, are:—

“Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete,
Sat me lusietis; ludite nunc alios.”

The reader of Boccaccio will also notice how much indebted he was to the Golden Ass of Apuleius for many of his plots; just as Shakspeare, in his turn, would seem to have borrowed from Boccaccio.

After this, the ship of which Isis had spoken in the vision was consecrated to the deity, and Lucius returned with the procession to the temple. Many of his relations and servants, hearing of what had befallen him, hastened to Cenchræa to see him; but after receiving each one of them kindly, he bade adieu to them all, resolving to devote his life henceforth to the worship of the great goddess. Constantly in his sleep he had warning from the divinity, bidding him prepare himself for initiation into her sacred mysteries. This step, however, from reverential dread, he was inclined still to postpone; till at last one night he received a notice that a servant of his, of the name of *Candidus*, had arrived from Thessaly; and in the morning some of his own servants made their appearance, leading his *white* horse, which he had ridden at the commencement of his journey. Wonder-struck at this, and considering the benefits which he was now receiving as the pledge of future duties, he became more diligent than ever in attending the offices of devotion, and felt now a daily increasing desire to be adopted into the holy ministration. At length the season arrived. After ten days' preparation, he underwent the ceremonies of initiation,—of which he was suffered to tell but little; and a few days later, by command of the goddess, returned home. Arrived at Rome, he presented his supplication every day to Queen Isis, in a temple in the Campus Martius, and at the end of a year received an intimation from the same divinity that he must undergo yet another initiation, and make preparations accordingly. At this Lucius wondered; for he had hitherto thought that he was already fully initiated; but he learned that his previous initiation related only to the goddess Isis, and that he was still insufficiently illuminated in the mysteries of the Supreme Parent of all other gods, the invincible Osiris. One night he dreamed that one of the religious functionaries entered his house, seated himself in his chair, and recited all the things necessary to be done and arranged for the ceremonial: and the next morning, after performing his devotions to the goddess, while carefully examining all the religious personages as they passed, he beheld in one of the *Pastophori* the very

man whom he had seen in his dream. This man, too, whose name was Asinius Marcellus, had also received a warning in a dream with regard to a certain inhabitant of Madaura, who was to be forthwith initiated by him into the mysteries of Osiris. This was then done; and not only was our hero admitted to the nocturnal rites of Osiris, but to those of Serapis also. After which he took up his residence at Rome, where he followed the legal profession.

But a short period of time had elapsed, when he once more received another mandate from the gods to make ready for a third initiation; and was honoured by a vision of Osiris himself, in his own proper person, who not only announced to him the future glory that would accrue to him from his pleadings in the Forum, but nominated him a member of the College of Pastophori, and enrolled him among the number of his quinquennial decurions. "Thenceforward," he says, "I fulfilled my duty as a member of a most ancient college, that dates its origin from the days of Sylla, and with a head newly and thoroughly shaven, joyfully exposed my bald pate to the gaze of the multitude, whithersoever I went."

So concludes a novel, fuller of adventure than perhaps any other which ever was written, which has had many imitators, some conscious and some unconscious, and which is entitled to our respect for many causes, not the least of which is that it is the earliest Philosophical Romance.

VI.

MOUNT LEBANON AND ITS RECENT SCENES.

ALONG the east of the Mediterranean, there is a length of sea-board extending from Soor or Tyre on the south, to Tripoli on the north, which once held a pre-eminent place in the world's history. There lived the Phœnicians,—the founders of commerce, the patrons of art, the inventors of letters. Before Rome was known, and when Greece was a nest of rude pirates, these sea-kings held the trade of the world in their own hands, possessed splendid cities on the Syrian coast, and had founded illustrious colonies in various parts of the Mediterranean. Their own territory was very small; yet they were rich and powerful. They owed much of their greatness to their peculiar situation:—the sea was before them, and the mountains of Lebanon were behind them. This lofty range shut them in, guarding them as with an insurmountable rampart from the wandering tribes of the East; whilst it furnished them with the timber of which their fleets were constructed, and which adorned their palaces and temples.

The sea-board of which we now speak is very narrow ; and is far from being a level plain. Lebanon throws down branches to the very water, leaving only a few valleys of small extent. The rest of the ground is broken by the encroaching mountain, and the rocky beds of its rivers. The direction of Lebanon is almost from south-west to north-east. Round its southern border is the river Leitani, which flows into the Mediterranean near Tyre. This important stream rises in the hilly region in which are the magnificent ruins of Baalbec, the ancient Heliopolis, or city of the sun ; and it flows through the whole of the valley of Cœlosyria, or Bukaa, which divides Lebanon from Anti-Lebanon, thus almost begirding the former range. Again, on the north, the impetuous Kadisha, rushing down from the neighbourhood of the princely cedars, separates Lebanon from the mountains of Tripoli. The whole length of Lebanon, which may be called an unbroken range, is about sixty English miles.

No scenery can be more wild than some parts of Lebanon ; no place can be more barren than other portions of its surface. One day, early in July, we emerged from the snow which capped its northern summit. It had been a long and dreary ascent from Baalbec. After leaving a small cultivated plain, we passed through a miserable dell, the proper abode of wild beasts or banditti ; and then, by a long winding path, we advanced right up the face of a tremendous mountain. No human habitation was seen by us during the greater part of the day ; although a travelling-map shows that we must have passed near a convent and a small village, which the muleteers probably wished to avoid. The roads, or rather sheep-tracks, through Lebanon are wretched, and sometimes dangerous in the extreme. It is extraordinary how the mules manage to keep their feet, or even to find a footing in many places. The path is frequently lost on the bare surface of a slippery rock, lying at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees ; and you wonder where next you should go ; but the four-legged creature underneath you goes straight forward, climbing the rock like a cat ; whilst you clutch its mane with both hands, lest you should slip off and be left behind. Still, though the mountain-side was very steep, there was the magnificence of solitude and of desolation ; and the air was so pure and balmy, that we could not feel tired. Here is a rill of water trickling down ! But the traveller must take heed how he drinks ; it is so icy cold.

At length we reached the snow, which was not deep, but soft, so that the mules sank a little in it. We had been looking to their feet, till they emerged on *terra firma* ; and then we looked up. A new world lay before us, in one of the grand panoramas of nature. The cedars of Lebanon are in a plateau at our feet ; the waters of the Kadisha dash down through a chasm in the rocks ; snow-capped peaks surround us ; and the beautiful Mediterranean lies in the far distance in front, in whose waters the setting sun seems to dip gloriously, clothed in his mantle of richest crimson,—our feelings heightened by the thought that we were all alone on the top of

Lebanon, many miles from the nearest human being, like "monarchs of all we surveyed." We stop not now to describe the cedars; that little cluster or grove which alone remains of the former glory of Lebanon. How we got down to the little town of Beshirrai, situated in a deep dell beside the dashing Kadisha, it might be hard to say: sometimes it seemed certain that we must go down head foremost. But we did get there before midnight, and we fared in the same way that we had done in other villages of the mountain. The single room of a house (so called) was allotted by the Sheik, which we swept out carefully, and then laid down our mats, and drawing a cloak over our weary bodies, fell asleep. A few miles farther down is Ehden, a small town or village delightfully situated; where we were hospitably entertained by the Sheik in his castle. About two miles from this place is a convent, Mar Antonius, situated deep down the ravine of the Kadisha, in the midst of the most stupendous scenery. This is the northern border of Lebanon.

From this description it will appear that a portion of Lebanon is uninhabited; indeed the highest parts are uninhabitable. The majority of the population live on the slopes of the mountain toward the sea. Zahleh and a few other towns lie at the eastern base of Lebanon, near the Laitani. On this side of the mountain, the inhabited places are "few and far between," considering the extent of the country over which they are scattered. It is very difficult to form anything like an accurate estimate of the number of the people. One of the latest accounts supposes that there are six hundred towns, villages, and hamlets on Lebanon, containing about 400,000 inhabitants. It does not say if this includes the convents, which have been estimated at a hundred, belonging to Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, and Romanists. The last denomination includes Syrian, Arminian, and Greek churches in connection with Rome. Another account does not estimate the dwellers on Lebanon at more than 200,000. Nothing can be more uncertain than such numerical returns.

The greatest plague of Syria is the number of discordant elements which it contains. Its people are of many tribes, and are split up into different races and creeds. Of Mahometans, who rule the country, there are few in Lebanon; but they form the principal population of the towns in the plains. The Druses dwell chiefly in the southern parts of the mountain, and in the hilly regions as far as Aleppo and Carmel. They have been estimated in the whole at 100,000; but all of these do not belong to Lebanon. The Maronites are reckoned at double that number. The orthodox Greeks, Armenians, Jacobites, and their Papal offshoots, in all Syria, together exceed 100,000. Of 25,000 Jews in the whole country, a few reside in Beyrout, Sidon, and other sea-ports. Then there are Arab tribes in the desert regions; Kurds; Gipsy, and similar tribes; and the Nussairiyeh, who inhabit the mountains north of Tripoli. Though these different people live in the same country, and often in the same town, they never coalesce, but heartily hate each other. The two

sects of Moslems, the Druses, Maronites, Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, and Jews, are all mutual enemies : whilst the hand of the Arab is against every man, and every man's hand against him.

What can be done with such a heterogeneous mass of people ? Anything like amicable feeling or unity of purpose for the common good, is impossible. It needs a very strong government to keep them in peace, and repress the outbreaks of religious and national hatred. When Mohammed Ali governed Egypt, and held Syria in subjection, he ruled with an iron hand of power, and cleverly set one class against another. He kept up their mutual jealousies, that they might be spies upon one another, and he might more easily restrain them all. This policy succeeded whilst there was a vigilant eye and nervous arm to curb their impetuosity. But now that an imbecile government is over them, they have become unruly, and long-pent animosities now break forth into open violence and bloodshed. In this last conflict, the Druses and Maronites were the primary actors; the former being assisted, it would appear, by some of their Moslem neighbours, and by tribes who delight in plunder.

Beyrout is the port and key of Lebanon. It lies in a triangular valley, which projects out from the usual direction of the coast. The city itself and its suburbs are placed on high ground, two or three hundred feet above the level of the roadstead, with which it communicates by a number of broken and winding terraces. This gives much beauty to the situation of the town. The houses are built of limestone, obtained from the neighbouring quarries. To the south are beautiful olive groves, pine forests, and gardens of oranges, lemons, figs, apricots, &c. The mulberry, for rearing of silk-worms, grows all over the suburbs : whilst palms, sycamores, prickly oaks, and many other trees and shrubs adorn the neighbourhood. The whole forms a splendid view from the water on the north of the town, as the backing of Lebanon then appears to advantage. From the highest suburb which commands a view of the lovely vale, it appears a little Paradise. The town is small, but the suburbs are large ; containing a population of 40,000 souls, most of whom are Christians.

The Druses live in the mountains. They are a rough, unruly, ungovernable race of men, possessed of great energy and vigour of disposition. They are always ready to fly to arms, though they have no regular military discipline. They have a prince at their head ; but their national affairs are decided by an assembly of Sheiks, which has much of a democratic character. Their religion is unique. It was long thought to be a mixture of Mahometanism and Paganism, but it now appears to be a mere mongrel Mahometanism. Their creed, if such it may be termed, may be traced to Hakim, one of the Fatimite caliphs of Egypt, who tried to reform the Moslem faith, by cutting off the austerities of its practice. He allowed the eating of pork, and drinking of wine ; he denied the necessity of the five daily prayers, of fasting, and of the pilgrimage to Mecca ; and he threw open the doors of marriage still more widely than the false

Prophet had done, by allowing members of the same family to enter into the nuptial bond. Yet this bond is very loose, as it is untied for the merest trifle, or for no reason except the desire of change. Religion was thus reduced to little more than a nominal acknowledgment of God, with occasional prayer to Him in any place, and a respect for the teaching of Mahomet and the Prophets. With this adoration of a Deity, man might live pretty much *secundum naturam*.

Though Hakim failed to convert the Moslems in general to his opinions and practice, and even became a victim to an outbreak of their religious zeal; yet his dogmas spread much in Syria, where they gained many adherents. Proscribed as heretical by true Musulmen, the Hakimites fled to the fastnesses of Lebanon, where it was thought impossible or useless to subdue them, and where they lived in a state of complete independence, and proved troublesome neighbours to the cities of the plains. At length Amurath III. collected a large force, and attacked them in their mountain recesses. Having overcome them, he obliged them to become tributary to the Porte, and appointed over them a Prince or Emir, to preserve order, who should be responsible for their conduct and the payment of their tribute. This Emir is not a Druse, but comes from a branch of the noble family of Shelah, famous in Mecca, and said to be descended from the Prophet. He used to rule over Beyrout, Sidon, and other towns on the skirts of Lebanon, as well as over its mountain inhabitants; but these places now have their own governors appointed by the Porte.

Deir-el-Kamar was the chief town of the Druses, and might be called the capital of their nation. It lies in the mountains, south-east of Beyrout. Traversing the plain for about two hours, through groves of pines and fields of mulberry trees, you turn a little easterly and ascend the slope of Lebanon. Three hours' journey will bring you to the summit of the first or lower range. A descent of two hours, and another ascent of the same period, over very rugged ways, will conduct you to this mountain city. A few years ago, it had about 900 Maronite families, 300 Druse households, and a few Turks, constituting a population of 6,000 or 7,000. The Emir's palace was at Beteddin, an hour's ride further inland, perched on the third range of hills, and flanked by one of the deepest valleys. It consisted of a large building, or collection of buildings, for himself, his family, officers, and a guard of soldiers. Since the rebellion of 1838, his power has been curtailed; and a Turkish governor is now placed in Deir-el-Kamar, with a small garrison.

The Maronites are an old Christian sect, dating their origin from the fifth century, when they retired under their leader, John the Maronite, to the hill-country behind Tripoli. Here they maintained their independence, until Amurath III. penetrated into their fastnesses, and rendered them also tributary. They live scattered through the slopes of Lebanon, chiefly in small towns and hamlets, but also mixed with Druses and Greeks in larger towns. The district of Kesrawan, or Kesrouan, north of the Bah-el-Kelb, or Dog-

river, is entirely theirs. This and the adjoining district at the back of Beyrout are the most thickly populated parts of Lebanon. It is the chief silk country, and every available spot of the rugged land is cultivated. The Maronites have no distinctions of rank, except their Sheiks and priests. The former hold an office similar to that of magistrate or mayor; but in other respects are like their fellow-citizens. The clergy are allowed to marry before their ordination; and therefore most of them have wives. In this and a few other respects only do they differ from the Church of Rome, of which they are the devoted adherents. They are superstitious and priest-ridden, knowing nothing of real religion and holiness. They are intolerant of sectaries, and do not hesitate to excommunicate those whom they accuse of heresy. In their own villages, this excommunication is a serious thing, as it cuts off its victims not only from the friendships, but also from the necessities of life; and shows how far the Maronites would go in exterminating heretics if they had the power. It is chiefly amongst these people and the Greeks, that the American Missionaries have laboured at Beyrout and its neighbourhood; and they have had much trouble from the intolerance of the Maronite priesthood and their Patriarch. This dignitary, who is Patriarch of Antioch, usually resides in the convent of Konobin, amongst the hills at the back of Tripoli.

The Greek Church in Lebanon is powerful and numerous. They have a Bishop at Beyrout, under the Patriarch of Antioch, who now generally lives in Damascus. Their religion resembles that of other Greeks in Europe, and they are under the protection of Russia. But the Greek *Catholics*, as they are called, form a kind of oriental Papal community, having a Patriarch at Damascus, to which city he lately removed from Lebanon. This Church retains the oriental calendar, allows its priests to marry, and has the Sacrament "in both kinds:" in most other respects, it is Romish, as it professes to be.

A people who have played an important part in the recent disturbances and massacres on Lebanon, are the Metawilehs or Metonals. These are Moslems, of the sect of Ali, like the Persian Shiites; and are therefore regarded as heretical by orthodox Mahometans. The Metawilehs are very rigid in maintaining their caste; almost as much so as the Hindoos. They refuse to eat or drink with persons of another creed. They will not use a metal vessel out of which a Christian has eaten or drunk, without its being first thoroughly cleansed; and if one of their earthen vessels has been used by an infidel, it is thought to be unclean, and is broken. Their principal abode is in the Belad Besharah, at the back of Tyre, where there is a fine plain in the mountains between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, at the southern extremity of Coelo-Syria. Baalbec and its neighbourhood also belong to the Metawilehs, who have here an Emir of the house of Haarfush; a very independent race, who used to wage bloody wars with the Emirs of Lebanon. These tribes, therefore, dwell in the south of Lebanon and round to the neighbourhood of Damascus.

From this description of the mountain and its inhabitants, who are all accustomed to go armed, we need not be surprised at hearing of a new outbreak amongst them, whenever the supreme power is held with a feeble hand. The Maronites by themselves, not to mention the Greeks and other Christians, would be able to cope with the Druses alone, if they had time to collect their forces. But in this last *émeute* the Druses attacked them unawares, and fell upon their weakest points of defence. The scene of massacre—for such it must be called—seems to have commenced in the southern parts of Lebanon, on its eastern slopes, in the neighbourhood of the Metawilehs, who confederated with the Druses. Here a number of villages and hamlets were destroyed. They then attacked the Christians of Hasbeiya, the chief town of the lower province of Hermon, containing a mixed population of Druses and Greeks, with a few Turks—in all about 4,000. This was a station of the American Missionaries. The Emir of Hasbeiya is of the Shehab family, and was described, a few years ago, as a weak and faithless man, oppressing the Protestants in his vicinity. Rasheyia, the capital of the upper province of Hermon, having 2,000 people—Druses, Greeks, and Syrian Catholics—was also destroyed. This town resisted (we presume after the Druse inhabitants had left,) and was only taken by treachery. A Turkish officer, sent to its help, prevailed upon the inhabitants to give up their arms to him, promising to convey all the people to a place of safety; which promise he infamously broke, and permitted the Druses to kill them in cold blood.

By this time the assailants were reinforced by hordes of Arabs, of whom there are plenty in El Safed and its neighbourhood; and by Kurds, probably from El Husn. These tribes of plunderers naturally hastened to a scene of warfare, as vultures hasten to a prey. With their aid, the Druses and Metawilehs pushed forwards to Zahleh, on the eastern base of Lebanon, a town of 800 or 900 families, chiefly Greeks, Maronites, and Catholics, which was taken after a defence of five days; and a considerable massacre ensued. Turkish soldiers, sent to keep the peace, looked on, and even helped the assailants; and of course joined in the plunder.

Destroying everything in their way, the Druses returned to Deir-el-Kamar, where the Turkish governor permitted them to massacre the Maronites, whose arms he had previously taken away. The murderers allowed the women and female children to escape, but slew all the males they could find. The Druses were everywhere successful; yet they would probably have failed in their bloody enterprise, had it not been for the perfidy of the Turkish officers and soldiers sent to keep the peace. The hordes that attacked Zahleh could not keep long together, for they are commonly at enmity with each other. The Arabs and Kurds would to-morrow help to plunder the Druses and Metawilehs.

We believe that the Druses did not commence this *malice* from any particular hatred to Christianity as such. They themselves would have become nominal Protestants ten years ago, if they could have

retained their civil privileges. We once met a fine fellow, clad with arms, who had come down from the mountains for the purpose of offering to combine with Protestants in subduing the impracticable Maronites. Nor is it so long since they have had feuds with the Metawilehs, who have helped them in the present butchery. But there is a war of *races* between the Druses and Maronites, which has broken out afresh; the latter taking advantage of the weakness of the Turkish government and the faithlessness of its officers. Their long animosity has been probably heightened by the fact, that a few years ago their Emir and some of their princely families turned Christians; so that their own power was on the decline. They are now, therefore, trying to exterminate the Maronites, by slaying the male children as well as adults.

A similar feeling of exasperation, but a religious one, has animated the Metawilehs. Most of the members of the branch of the Shehab family who are lords of Rasheiya, have embraced Christianity; and there has been no opportunity of Moslem revenge for this apostacy, until the present outbreak. To take this vengeance, they have joined their quondam enemies the Druses, and fought by the side of Arabs and Turks, who denounce them as heretics.

The allies of the Druses have thus turned a subject of civil discord into a religious warfare, just as the Mahometans sided with the Rajpoots of India to exterminate the British, intending, when their common foe was subdued, to turn against their coadjutors. So in Syria. If the Christian men were exterminated, the Druses would soon be obliged to become Moslems, and the Metawilehs to renounce the sect of Ali.

Some Turks and Arabs are always ready for a fanatical outbreak to propagate their religion with the sword. This religious *zeal* is now strong in Syria. We remember the time when a Christian dared not ride on a *horse* in that country; and we have had to endure the curses of fanatics in the streets of Damascus, for being mounted on one of these *noble* creatures (which ought to be reserved for "the faithful,") though we were guarded by Janissaries. The Moslems see and feel that their power is waning, and some of them are furious; others are waiting for "the end," which they believe to be near. It seems that Koorschid Pacha, governor of Beyrout, is one of this fanatical sect; hence his complicity in these massacres of Christian men. To the same cause the murders that have taken place in Tyre, and more recently in Damascus and other Mahometan towns, are to be attributed. The fanatics may be few in number; but if unrestrained and unresisted, they may enact bloody tragedies. A few hundred Druses, joined by a promiscuous rabble of plunderers, and abetted by Turkish soldiers, have pillaged and burned the Christian quarter of Damascus, and murdered four or five thousand of its inhabitants. The whole might have perished, had it not been for the heroic conduct of Abd-El-Kader and his Algerine guard; as the Governor refused to interfere. Besides these victims in the capital of Syria, more than 150 Christian villages have been sacked;—9,000

or 10,000 males have been butchered ;—and 70,000 or 80,000 persons are houseless and destitute, whilst the property destroyed is very great.

Fuad Pasha, the Turkish Minister, is now in Damascus with an army ; and before this article is published, some hundreds of the murderers will probably have suffered death for their crime. *Europe demands it* :—and no leniency can be shown. If the Turks cannot of themselves catch the leaders of the Druses and Metawilehs in the mountains, the French will help them. It will be more difficult to catch the guilty Arabs and Kurds. But the social aspect and future prospects of Lebanon are changed. The southern and eastern portions of the mountain are denuded of their Christian population, who are exterminated from those districts where they dwelt along with Druses and Metawilehs. The Maronites still hold the Kesrawan, (north of Beyrout,) which their enemies have not been able to enter ; and perhaps they may be induced to return to the adjoining districts on the western slopes in proximity to the sea, if the Druses are expelled from them. But the rest of Lebanon will be deprived of its most industrious and wealthy inhabitants. The same may be said in part of Damascus, and of Cælo-Syria. The land will mourn for many years because of this massacre ; and many fruitful spots will become like a wilderness. The anger of the Druses has been savage and relentless. We do not accuse *them* of killing or maltreating *the women* ;—this appears to have been done by the Turks and their soldiers ;—but they murdered every *male* that they could find. They will soon learn that—

“ Revenge, though sweet at first, bitter ere long,
Back on itself recoils.”

VII.

THE AMENITIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

It cannot be too often reiterated that genuine politeness is not a thing of bows and smiles and outward courtesies, but a living principle deeply embedded in the heart. Its very existence is inseparable from an unselfish desire to meet the wishes and promote the well-being of others. Kindly motive is the root from which alone good manners will spring as a perennial flower.

Self-evident as this truth might seem, it has frequently been ignored by the trainers of the young. It has manifestly been forgotten in the early education of our neighbour, Miss Goldenshow. The superficial observer, indeed, would be apt to pronounce a different opinion concerning her. In the observance of all conventional forms she is an adept. To the niceties of etiquette she scrupulously attends.

Every punctilio of the social code is to her a law. Every minute act that has come to be an established token of good breeding, she unflinching performs. In everything that pertains to the ordinary demonstrations of courteousness, she evinces the perfect *savoir faire*. None can surpass her in exterior manifestations of civility. None can move more promptly or more gracefully to offer a footstool, or to stoop for a fallen handkerchief, or to search for a lost needle. None can invite her guests in terms of greater apparent cordiality, or set them down to a more hospitably spread board, or preside at a brother's table with more affability of mien. And yet her's is after all mere *politesse*; there is nothing of true politeness in it. It may sparkle, but it is only a counterfeit. It may glitter, but it is only base metal. Her urbanities are for the stranger rather than for the relative, and consequently for the relative only when a stranger's eye will see them, or when a stranger's ear is likely to catch their echo. Self is paramount in all she says and does. Hence she is betrayed into scores of inconsistencies, and thousands of little rudenesses. She heaps her table with viands, and then keeps up a prolonged conversation on the price of provisions or the capacities or appetite, telling you how much salmon is per pound, and what peas cost per peck, or dilating on the enormous amount that some guest has eaten at her board, till she inspires you with the uncomfortable idea that she has no intention you should make a satisfying meal. She sends round wine or ale, but takes the opportune moment to inquire whether you have read "Danesbury House," and what is your opinion of "Haste to the Rescue." She sets forth a goodly array of fruit, and then drops a hint that these peaches are the last her garden yields, or that she wishes to take some of those grapes to a sick widow. The word "sympathy" is often on her lips, but the thing itself she knows not how to attain. She gives to the poor, but it is with the air of one who stoops from another sphere, and not with the tender-heartedness of one who has striven to imagine herself in their place, and to form a just notion of what their difficulties, their temptations, and their sorrows must be *to them*. She pays ceremonious visits, or writes formal letters of condolence, but in so doing she roughly opens the wound whose soreness she is utterly powerless to soothe.

Her theory, we must own, is better than her practice; for there is no small leaning to the romantic in her disposition. Despite her occasional protestations to the contrary, it is manifest that she has taken no vow to retain her maiden name; indeed, rumour says that she is very shortly to relinquish it. We mention this, because it reminds us that her copy of Rogers's Poems once fell in our way, and it was impossible to do otherwise than notice the pencil-mark of special approbation which was affixed to the following lines:—

"How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject,—*ever on the watch* to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow."

For any realization of this sentiment in her own future experience, she has had, alas ! no training. It is a lamentable thing if she supposes that the faculty is to be acquired by a sort of happy intuition at the very crisis when it will become indispensable to the happiness of her wedded life. She probably thinks that the task will be no hard one. She often talks about oneness of interest, of purpose, of desire, of preference, as if she expected always to hear words that "speak thoughts consentient with" her own. All this is but a dream, an egotistic and self-flattering dream—a dream which will surely be broken by a sudden and a mournful awakening. "*Her eyes read his ?*" No ; her's are not the

" Deep unfathomable eyes,
That seem to read each hidden thought
In others."

Her eyes "ever on the watch" to borrow reflected joy or grief from the gladness or the woe of a companion? Never, never. Her's is always an introspective gaze. She is one of "the disciples of the selfish school," of whom it has been aptly and neatly said that they "acknowledge the verb *Ann* only in its reflex form."

There are many who, like our neighbour, go blundering through life by reason of having neglected to cultivate the happy art of throwing themselves, as it were, into the position of others. There are some whose eyes are never on the watch ; some whose eyes are on the watch, but not for a kindly purpose. Take a contrast. Mrs. Brown pays a morning visit, but she neither thinks, nor stops to think whether she has called at a moment that is inconvenient ; Mrs. Black makes a call, perceives that it is unseasonable, alludes repeatedly to the fact that she is detaining you from your walk, or from your letter, or from your invalid, but still stays on, regardless of the consequences to yourself, and wishful only to carry out her own plans, which would be disturbed by a curtailment of her intended gossip. Again : Mrs. Brown happens to touch upon some subject on which you feel peculiarly sensitive ; she touches upon it without any design to annoy, without any suspicion that it could annoy ; but the worst is that she never discerns it to be unpalatable ; she does not notice your silence ; she does not understand your efforts to turn the conversation. Mrs. Black, on the other hand, is quick enough to observe that her remarks have grated on some heart-nerve ; she discovers it with surprise and interest ; she views it as an enigma in mental philosophy that is worth the solving ; and she wilfully continues to strike the jarring chord, in the hope of satisfying her curiosity as to "the why and the wherefore" of the dissonance. In neither of these cases is there sympathy ; and where there is no sympathy, there is no politeness that is better than a name and a form.

They are the best arguers who can bring themselves to look at the debated question from their adversary's stand-point, so as to concede

to him every advantage to which he is fairly entitled; and they are our best friends who have learned to enter with keenest appreciation into a right estimate of our views, and our fears, and our hopes. It is true that a fellow-feeling for those around us must necessarily be limited, in consequence of the fact that the human powers are but finite. It pertains to our High Priest above to be touched as none else can be with the feeling of our infirmities, since it is He alone who can sound the depths of the heart. But it is our duty to resemble Him in so far as we can possibly attain the likeness. It behoves us to note the minutest signs of emotion, in order that we may deal gently and wisely with the heart-stricken. It behoves us to heed the faintest indications of what is liked or disliked by our friends and acquaintances, for thus only can we know how to give them pleasure, and how to avoid inflicting pain.

Little pleasures and little vexations mingle in the cup of life; and as the one or the other may be made to predominate, so is the sweetness or the bitterness of each day's allotted draught. On us it often devolves to mix, or at least to modify the beverage for others; shall we purposely infuse the wormwood? or shall we not rather delight to pour in freely the dulcet juice, that will overpower the bitters which other hands have sprinkled into the potion? Little pleasures—how easily can they be bestowed! how often are they withheld! The message of affectionate remembrance, whether sent verbally or in writing, would impart a glow of joy to the desolate and disconsolate; but the active and enterprising one, who is going on her sun-lit way with the music of affection's voice constantly ringing in her ear, has forgotten to deliver the seemingly commonplace expression of civility. The omission is no trivial thing. A pleasure has been denied to a heart that needed it. Perhaps more. The neglect has been falsely ascribed to the wrong quarter. A slight has been fancied, where none really existed. An unjust suspicion has been occasioned. Pain has been felt, which, though needless, was by no means groundless; and which, though unintended, was none the less acutely felt. Little gratifications, little grievances,—let them not be matters of chance, for they are not matters of indifference. On every side, from day to day, from morning till night, there are secret thrillings of the human soul which respond to the slightest touch, and which, in token either of joy ineffable, or of an anguish that cannot be expressed, give forth, in song or in sigh, the secret but heartfelt ejaculation, "*Cela se sent, mais cela ne se dit pas.*" The sighs would be less frequent, the songs more abundant, if there were among us an unflinching obedience to the Scripture-rules of politeness. "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's." "Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

But the latter precept may be wrested, perverted, misinterpreted. The man who is eccentric in his tastes is not to treat his neighbours as if they were subject to the same fancies, and governed by the

same caprices as himself. The man who is callous and flint-hearted is not to judge that his neighbour can bear the harshnesses and austerities to which he himself would be impassible. The retiring spirit which may have been wounded on more than one occasion by the forwardness of those whose offers of help have been ill-judged, ill-timed, or ill-worded, is not rashly to conclude that others would undervalue the acts of brotherly kindness which he is often disposed to render, but from which he is deterred through a mistaken fear of being deemed officious. The golden rule is not designed to teach that we are to measure our neighbour's wishes by the gauge of our own predilections; but rather that, having ascertained his idiocratical preferences, we should set ourselves to grant every reasonable indulgence of them. To do so to others as we would that they should do unto us, is not to treat them according to our notion of what they ought to like, but according to our perception of what they do like, with the one proviso, that their liking be not for that which would be unjust or injurious either to themselves, or to us, or to any third party.

As with our actions, so with respect to our words. We should not utter that to others which we think, if we were in their place, it would distress us to hear. We should not leave unsaid what there is reason to believe that others have a right to hear. There are rudenesses of speech, as well as rudenesses of silence, and of silence no less than of speech. Here is one who bluntly pours out her every thought; who, when invited to tea, does not hesitate to say, "Why don't you ask me to dinner?" and who, when offered a drive in your chaise, does not scruple to let you know that she prefers your barouche. Here is one who has neglected you for months, and who, on suddenly renewing the communications of friendship, leaves you wondering whether necessity or inclination had caused the intervening blank. Such incivilities commonly arise from erroneous ideas as to the requirements of frankness and friendship. In the former case, it is forgotten that sincerity, while bold, should never be boorish. In the latter, it is forgotten that while friendliness ever stands ready to make all possible allowances, no exorbitant tax should be levied on its powers of forbearance. A friend is not to be defined as one with whom we may take what liberties we please,—one to whom we may unscrupulously give as much trouble as we will,—one on whose amiable concessions we may make the utmost imaginable claim; but, on the contrary, as one whose welfare it is our study to promote, whose ease it is our delight to consult, and on whose indulgent temper we would seek to make the fewest possible demands. We question the influence of Emerson's teachings on this head. "If you visit your friend," he says, "why need you apologise for not having visited him, and waste his time and deface your own act? Visit him now. Shine with real light, and not with the borrowed reflection of gifts. Common men are apologies for men. They bow the head, they excuse themselves with prolix reasons, they accumulate appearances

because the substance is not." It is true that he prefaces all this with the injunction, "Be, and not seem." So far, well. Intended as a protest against false semblance, his doctrine may safely be accepted. Better no excuse than one that is lame and insufficient. Better no extenuation than one that is inadequate or insincere. But if the moralist meant, or if his disciples act as if he meant, to teach that we owe our friends *no* explanation of what must have seemed to them mysterious or unkind, we must dissent from the maxim which his words would inculcate. If I have been in fault, I ought candidly to avow it; if I have been hindered by the force of circumstances, I ought to let that fact be known. The minutiae may or may not be needful, according as my friend may be of a distrustful or of a trustful temperament. A mere word will often suffice, but that word ought not to be wanting. The lack of it bespeaks an independence and pride alien to the spirit of kindly intercourse.

It would be easy to dilate on the numerous little thoughtlessnesses which owe their origin to a self-seeking disposition. It hardly comports with our ideas of politeness that a visitor should make a friend's house an inn, filling it with guests brought there by her own invitation, overturning family arrangements, and unnecessarily breaking in upon family hours, by plans heedlessly formed, requests inconsiderately made, schemes selfishly executed. It hardly falls in with our notions of considerateness and good-will that the attendant in a ladies' waiting-room should be appealed to for a pin by one and another and another of the travellers who flit across her path—each of them unconscious, no doubt, that the boon has been asked again and again to the emptying of her pincushion, and mainly by the very individuals who, most rigidly availing themselves of the regulation that "no gratuity" be offered, never reflect that by such a process far more than "a groat a-year" is subtracted from a purse which at the best is none too full. But we must refrain from pursuing the subject into its countless ramifications. Let the cruse of salt be cast into the fountain-head, and by the Divine blessing the waters will be purified. Let self be lowered from the pedestal on which it has too conspicuously towered, and the character, when it has thus lost its one chief disfigurement, will stand forth to view juster in its proportions and fairer in its beauty.

One word or two in conclusion. While the young are taught carefully to avoid perpetrating the little rudenesses of which we speak, they must be well prepared for occasionally coming into contact with them. Even though our circle be a select one, we cannot go through life without often enduring such things ourselves, and seeing them often inflicted on our friends. It is a lot which, under the most favourable circumstances, can hardly be escaped. But it is a lot which we make ten-fold worse for ourselves, if we foolishly indulge in an over-sensitiveness which is weak and whimsical, discontented and exacting. It has been well said that "a man who has a disproportionate care for little things, has a garment embroidered with hooks,

which catches at everything that passes by." Our safest course is to lay aside all such encumbering robes, while yet we sedulously keep a watchful eye and a tender care over those who are so unfortunately and so unwisely equipped. The mantle of charity has no such fantastic and disserviceable trimming. Charity "is not easily provoked." To be of an offence-taking spirit is nothing better than a childish folly, and pre-eminently so amid the toil and turmoil, the business and bustle, the running and racing, the co-operations and competitions, the enterprises and entanglements, the activities and amusements, the pursuits and pleasures of an age which, if there were an heraldic marshalling of epochs, might well be distinguished by the locomotive for its badge, the telegraphic wires for its armorial bearings, and "*Festina non lente*" for its motto. Our hurrying hither and thither, our engrossments of thought, our absorption of time, our incessancy of care, our multiplicity of claims,—these things are insufficient to exempt us from the duty of rendering trivial politenesses, but they should teach us to moderate our expectation of receiving them. Our friends may be even more occupied, more beset, more bewildered than ourselves, and we ought therefore willingly to make excuse for their every seeming remissness. Pitiably indeed are the narrow-souled, who magnify every trifle, and who fume and fret over unkindnesses that have little or no importance, save as viewed through the lens of their own distempered imaginings. Wiser and happier are they who, instead of plucking and dissecting the few thorn-armed poison-herbs which they encounter here and there upon the onward path, are found rejoicing in the thousand minute and delicate attentions which the truly courteous hand of Christian love and friendship is constantly scattering, like sweet-scented flowerets, beneath their passing steps.

VIII.

A RUN THROUGH KILLARNEY.

GORGEOUS July!—golden July!—all-glorious July! Where may we enjoy your bright sunshine, your morn and evening breath of mountain and of flower, your deep plunge into the wave of a full-flushed existence and exuberant enjoyment, so well as at Killarney? To Killarney, then, be our pilgrimage—no longer made with ashen staff and scallop shell, and sandal shoe; but by steam-horse and tubular bridge, dispatch boat and high-pressure machinery, almost annihilating time and space, and robbing travel of its *charm* by its speed, variety of scenery, and ease of transit. If ever Care grew mad to see man happy, we are resolved to give the envious carl

occasion for a fresh visit to Bedlam, by the energy and success of our pursuit of relaxation during our one short week's summer run to Ireland.

Directing all letters to await our return (for the penny-post nuisance would seriously detract from our pleasure), we start for Dublin—the decidedly pretty, but as decidedly provincial capital of the “sister island.” Once there, we find its streets almost vacant—the summer commencements at the University over—learned professors and lively students flown to the four winds—shopkeepers idling over their counters—and the vice-regal Court in the last stage of æstival inanition, and languidly trying to make up its mind where to recruit its exhausted ranks and energies. In this serious nonplus, vice-royalty was less happy than ourselves, for our holiday is so limited and our path so chalked out, that hesitation and delay are both out of the question. Our journey out and home again will only allow a day for Killarney; but the path we go is itself recreation, and Killarney, sweet Killarney! a concentration of delights.

Behold us there, on the evening of July —, in its dull, shabby, country streets; and now, how to make the most of to-morrow's scanty leisure? That's the rub! But if anything could render the impossible possible, it would be the high spirits in which travel has put us, and the magnificent belt of mountains that lines the lower lake full before us, tipped with the purple and gold of the setting sun. All Killarney and its visitors were out in the streets and highways on the evening of our arrival, so that the scene was not solitary immediately around us; and away south and west was everything to cheer in a choir of gamboling mountains, in a mosaic lake-pavement that reflected every varying phase and tint of the cloud-pattern above, and in an air so balmy, after the sultry heat of the journey, as resembled the in-pouring of a life-tide through the veins. Our introduction to Killarney was genial in every point of view, not even excepting the begging impostors that sought not ineffectually to make us their prey. Killarney is the land of beggars; but, with a singular uniformity of rule, not one Protestant is ever to be found amongst them. Mendicity is not, and never was, a Protestant institution. Begging is not native to the soil of Ireland, but is a parasite of Romanism. Wherever Popery flourishes, there may neither be less wealth nor more destitution than in countries where the Bible freely circulates; but there is more dependence on charity than self-exertion—more of the beggar's whine than the freeman's whistle.

Arrived at our hotel, and refreshed with a visit to our lavatory, and the indispensable tea, we ring our bell.

“Waiter, where's the landlord?”

“Shall I send him up, Sir?” Be it noted that our Irish waiter, we suppose an O'Dunnahoo, did not give us a direct answer. We never recollect getting one yet from a Paddy under inquisition. Our landlord, of course, was an O'Dunnahoo,—he could be no less in the land of the fabulous knight,—for “all things are here of *him*.” So we addressed him:

"Mr. O'Dunnahoo, can we see the Lakes in a day?"

"Can't you afford any longer time than that, Sir?" Again, no direct reply.

"No, we cannot: we must be in London by Saturday night, and this is Wednesday evening. We can only give Thursday to the Lakes. Can it be done?"

"Well—Sir Walter Scott did it in company with the Lady of Castle Rack-rent; and Prince Napoleon did it, and I suppose"—[Still no direct answer.]

"You suppose, of course, we can do it. We *must* do it, or leave Killarney unseen. But what route did these notables take?"

"Why, Sir, you'll follow them to Cloghereen and Mucruss, and Tore Lake and Upper, and in that way you'll get a taste of things."

"You quite mistake, Mr. O'Dunnahoo, the drift of my question. I ask their route, that I may *not* follow them. I am fond of doing things my own way. I have the greatest respect for Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, but I will not trace their footsteps on *this* occasion; and for Prince Plon-Plon I have not one atom of respect; therefore I shall not follow his track on *any* occasion. Provide me therefore a car and good horse, and guide for Aghadoe and the Gap to-morrow, at eight o'clock, and I'll make the circuit of the Lakes from the East rather than the West. A boat must wait me in the upper end of the Upper Lake, and we'll examine the objects of interest as we descend. *Presto*. Don't fail me, good landlord, as your name is O'Dunnahoo."

"Never fear, Sir, all will be right. The best pad in the stable shall be at your service, and Darby Daly, your guide, is as honest a poor boy as any in the three kingdoms [a boy of sixty, more or less.] He's not a jaynius, your honour, and won't set the Lough on fire with the scintillations of his intellect" [there's a handsome phrase Mr. O'Dunnahoo had picked up somewhere or other:] "but he knows the Lakes well, and has a good story or two to tell that will amuse you in your chase after the picturesque."

"Let me have Darby, by all means. You assure me he's not a knave. May I add the hope, that he's not a fool?"

"Is it Darby a fool? Catch a weazel napping! Sorra a wink's in his eye. If he's a fool at all, he's a very sensible fool. He has no book-learning; he knows as much about geography as a hippopottimouse knows of Homer" [all Kerry men have a speaking acquaintance with the classics:] "but he knows every step of the road you'll travel to-morrow a mortal sight better than e'er a gossoon in Killarney. 'Tis yourself's in luck to get him."

"Thank ye, landlord, good night."

Off at half-past eight next morning, our first pause is at Aghadoe, called *Ah-had-o*.

Although the Round Towers of Clondalkin, Kildare, and Cashel, may have struck the tourist's eye as he was whisked along behind his panting iron horse, the remains of that at Aghadoe will probably furnish his only opportunity for minute inspection. In Ireland they

are exceedingly numerous, even after time and wanton destruction have done their worst upon them; but it is curious to observe that Scotland, inhabited by the same race and devoted to the same religious rites, has only two monuments of the same kind. The hypothesis that they were watch towers, gains some support from the prevailing flatness of the island, which would render the service of such artificial elevations incalculable in unsettled times; but the equally certain fact that they were always raised upon religious sites would seem to connect them somehow with the observances either of Paganism or Christianity. Our own hypothesis—derived from a discursive perusal of O'Brien's and Petrie's Essays, of Ledwich and Archdall on the Ecclesiastical Remains of the country, of old Ware and modern Lanigan, the historians—is, that they had no purpose at all except to puzzle posterity; that they are elaborate conundrums in stone projected by some Celtic humorist, who laughs in his coffin at the perplexities of the antiquarians. This is a "merry," if not a "wise" solution of the difficulty, and there we leave it to the more successful conjecture of future *Edipuses*.

The dimensions of all that remains of this document in stone at Aghadoe, are a height of fifteen feet to the ancient door sill, a diameter of nearly the same, the walls being five feet thick, and the outer coating, in many places, torn down by rustic Goths for mending gaps, ditches, and tombs. When entire, the structure probably rose to the height of 100 or 120 feet. Its site, it will be observed, is in the old cathedral yard.

The other remains are not worth a thought—a very insignificant old church, with a small Saxon arch ornamented with zigzag mouldings—and the remains of a small tower or fortalice, evidently intended for defence, something like our modern Martello towers, only not so formidable. Aghadoe, formerly a bishop's see, still bestows a title on the bishops of Limerick, who add Ardfert and Aghadoe to their episcopal designation.

The glory of Aghadoe is its prospect. Kind traveller, leave the car on the high road, and our Kerry jarvey "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought," while we ourselves exchange rumination for observation and exploration. Mount any accessible portion of these ruins, and you shall see what you will see—by far the most interesting and comprehensive view of the Lower Lake, the most beautiful lake of Killarney. Remember—as indeed your short ascent of the slope under a burning July sun, with its attendant exsudation, will tell you—that this little hill is nearly 400 feet above the level of the lakes, and that your point of prospect, which you have reached by clambering up some wretched, rough, and crumbling stones and mortar, is some twenty feet at least higher; and further observe that it commands an unobstructed view of Lough Lane through its whole length along its western shore, like the view of Windermere from Ambleside, Low-wood, or Elleray, and then judge of its capabilities to flash the light of enjoyment over the soul. Directly before you, looking north across the water, is majestic Toomies

(pronounced Toom-eyes, with accent on the first syllable), succeeded along the shore by less lofty, but more charming Glenna, pronounced *Glen-ah*, the top of tall Purple Mountain, crimson-mantled with heather rising between, while here and there beyond, the more craggy rocks lift their shaven crowns to the skies in hoary worship. Further down upon the same side, the eye encounters the Peninsula of Mucruss, clothed with wood to the water's edge, and hiding within its recesses the romantic ruins of the Abbey. The lake itself is covered with islands, gems of perspective beauty as they lie further and further off down the vista—the Peninsula of Ross with its ancient Keep narrowing the view, but not intercepting it on the southern side. Such a combination of mountain, wood, and water in every variety of shape, each change a various loveliness, is not, we boldly avow it, to be met with anywhere besides in the same narrow compass—tokens of human care and culture softening down every rude feature of the scene, and enhancing its beauty by commodious villas, plantations and gardens. In no place more than in these earthly Edens, where Nature has lavished her stores of multifarious adornment, do we see the propriety of the divine appointment of the man to dress and keep the original Paradise, and the happiness of Bacon's phrase—"Man, the minister and interpreter of nature." Man improves upon nature, adorns nature, and makes the cosmos itself more cosmical by his "kraft." Nature has done its part at Killarney, and the Kenmare, and Headleys, and Herberts, have not been wanting. The hand of skill and generous expenditure has aided the suggestions of science and taste, and made the precincts of the lakes a very "Paradise of dainty devices" for visitors and residents; for all, in short, with an eye to mark, and a heart to feel the graces of nature set off by the ministry of a sympathising and deferential art. The lakes themselves cannot be altered or improved as they lie in their beauty under a shifting firmament, a mirror wherein the sky glasses itself in sunshine or in storm. To-day, as the blue surface rolls away in brightness toward the south, reflecting every shadowy cloud overhead, which reposes white and silvery in a breathless atmosphere—as it is fringed by rich and extensive demesnes, interspersed with plantations, watered by cascades, and crowned by mountains that descend in wavy and wooded terraces to meet the kiss of its waters—nothing can be more delicious than the *tout ensemble* which this combination presents. Sated with its beauties, we did not expect to meet with anything more delightful in our excursion, and, in point of fact, we did not. Much was wild elsewhere, and much was sublime (on a small scale), and much unusual and consequently attractive to dwellers in plains and cities; but compared with this ecstatic and quintessential draught of loveliness, we could only repeat of every other scene the poet's burden of his love—

"Ye are na Mary Morrison!"

Skirting the head of the Lake, and passing the river which forms its outlet to the sea, we "fetch a compass" to the Gap of Dunloe, a

dreary rift in the mountains west of the Lakes. Here we dismiss our car, and, availing ourselves of the use of extemporaneous donkeys, made our raid upon the solitary charms of the Gap, running no risk from the high blood of our long-eared Rosinantes of finding ourselves, in the course of our ride, in heraldic phraseology, couchant in a field-green, nose gules, and sides and back azure. Too good-tempered to be provoked, and too low in flesh for gambols, the short, squat, patient brutes, bore us along in an ambling, scrambling pace as well as they might, we availing ourselves, as our sledge practice and *Montagnes Russes* play in other days had taught us, of our feet to steer us at respectful distance from the encroaching rocks on one side of the way, and again from the precipice on the other.

Deeply interested in this singular ravine, we at last emerged at its southern end, the head of the Gap just over the Upper Lake. This fascinating spot we cannot stay to describe. The Upper Lake is smaller, narrower, and ruder than its sister lakes. Leaving hurriedly the lakelet, on which we would fain pause, with its many enchantments, we scud under press of oar and stress of current, down the long natural canal, which joins the Upper Lake to its lakely *confrères*—in reality, a narrow prolongation of the lakeway. This is nearly three miles long; and while possessing only one show feature,—its pyramidal hill called the Eagle's Nest, rather more than half-way down—is really interesting enough in itself, from the incessant change of the scene as we advance to occupy pleasantly our attention. The Purple Mountain towers high overhead on the left, while Crommaglaun, or Drooping Mountain, looms heavily on the right, admitting, however, the new Kenmare road between its base and the channel of our stream—the whole intermediate space clothed with fine trees and delicious underwood—the perfection of uncultured beauty. Chief among these wild shrubs, the most common of the whole, the golden-flowering furze,—of all the waifs and strays of vegetable nature the very choicest, decking the barest mountain-side and loneliest moor with richness, with its winter and summer blossomings,—was here in rare abundance and attractiveness; its golden crown, indeed, fading from its head, but only to give place to the soft green budlets of its early foliage—a charm less dazzling but not less satisfactory than the other. All trees were here of every name, leaves of every shape, boughs of every angle, verdure of every shade, shrubbery of every tangle. And all birds were here that haunt the forest, affect the water's edge, or love the rock and soaring cliff; but their voices were almost mute, from the lateness of the season. The fish had the most enjoyable berth of it in their delicious fresh-water bath, in that broiling forenoon, in that narrow and tortuous gorge. How hot the sun came down upon the pilgrims of pleasure pent up in the stern of their little cock-boat, it boots not to tell; sufficient to say that we survived the infliction, which alone proves it not intolerable. The blue sky that arched overhead hung enamoured upon our melting forms, like a vampire eager for our life-blood: with immitigable appetite it drank up our strength and spirits; and, curious to say, like the mirage to Eastern travellers, filled our mind with images of

cool defiles of Tempe, and delicious sea-breezes off the Needles, and—we must out with it—iced champagne for lunch. Its third article of suggestion was as hopelessly inaccessible as the others; and we might deem ourselves happy, if, after dinner on the lake, we could secure the cordial of a little mountain dew, diluted with a *quantum suff.* of *aqua pura* from the lake. Our progress, it is true, which was designedly rapid, and the flow of the stream, made a factitious current of air around us; but, otherwise, a blast from a furnace mouth, or the simoom of the desert, would give an unexaggerated notion of our sensations under a blazing July sun in that narrow gut.

But here we are, in less time than we take to describe it, under the Eagle's Nest, a cliff of more than a thousand feet high—a mountain nymph petticoated with evergreens to three-parts of her stature, and giving shelter in her naked bosom to a nest of the imperial birds from which she derives her name. The echo of the place forms its fame, of which sundry varieties were furnished by our officious attendant, Mr. Darby Daly; and more would have delayed our impatience, had our temper submitted to the infliction.

That which made most impression and heartily amused us was the repeated laugh of the mountains about us. The pistol-shot and bugle with their reverberations were as nothing in comparison with the unbounded, repeated, hilarious *Ha-ha* that followed our preludial mirth. *Ha-ha* came out distinct and clear, and then the transaction seemed over and gone; but the spirits of the mountains meant otherwise. A whispered *Ha-ha*, gentle and sylph-like, followed the first masculine *pronounced* laugh; but this was followed by a laughing chorus of voices, as if every cliff and mountain of that region had opened his jaws world-wide for the purpose of cachinnation, and poured forth an unmeasured and jubilant peal of *Ha-has*. What was begun by ourselves as a mere acoustic experiment, was continued by us as the expression of our spontaneous glee, at this sympathy of nature with the voice of man in his sportive mood, and we burst forth one and all into uncontrollable and explosive laughter. If the Eagle's Nest and its compeers shook their leafy sides as portentously as did ours under the irresistible provocation to repeated guffaws, we greatly fear they must have damaged their frondiferous honours, to the detriment of all future travellers and lovers of the picturesque. The mere recollection of our intercostal agitation on the occasion of which we speak, awakens uneasy sensations in the region of the diaphragm to this day, and warns us by our nervous twinges and twitchings against attempting the experiment rashly again.

Moore, too, heard the echoes of our responsive cliff; but as seeing is in the eye, not in the object, we fear his sentimental muse gave rather a melancholy cue to the reflective sounds, if we may judge by his verses thereon. We cannot but deem our suggested emendation an improvement upon the words of the Irish bard:—

“He listen'd, while high o'er the Eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song [laugh] so enchanting expire.”

You will pardon us, gentle reader, the light fancy which seeks to combine the poetry of local literature with the poetry of the scene before us, and aims at dashing a fresh zest from the Parnassian pepper-box into the olio of our Killarney itinerary.

We have heard nearly as fine echoes elsewhere, but not so prolonged as here. There is a good one within easy reach at Kenilworth, amongst the ruins of its beautiful castle, in Warwickshire; but it wants the background of successive mountain peaks, of crag upon crag along which the live sound may leap, to develope itself in the fulness of our Killarney imitative music.

Out of this stream of varying width of channel and rapidity of career, diversified with island and rock here and there, and the sweetest little nooks and coves in the world for landing and exploring amongst the rocks, and wild flowers, and shrubs, we dash by force of the rapid above Old Weir bridge out on the calm surface of the Bay of Glenna and the Lower Lake—a transition nearly as instantaneous as the flight of the swallow whose dip we followed under the arch, beneath which it swept on playful wing. From the gush and rush of the mimic surges we emerged on the glassiest, sunniest back-water bay—grassy with surrounding verdure, enclosed with garden trees, secluded from the turmoil of busy life, and having nothing in the world to do except shine in the sun and starlight, and reflect the sky. A happy existence of it has that sweet Glenna—not an epic one indeed, gloriously crowded with incidents, but one of pastoral gentleness and lyric poesy! We utter this unenvyingly, for duty tells us that the life of few human beings can be a still Glenna.

Where to dine is now the question of questions—at the Cottage on Glenna, at its kindred cottage on Di-nis island, or amid the ruins of Mucruss Abbey, looking down on the Lower Lake. It is yet “*over early*” for our principal meal, so that it is voted *nem. con.* to postpone our refection till the second or Middle Lake shall have yielded up its charms to observation. This lake is also called Torc Lake, from the magnificent mountain that hangs over its south-western corner, and with its spurs and outliers nearly covers two of its sides. The sheet of water is most circumscribed—a mere basin—under two miles at its greatest length, and under one mile at its greatest breadth, its dimensions appearing crippled by the height of the surrounding land. In point of fact it is only a reach of the Lower Lake, shorn off from it by the curving peninsula of Mucruss, whose entwining arm folds it in a secure and loving embrace. Were the Ross promontory in the middle of the Lower Lake a little more extensive than it is, it would divide as effectually the length of the Lower Lake into two, as does now Mucruss cut off its lowest and westernmost extremity. The level of these waters is the same, and the entrance from one to the other under the arch of a rustic bridge. Mucruss only separates, and does not divide the lakes.

Looking due south from the point on Glenna, which we occupy previous to starting for our early afternoon’s work in Torc Lake, we

see distinctly in front Dinis and Brickeen Islands, a continuation of Mucruss Peninsula—beyond that, the Lake itself, in all its nunlike grace and solitude—Torc Mountain, with the elbowing Mangerton on its right still further off—while the mansion of the Herberts, and the woods that skirt the lake and conceal the old Franciscan Abbey from view, occupy the left foreground, and give finish to this perfect picture. Life gains an added charm from such a sight as this—this, and, it must be added,

“a soul
To make these felt, and feeling.”

This gem of a lakelet, more than anything else which we can readily recal, exemplifies that “thing of beauty” which “is a joy for ever.”

But Killarney has many charms besides, and the necessity for observation bids meditation reserve its task for a more fitting season. There is a time to see, and a time to reflect on seeing. To our boat then, to cross the lake, and swallow the Abbey before swallowing our dinner *al fresco*—the most pleasant prandial experiences being those same *al fresco* dinners. It is as true to this day as ever, that “God made the country,” and man’s unbiassed bent of nature approves and rejoices in that creation. The most civilised man retains enough of the Arab in his composition (testifying to more primitive times and unsophisticated habits) to enjoy the pic-nic, the gipsy-party, the mountain, and the wold. How often has our cry been that of Cephalus, in populous city pent, “*O Aura, Aura, veni!*”—thou blessed air of Heaven, descend for our refrigeration and comfort! Success on sanatory, if not on political grounds, to the Volunteer Movement, which gives our young men a few more gulps than they would otherwise get of the oxygen of the atmosphere, and the joy of free motion!

At Killarney all the conditions of rude health exist exuberantly. Would that our day were a year, for its bathing, boating, fishing, fowling, and mountain scrambles! Alas! in vain our *UTINAM*—the chariot-wheel of Providence drags us along our appointed path of endurance, and bids us seek enjoyment in *doing* for others rather than in *recreating* for ourselves. And the pressure is no hard one. Doing is enjoying: benevolence is happiness: God is happy because God is good: too happy we, if we can imitate the goodness of the Universal Father, and share, however undeservedly, His guerdon of reflected bliss!

But Torc Lake was to introduce us to some of the inconveniences of out-of-door existence, as well as to the charms of unadorned Nature, in one of her most genial habitats. Down from a cloud, no bigger than a man’s hand, in the midst of an otherwise brilliant sky, came, first a peppering of pelting hail, followed by a shower of such generous freedom of largesse that we were soon drenched with its favours. It was too unexpected for precaution, and too copious for any ordinary clothing to exclude. Our light habiliments, and

what stood us for nankeens, were soon in a state to cause a gettup of flimsy muslins to wring her hands in despair. Our neckcloth of snow-white purity and faultless tie in the morning, became, under the preceding perspiration and present down-pour, like a piece of washed-out rope's end. Our wide-awake hung about our cheeks as limp as a spaniel's ears. Although this summer *douche* was of no long continuance, it cooled our temperature considerably and suddenly, and we became anxious to land; not for a change of dress, which was no where to be had, but for a good, warm, chill-subduing run.

Observing our comparative discomfort, Darby, whose efforts to oblige and entertain were incessant, came to our rescue with an observation or two, which were so original that we give them for the amusement of others. Darby was an old "boy," for he had been a drum-boy in the Peninsular War under Wellington; but every one is a boy here on the right side a hundred, and, as will be further seen—what has been perhaps apprehended already—Darby was not a bright boy. There was a kind of sluggish intelligence under the exterior of his unaffected simplicity that made him useful and obliging, but the main strain of his character was a credulity closely verging on the ludicrous.

"Arrah, what your honour want's now is a regular *shiver*."

"I'm sorry to say, Darby, I feel all in a shiver already."

"It isn't that I mane, Sir, but what keeps out the shivers, and cure's the shivers—a shiverdyfryze."

"Never heard of such a shiver as that before; but I've heard of the shivers of ague, and shivering in a March wind, and shivering with a sharp, cold shower in the dog-days, a first-rate specimen of which I exhibit at this moment; but a frieze one I am quite innocent of understanding, as a chick that has just broken its shell."

"Och, sure, then, the one I mean is just the moral (model) of the one you spake of—it covers you from head to foot like a shell; and because it's made of frieze, they call it *shiverdyfryze*."

"Nonsense, Darby, a frieze coat is a frieze coat, and I wish I had a good warm one now, call it what you will; but it never had so outlandish a name as a *shiver*."

"Well, your honour, they say seein's believin', and perhaps you'll believe that. By dis and by dat, I wrote it with my own hand, but it was dictated by his honour, Lieutenant Patrick Flack, of the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, or Connaught Strangers, whom his brother officers used to call Paddy Whack, because he was the broth of a boy at whacking the Frinch at Coroona. I was his servant, Darby Daly, at your service, for many's the year, in the wars of the Penin-soola; and after he wint on half-pay and I got discharged at the same time, I became, as he often called me, his Corplar Trim, your honour—only *I never was a corplar*; and he used to call himself Captain Shandy at times—only *he, bless his soul, never was a captain*. Howandever it amused him to be called captain, and I made no objection to my nickname of corplar, so long as it pleased him:

Well, your honour, what with wet nights spint under the canopy, when we were campaigning, and what with a deuce of a wound or two he had, he was terribly troubled with rheumatis any way. And once when he was so bad that his arm was disabled, and he could not write, I was obligated to hould the pen while he wrote for a warm wrap-rascal from his tailor's in Dublin. Mr. Snip-and-Shears was called Thompson, of Suffolk-street, Dublin; and they say a decent namesake of his drives a roaring trade in the same city now. The letter, your honour will see, reads—

"Thompson,—Send me down, post-haste, a sentry-box of an outer-coat, as thick as a jail door, and as hot as a blacksmith's hob. I am fairly driven to quarters by a confounded rheumatism, and I want this surtout as a *chevaux de frise* against the cold, to shut him out.

"Payment on demand.

"PATRICK FLACK,

"Late Lieutenant in His Majesty's Connaught Strangers."

"Well, Sir, ever since I wrote that for my master, I've called a frieze coat a *shiverdyfryze*; and who'd have thought the Frinch could have invited so mighty conveynient a handle to its name, for it keeps out the *shivers*, and 'tis it that is made out of the nate Irish article, that all the world besides cannot aigual—the jinnowin *frieze*. By dad, the name bates conjurin' 'all out,' and is as musical as the pipes. Hurrah for a *shiverdyfryze*!"

"More ingenious in your etymology, than satisfactory, Darby. I should have no objection, certainly, to one of Lieutenant Flack's *chevaux de frise*, as a defence against the cold on a cold day; but happily we do not need a resource of the kind any longer, as the shower is over, and the sky clear, and we can dry ourselves in a walk to Mucruss."

"So be it, your 'anner; your will is Darby's pleasure."

We disembark at a point not far from the Elizabethan mansion, a very plain one, of the princely proprietor, Mr. Herbert, gaining at once a beautiful walk, which he has constructed along the eastern border of the Tore water, and carried round the outer side of the peninsula in the Lower Lake. Where we caught it, it is called the Rock Walk; but on the eastern side of the tongue of Mucruss it is marked by softer features, and bears the name of the Ladies' Walk. No language can do justice to the combination of wood and water, hill and dale, rock and river, modern mansion and ancient ruin, found within the circuit of his demesne. A beautiful drive of ten miles takes you round it, the charms of which we were compelled to admit upon trust, and snatch briefer joys in bits here and there ourselves. Turning our back upon our boat in Tore Lake, which we ordered to await us outside in the Lower Lake, and doing violence to our feelings, we hurried across the lawn, to see all that remained of Mucruss Abbey, ere we should dine. The situation of this pile is everything—the building itself nothing. It has a pictorial propriety

where it stands, but besides this, and a sentimental regard for any symbol of religious faith, it has few attractions. Its scale is small, and its ornamental features few. An east window in the choir of the church, with a small convent cloister, is all that is worthy of the tourist's pause. Mucruss is pretty as an object, and interesting from its association, but far better as a ruin than an existing snare for weak and credulous souls.

But no grave reflection on ancient monastic abuses could hinder our enjoyment of a seasonable repast under the shadow of the convent walls, when the sward had dried, and our men had brought up the materials of the feast. As we sate down over our green grassy table cloth, like the monks of old,

"We laugh'd, Ha, ha! and we quaff'd, Ha, ha!"

but our mirth was innocent, and our beverage, for the most part, no stronger than lake water *diluted with equal parts of its own element*.

Leaving our crew to dispose of the fragments, and digest their lunch with their genial dhudheen, we gave ourselves in solitude to a contemplation of the magnificent whole around us at six o'clock on the fair Midsummer-eve that found us beneath the elms of Mucruss, gazing out on the expanse of the Lower Lake. The sheet of water before us was five miles long, and its widest portion, Castle Lough, encroached eastward upon the shore to our distant right; while full before us stood out Ross Castle in the midst of the water, on its projecting peninsula, a square keep with outer works near its base. Up beyond Ross, Innisfallen, and Rabbit Island, wild, sparse, and rocky islets conducted the eye to the northern shore; while westward rose the mountains, Toomies, Purple Mountain, Glenna, the Reeks, and their enormous giant brothers, running a race to the broad Atlantic, yet seeming to pause in their course on that still afternoon in compliment to the universal repose of Nature. Not a breath stirred the surface of the azure lake at our side, and yet the air was sensibly fresh, and fragrant, and pure as ether. The canopy overhead—we mean the celestial vault that over-canopied the umbrageous roof of boughy rafter and leafy thatch directly above—was a-glow with sunshine, as at times it is hung with starry lamps and liquid moonshine. Around all fragrant grasses swung their censers for our delectation, and thyme, and camomile, and odoriferous weeds and wild flowers, did their ministry to perfection. The very ruins of the abbey close at hand, and the sleeping dust in its precincts, gave a sombre yet appropriate hue to the scene, that spoke of death in the midst of life; and yet the moral seemed in no sort out of keeping with the mood and hour. There was no jar in the balance of our thoughts—no discord in the harmony of the landscape, although all around told of man's mortality and of nature's perpetuity. The contrast was striking, and the reflection to which it led irresistible, but by no means at odds with our position, or unpleasing. The God of Nature ever lives, and whether we wake or sleep, we live

with Him. This thought is peace, and the bleaching skeletons within the abbey's ivy-mantled walls, could not disturb that divine repose. All around us proclaimed, in the language of the prophetic soul, the goodness of God, and demanded trust as his return.

Our vision of material beauty had its draught and counterpart in the mind of the original Designer and Protoplast. The varying loveliness we now gaze upon and admire, was in God before it existed out of Him, and so came to have a visible embodiment and outward expression. All these colours so delicately laid on, these tints so artistically blended—all these forms so skilfully fashioned, so "fearfully and wonderfully made"—were seen in their perfection and symmetry, ere created eye beheld them, by Him "who spake, and it was done, who commanded, and it stood fast." "How great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty!"

The love of that Mighty One whose mightiness displays itself in creative and enduring love, infuses its balm into our narrow human susceptibilities, and expands them into charity towards all mankind—towards those sleeping, perhaps erring brothers in the neighbouring cemetery. Those now sleep under the sod at Mucruss who once sang at its altar: let us hope that they now sing and never sleep amongst that upper, better brotherhood who dwell where "there is no night." All the piety in Christendom was at one period Romish piety. It is therefore no inordinate stretch of charity to believe that many hid their sorrows and crucified their sins in monastic seclusion who were dear to Christ: their piety sincere, although unenlightened, and governed in the mode of its expression by the habitude of the times. The zeal which now-a-days expends itself in missions to Caffres and South-Sea Islanders, would five hundred years ago have burned out its fires in the cell of a monastery, chanting vespers, and illuminating missals. It is our lot to have fallen upon brighter days, demanding a higher consecration in proportion to our purer light. We have the light; we ought to have the love. Many of these inhabitants of the cloister doubtless had to live without the light. The Lord loveth His own—the Lord knoweth them that are His. His conventual elect, as well as His secular elect, in dark ages, alike loved much: they did what they could.

Time now began to warn us to wend homeward over the Lower Lake, leaving much unseen; our hasty trip nevertheless bestowing on us a rare and never-to-be-forgotten recreation,—health to the body, and, better still, health to the mind.

The mountains to our left began to look dusky on their lake-wardside, as we rowed toward Innisfallen, and threw their colossal shadows over the expanse of waters, but the mountain tops were still shining in the splendour of a Westering sun. The most brilliant colours of the palette were laid upon the upper regions,—purple and green, and crimson and gold, no object retaining its natural hue under the prism of the radiant atmosphere and the gorgeous orb. The clouds began to assume the tint of the rose and the orange; the woods of Ross and Kenmare, the castle

and all the eastern region, blazed with the brilliancy of an illumination; the lake became one sheeted pavement, wherein gold and emerald strove for mastery,—all Nature seemed a temple lighted up for evening worship,—and the tremulous yet trusting spirit of man interpreted that sacred emotion truly, and offered its vesper homage at the shrine. Tier upon tier of piled clouds, high above the eastern horizon, opened up to all-seeming gates of porphyry and jasper, chrysolite and purest pearl, into the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. The grandeur of that skyward prospect chastened our merriment, but enhanced our happiness.

We passed a hundred spots which legendary and fairy lore consecrated with tales and *traits* more or less amusing; but we must send our readers to the spot to glean these, of which a whole rich harvest still remains that has never found its way into print. An authentic life of its great O'Donoghoe, with all that he did, said, and suffered, together with sworn vouchers, and trustworthy affidavits of the truth of his adventures amongst the fairies, would be an amusing document, and a capital *spec* for publishers. We commend it to their regard. Of their authenticity let who will doubt, after hearing that they are “the sort of thing Sir Richard (one of the professional guides) do be making to amuse the strangers.”

The O'Donoghoe certainly was a great knight in his day,—the Bayard of the Lakes. The Irish bard recognised the charm of his story when he sang in the Melodies :

“Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
Young plumed chiefs on sea or shore,
White steed, white steed ! most joy to thee,
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious Lake dost bring,
Proud steed, proud steed, my love to me !”

Innisfallen, the only place at which we land, is a lovely islet of merely a few acres' extent, but of wonderfully diversified surface for so limited a spot. It once contained an abbey, the site selected with the habitual good taste of the monkish brotherhood, whose *locales* are usually unexceptionable for wood, water, and fertility. If we ever gave way to the craving for loneliness, Innisfallen would furnish the hermit's cell of our choice—one of the sweetest spots upon earth. A sorry insignificant ruin, is all that remains to tell of monastic seclusion now, the very graves having been levelled, if not rifled, to obliterate the traces of its former appropriation. The sun was near setting as we touched on the perpetual sward of this living malachite. The dews and frequent storms of the region of mists keep it clothed with a mantle of the lightest green; for the

“Unemptied cloud of gentle rain
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it one emerald.”

A recluse, no monk, met our gaze as we walked through the glades and dells, the lawns and vistas of this miniature Ireland—its turf a velvet-piled carpet to the tread, a glistening emerald to the eye. A pale, thin young man, leaning upon a staff, fell in with us frequently as he strolled about—his countenance intelligent, his clothes neat, but much worn. In conversation with him, we found that he had been a Protestant parochial schoolmaster, married to a nice young Roman Catholic person, who had abjured Popery on her death-bed, and indeed had been a Protestant in her heart ever since her marriage. Her bereaved husband, according to her own wish, had had her buried in the Protestant churchyard, where he expected to lie himself; but on the day of funeral had received so murderous a beating from her friends, that he never hoped to recover. Since that assault, six months ago, he had been wasting to the shadow we saw him now.

"You seem still very sick," said we.

"Yes," he replied, "sick, very sick; sick at heart as well as in body: sorrowing for the dead, yet 'not as those that are without hope;' nor yet for myself, for 'I know whom I have believed,'—but for the bigotry of this land."

"But what could have induced them to commit such an outrage?" we inquired; "it could do the dead no good to assail the living."

"May God pardon me," he said, "if I do them wrong; but I think it was the priests' doing altogether, who feared losing all the dues they might get by me and mine, if the contagion spread in my wife's family. No one but one brought up amongst Romanists can have the most remote idea how they fleece their flock—how they screw and squeeze out of an impoverished peasantry their last farthing, on one pretence or other. A priest will lie, cozen, deceive, coax, or blackguard his people for money. There can be no doubt of it:—those who know them best are most assured of it. Their mercenary cupidity could not be better expressed than in a little French book I read lately. The style of expression so wittily put the matter, that I copied an extract, and here it is. It speaks of the toys the priests are always selling, under all sorts of pretences:—

"*Il fallait emporter avec soi un souvenir, un témoignage visible de sa présence à la fête; c'était une couronne et des guirlandes dont on se parait, une branche de cyprès orné de bandelettes; tout cela se vendait, et les marchands criaient à l'impunité sur ceux qui n'en achetaient pas.* Les Pontifes saints maintenaient cet usage au nom du Dieu, et recevaient avec humilité un tribut volontaire de la part de tous; mais ils auroient fait lapider charitablement celui qui aurait eu pouvoir sans crime se dispenser d'apporter une offrande proportionnée à ses moyens.

"*Les uns ne voyaient dans tout ceci que de la dévotion; les autres, mais c'était le plus petit nombre, prétendaient que ces peuples entendaient merveilleusement le commerce, et que leur prêtres étaient savans dans l'art de gouverner les hommes; car ils avaient l'adresse de leur faire payer de fortes sommes sans qu'ils s'en doutassent; de leur promettre des trésors après leur mort en leur donnant quelques babioles à-compte, et de les renvoyer satisfaits: il est vrai que pour leur argent les divertissemens n'étaient point épargnés, —spectacles variés pour les yeux, pour l'esprit, pour l'imagination, musique délicieuse, exposition des chefs-*

d'œuvre des arts, aliment continuel pour la curiosité, cette passion plus forte qu'on ne pense: rien n'était négligé, et tout au contraire était soigneusement mis à profit.

This was written of heathen priests, Sir, but it aptly describes the practice of those of the Romish Church. All is for money, money, money. No parish priest ever dies poor. I know one who offered a relation of my own but recently the shooting over twenty thousand acres. Their greed is indescrifiable."

"One cannot but share in your grief that this beautiful island is so greatly under their influence."

"It is to be deplored," said he: "it grieves me sore to see

"How man hath curst
What God hath made so glorious."

As for myself it will not grieve me much longer—my doom is sealed. The sentence is gone forth—the haven is in sight—the cold of death is already here (pressing his hand upon his heart), and I am shortly going home. I feel myself sick,—sick unto death—sick rather unto immortality—for

"Sic itur ad astra."

Here he faintly smiled at his kind of unintentional pun, and said, "The land to which I am going is one the inhabitants of which shall not say, I am sick. *Sweet Innisfallen!*" added he, pursuing his theme with enthusiasm—"Sweetest Innisfallen!

"The land to which I'm going
Has fairer fruits than thine;
Life-streams for ever flowing,
And suns that ever shine."

As we pressed his hand in parting—an acquaintance of half-an-hour—we gave him our little pocket Testament, the worth of whose precious promises he already knew so well, and further breathed into his ear the words, "We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The encounter with this young confessor imparted a touch of sacredness to the island—the gem of islands—which has hallowed it with a special and moral charm quite different from our feelings in relation to any other portion of Killarney scenery. No cardinal's fingers, or muttered sacring spell, or costly chrism, or sprinkling aspergum could shed such consecration over a scene as the enlightened and hopeful faith of this Christian, looking out from its shores upon the land that is beyond the flood.

"Sweet Innisfallen! fare thee well
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art, let others tell,
While but to feel how fair, be mine!

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well !
 And long may light around thee smile,
 As soft as on that evening fell
 When first [last] I saw thy fairy isle !"

Along the side of Ross Castle, under a rising moon, we seek the shore of Killarney, and take our last glimpse of the Lake. Darby tried upon us here a piece of his simple waggery, holding confab with Paddy Blake's echo, no doubt with a view to the English gentleman's half-crowns. The echo, be it with all gravity averred, is in reality singularly fine.

Darby. "How do you do, Paddy Blake? Pretty well, I thank you."

Echo. "Pretty well, I thank you."

Darby. "Who is the greatest villain in the world? Bad loock to him, the gauger."

Echo. "Bad loock to him, the gauger."

Darby. What towerist [tourist] bates O'Donoghoe himself? The gentleman from London."

Echo. "The gentleman from London."

Our modesty could endure no more than this, so we bade Paddy Blake, in our own sweet voices, "Farewell, Farewell !"

Echo. "Farewell, Farewell !"

TRUE LOVE.

"True love is not a fading, earthly flower :
 It 's winged seed dropped down from Paradise,
 And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
 Doth momentarily to fresher beauty rise.
 To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
 Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green :
 Our summer hearts make summer's fulness, where
 No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen :
 For Nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
 Love,—whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
 Whose mystic key these cells of Thou and I
 Into the infinite freedom openeth,
 And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
 The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's palace-gate."

THE POLITICAL NET - WORK.

WE are living in one of the most eventful epochs in the world's history. Everything is in a state of transition ; and amid the manifold changes which are taking place, men are everywhere looking out for some wider, deeper revolution. The present is prophetic of the future ; and every apocalyptic seal that is broken, reveals yet more distinctly what is coming up with the birth of ages. The nations which are more advanced must wait for those which are coming after, and help them to work out their regeneration. It is just as true of nations as of individuals, that no one is perfected of itself. Its perfection is inseparable from the developed life and growth of the others, and is dependent on them. It is this fact which gives such intense interest to the future in the estimation of those who live in the present. Humanity is one, and the interests of that humanity are also one. The life of the individual is bound up in the well-being of the race ; and we can predicate nothing of the race which is not equally true of the individual. So we might say of nations. There is among them a community of life and interest ; and no one can be looked upon as having reached its final ground, till all shall occupy the same level, and enjoy the same great inheritance.

In this belief we turn with no common thoughtfulness to current events. On Italy every eye is fixed ; and the working out of Italian independence is, among all free men, pronounced a righteous cause. Long has the Bourbon rule been held by almost every State in Europe as something utterly detestable ; and from the moment that the patriotic arm of Garibaldi became nerved for action—from the moment that he identified himself with his oppressed countrymen, and avowed it as his one single object to work out the union and independence of his nation, his every movement has quickened the pulse of Europe, and awakened expectations which every day gives increased promise of being fulfilled. Whatever may be the military difficulties—and they are neither few nor small—which crowd upon the path and impede the march of this great Patriotic Leader, they are not insuperable. His success in Sicily augers well for his future progress. Notwithstanding the superiority of the Royal troops, both in number and discipline, he has successfully carried the day against them, and in their present disaffected, demoralised, and divided state, it may be questioned whether they would not rather shrink from any real encounter with Garibaldi's forces. The heroic Chief having already made himself

master of Sicily, his descent on Naples may be regarded as not far off. England and France have pledged themselves to the principle of non-intervention ;—Austria and Prussia, in the height of their wisdom, have met and resolved, that if Venetia is left untouched, they will abstain from all interposition ;—the present attitude of Austria is simply ridiculous ;—the King of Sardinia took in no ill part the refusal of Garibaldi to put up his sword into its sheath, and abstain from any further operations. Garibaldi, therefore, is free to work out his mighty plan of Italian independence ; and for this, his position, equally with his gallantry and his enterprise, pre-eminently fit him. The nature of this position, as has been justly observed, “relieves him from the necessity of following anything except the dictates of his own judgment, and the suggestions of his own genius ;” and seeing “he is fettered by no treaty obligations—by no dynastic traditions—Kings and Emperors are small indeed beside a man, who, with nothing to rely on but his name, his intelligence, and his courage, has found means to raise himself to a position which places in his hands the future destiny of Italy.” And yet there are those who regard his movements with suspicion rather than with confidence, with apprehension rather than with hope. We frankly admit that he needs wisdom equal to his freedom. He is not wanting in military skill and daring ; but his political position is most difficult, and one false step in his embarrassing circumstances might be fatal to his ulterior object. It is not for the freedom of a province—it is not for some little administrative reform, or for some amended constitution, that this man has taken the field of an open warfare,—but for his country's regeneration. Old things must pass away ; and all things must become new. Neapolitan despotism must be trodden down and destroyed ; the imperial purple must be no longer worn by a perjured race ; the sceptre must no longer be grasped by the iron hand of oppressors ; Italian life and blood must no longer be sacrificed to a tyrant's will. The fiat has gone forth that Italy shall be free ; and the nations of the free wait with joyous anticipation to welcome her into their communion. The Italian Kingdom once settled, the Roman question will find an easy solution, and the whole aspect of Europe—social, political, and religious—will be changed. If the conquest of Sicily be followed by the taking of Naples, it will be impossible for the Pope, whom the Emperor of the French would willingly humble, though for appearance sake he must not annihilate, longer to retain the patrimony of St. Peter, and with the loss of the Keys there will follow the freedom of Rome itself ; and thus one of the noblest of peoples be delivered from the grasp of a power which

tramples alike on body and soul, and would bruise the manhood out of man.

We have nothing to do with the motives which led the Emperor of the French to take up arms in favour of Italian liberty ; but we are firm in the belief that he will never, without sufficient cause, undo his own work. Much, therefore, as we praise him for his open avowal of the principle of intervention in Italian affairs, and for leaving the patriotic Chief to dispose of the destiny of his country, we admire him yet more for the memorable Letter which he published and gave not only to England, but to the nations of Europe, in the face of God's bright sun. There was nothing to render imperative such a document from the Tuileries. It was as spontaneous as it was unexpected. Its publication took every one by surprise, and its contents were as generous as they were pacific. The sincerity of the Royal Writer has been called in question ; and the composition has been looked upon in the light of a clever manœuvre to throw England off her guard, and thus, in the hour of her listlessness and her unpreparedness, render her a still easier and more certain prey. But why should we be ever-distrustful of the Emperor, as if truth were something alien to his nature ? Why is it that we are ever questioning his motives and misinterpreting his conduct ? Has he in any one instance broken faith with us ? Has he been other than a faithful ally ? And are we to treat him as a hypocrite, in the elements of whose character there is no principle, in whose word there is no veracity, and in whose deeds we have nothing but dissimulation and imposture ? To say, as has been said, that the leading feature of his character " is an inveterate habit of conspiracy," is but the utterance of malignity. If he conspired to extinguish freedom in France, let the French assert their liberty ; if he conspired to overthrow her constitutional monarchy, it was with the consent of the people themselves. With these things we have nothing immediately to do. What is the present attitude of that Royal Man to England—to Europe ? He has professedly held out the olive-branch to the nations. Whoever else is for war, he is for peace. We believe him. There are sufficient reasons in the existing state of French society and of the Roman question, including the supremacy of the Church, to make him truly desirous of the continuance of peace. He indeed confesses that he has " great conquests to make, but only in France ;" that " her interior organization, her moral development, the increase of her resources, have still immense progress to make ;" and that " there a field exists vast enough for his ambition, and sufficient to satisfy it." Yes :—and if he confine himself within

this field, even up to his latest moment, he will find more than enough to challenge both his wisdom and his power. On his own moral character, we are not called to pronounce ; and whether he is the man to open the path for the moral development of his people, is not needful to determine. He may be the instrument in the hand of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, in effecting even the moral regeneration of France, and of placing all her institutions on a truer and more lasting basis. Be this as it may, it will be impossible for the Emperor of the French to break faith with England or with Europe, in the face of his own published Letter, without proving a traitor to humanity, and without exposing his name and his memory to everlasting execration.

Whatever may be the strength of the French Empire, the weakness of the Turkish Government has become proverbial. The fatal events which have occurred in Damascus clearly make it manifest that the Ottoman Power is a thing which exists only in name. It is a tottering fabric which is being shaken that it may be removed, and give place to something more stable and enduring. How this is to be done, and what is to succeed, we profess not to foretell. Russia has been looking on, we fear, with no single eye, and would not have scrupled to revive the Eastern Question. Austria and Prussia have entered their protest, while France is determined to act in concert with England. An armed force has been sent to Syria ; but to insure peace and restore harmony, at the point of the sword, among differing and divided religious sects, mutually hated and hating, is only to aggravate the evil. Blood more than enough has already been shed. Let the law assert its authority, and let a righteous retribution fall upon the guilty ; but let not the horrors of massacre be aggravated and enhanced by the cruelties of avenging war. It has been suggested, in our leading Journal, that the SULTAN himself should place there the ablest and most honest man he can find, and let him hold Syria as a fief of the Ottoman Empire, paying tribute and raising contingents for the defence of the Sultan against his foreign foes ; but this, we are persuaded, would be a failure ; and therefore it gives us the more pleasure here to quote the words of a recent writer :—

“What is wanted has been already stated—it is a wise and powerful Government ; and the influence of the European potentates should be concentrated with a view to this. Mere brute force has been tried, and it has failed. Something must be done to bring the scattered and

divided populations under wise and prudent laws. Efforts must be made to elevate the character of these barbarous and semi-civilized hordes. Personal rights and liberties must be honoured and protected. Encouragement must be given to trade, and agriculture, and settled modes of life. The Moslem and the so-called Christian must understand the duty of forbearance. Severity must be had recourse to only for correction, and not for repression merely. The Government must undertake to watch over the interests of all classes. Fanatics and robbers must be brought to see and to feel that violent dealing cannot be tolerated—that men must be allowed the peaceful profession of their religion, and the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of their industry.

“Meantime, the Turkish Government is degraded, Foreign Powers are insulted, and native Christians overwhelmed. The Christians must not attempt to take the matter wholly into their hands; the European powers cannot undertake to provide and apply the remedy, and the Sultan only has the legal right to do it. Let the European Courts persuade him, encourage him, and help him to devise the necessary measures. All these combined may succeed in inaugurating an era of peace and prosperity. The case is a desperate one, and it will require promptness, prudence, and energy. But surely it is not hopeless. If Turkish rule is to continue, let it be systematic, and organized, and equal. To go on in the old track is impossible. The actual Government must be reformed, and the shameful practice of foreign protection must cease. The people must not be as sheep, only kept for their masters—they must be raised to the dignity of men. he ruined communities, whether Protestant or others, must be indemnified and protected. Law must everywhere be respected, and violence, extortion, and assassination must cease. The principles of the Koran, and the depravity of infidels, must not tread under foot the rights of humanity. The entire Christian community must enjoy the privileges of free citizenship. Religious liberty must be granted, but civil obedience must be rendered. Let France demand this for the Roman Catholics of all sorts, and Russia for the Greeks; let England and America claim it for the Protestants. If the Sultan refuses to concede, or if he cannot promise this, the sooner his reign in Syria ends the better. It will no doubt be a happy day when the hated Turk shall cease to strut in his pride about the land. But is it right that another foreign Power should expel him? Perhaps not. European interests do not so much demand his expulsion as the reformation of his manners. Christian interests assuredly require this, and Christian Governments can now give him an opportunity of

righting himself with his unhappy Syrian subjects and with the world. We trust they will not throw the opportunity away." *

Whatever may be our faith in the good intentions of the Sultan, we have no faith in his power to carry out these intentions ; and, therefore, the sooner that the European States step in to control and determine his movements, the better it will be for Turkey and the future peace of the nations.

But we must not forget Home. England has her difficulties. Our relations with China are more delicate and more embarrassing than ever. The amount of life and treasure which we may have to expend on those distant shores we can neither foresee nor conjecture. India and her financial condition is still a problem ; and it remains to be known whether our Eastern Empire may not prove an element of inherent weakness and decay. The French Treaty is now a *fait accompli* ; and this to the supreme satisfaction of some, but to the corresponding chagrin and mortification of others. Parties, too, are divided on the repeal of the Paper Duty. Parliamentary Reform is a blessing again *in futuro*. The question of Church Rates is just where it was, if not on yet lower ground. Happily the Government have been defeated on the Census Bill, with its obnoxious and unjust provisions ; and the Sabbath-Trading Bill has been abandoned. The subject of Education is still among our statesmen the vexed question ; and never can it be otherwise in a Community whose members are so entirely divided in opinion as to the province of the State in matters of Religion.

Amidst all our Educational and Religious appliances, is it not a fact that crime is taking on a more terrible and horrible type ? If the schoolmaster be abroad with his authority and his lessons, the principles of evil are yet revealing themselves in deeds from which our whole humanity recoils. These crimes are no argument against Education or against our Christianity, but only prove that neither the one nor the other has yet gone down to the depths of society, and embraced all classes of the population. The spirit of regeneration is abroad ; wondrous changes are being accomplished ; everything is in a state of transition ; and soon the word of God will leap forth to its effect—let all things become new :—and in the light, and life, and peace of this New Era, all the nations will rejoice and be glad.

* "Sects in Syria ; with Observations on the Recent Outbreak, &c., &c." By B. Harris Cooper. London : J. Tresidder and Co. 1860.

Brief Notices.

ESSAYS:—CRITICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.
By the Rev. Henry Constable, A.M.,
Author of Parochial Sermons, etc. etc.
London: Longman, Brown, Green, and
Co. 1860.

WE opened this volume with heightened expectation, and in the hope that we should find some profounder thought and wider range of subject. Though not wholly disappointed, we cannot say that we are satisfied. We have no fault to find with the subjects which the Author has chosen for these Essays, nor with the style in which they are written. As mere compositions, they are entitled to rank highly, while the topics which the volume embraces are many of them worthy of the strongest intellectual effort. We have found in them nothing truly original, nor can we concede that the Author has placed them in any new light. We know not whether he specially addresses himself *ad clerum* or *ad populum*:—if to the former, the book will offer nothing new; and if to the latter, it will leave many of our most earnest and inquiring minds still unsatisfied on points of deeper interest.

The Essay on Inspiration is far from being worthy of the theme. The very term inspiration is left undefined; nor are we told in what way this Supernatural Power or Influence acted on the intellect and the heart of the Sacred Writers, and thus gave to their productions a weight and a value allowed to no other compositions in the world. On this intensely interesting, and, in the present mood of some men's minds, more than ever important subject, he says:—

“The careful reader of Scripture cannot fail to see in its language the divine and the human. Both elements

are there, each perfect in its kind; the one not destroying or interfering with the other; but both forming one harmonious whole, as in the person of our Lord the divine and human natures are united together. The existence of these two elements is absolutely necessary to a Revelation, demanding and deserving man's attention and confidence. If God did not speak in it, it would only reflect the varying and contradictory schools of human opinion; and if God speaks in it, He must speak in human language, for any other language would be useless, even though it were the tongue of angels. Studying it as a human composition, and perceiving the applicability to it of every rule which we apply to human writings, we recognise in close union with that human element, an element that is divine. Between writers separated from each other by the lapse of thousands of years, writing in different lands, and under various forms of civil government, we perceive a unanimity of sentiment on that subject which, beyond every other subject, has given rise to mutual opposition. That agreement on religion, which we cannot find among the writers of any one age or country, we find between the writers of the various books of the Bible. It were easy to enlarge on topics of this kind. In the Bible we find true history at a time when other history was but a collection of fables and distorted traditions. In it we find worthy descriptions of God, when other religious systems described Him as reflecting all the vile passions of human nature. In it we find a code of morals with which no other can stand comparison. In it we find no one trace of flattery of prevailing prepossessions, whether among rulers or the multitude. In it we find an unvarying consciousness of truth, which shrinks at no one of its statements, and stoops to no apology or evasion. In it

—while penetrating farther into the unknown than ever entered into Plato's conception—while treading fearlessly regions on which human eye had never looked, there is a silence upon supernatural subjects, which in other religious systems have been fully discussed. We find humility where we might expect boldness—absence of curiosity where curiosity was most natural—silence where we might look for many words—bold speech where we might look for surmise, contradiction, and indecision. We come to regard the Book written by many men as dictated by one mind, and that the mind of God." The points to which he chiefly refers in support of these views are:—"The marvellous correspondence of writers who certainly have not copied from each other, the exquisite propriety of those expressions in which the various writers differ from each other, and the fulness of idea which the variety of expression gives to the Gospel narrative as a whole, and which could not have been given had the entire narrative been the work of one writer, or had the various writers, departing from that variety of thought and expression which belongs to human nature, been guided by inspiration into the same precise line of thought and of language."

As subordinate, or even collateral proofs of the inspiration of Scripture, these facts have their value; but still we desiderate the knowledge of what is precisely the Divine element in the contents of the Bible, in which it essentially differs from the human, where it leaves the human wholly to itself, or excluding the human wholly, it asserts its own pure divinity, wherein it differs from Revelation, and in what respect Revelation has the ascendancy.

In the dissertation on "Ministerial Absolution," though very desirous to reach the Scripture doctrine on this subject, and though carefully fencing round his words to prevent misapprehension or mistake, he has yet laid himself open to serious objection on more than one point. If we allowed him his premises, his reasoning and

his conclusions would be irresistible; but he starts from wrong ground. The basis of his argument lies in the words of our Lord to his Apostles when he left the earth:—"Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained;" but while repudiating the doctrine of the Romish Communion, that, for the pardon of sin, recourse must first be had to the ministry of the Church, and that till the Church forgives, God will not forgive, he yet believes that some special power is possessed by those who sustain the sacred office; and that to them it emphatically belongs to declare unto God's people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins: that the term "sin" is not to be restricted to any one particular class of offences, that the word "whosoever" denotes the unbounded extent of the ministerial power within the circle of the penitent; and that this ministerial power, as possessed now, is not different in kind or degree from that which was conferred upon the Apostles by their ascending Lord. These are his words:—

"The question of the ministerial absolution of sins is, beyond any doubt, a very important one, and in vain may we attempt to get rid of the difficulties connected with it by denying that such a power or privilege has ever existed in the Church; or that, at all events, though it may have been intrusted to the Apostles, it has been intrusted to none else. The passages of Scripture are too plain to be thus got rid of:—'Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.' With such passages in the Bible, we cannot deny that there is such a doctrine as ministerial absolution or condemnation; nor can we with any show of reason give to 'sins' in these passages the mitigated sense of offences against Church rules, and to 'absolution' that of the re-

removal of Church censures. No one would naturally adopt such an interpretation. While, once more, we cannot suppose that the ministry of the Church in the times succeeding those of the Apostles is denied this power as too great for man, and as trenching on the prerogative of God; for such a power would be just as rigidly denied to the Apostles as to any other men. What might be exercised by man at one time, may be exercised by man at all times; while the Church of the succeeding centuries has the same wants, the same privileges, and the same responsibility, which the Church of the first century possessed."

Now, with such passages before us, we do "deny that there is such a doctrine as ministerial absolution or condemnation;" we do give "to the term *sin*, the mitigated sense of offences against Church rules; and to *absolution*, that of the removal of Church censures;" and, instead of conceding that "no one would naturally adopt such an interpretation," we do not see how he could adopt any other. We challenge Mr. Constable, or any other interpreter of Scripture, to produce a single passage in which even the Apostles undertook to either remit or retain sins other than ecclesiastical offences. Was not the sin of Ananias and Sapphira an act of injustice to the ecclesiastical body to which they belonged? Their lie to the Apostle Peter was not their original crime, but their keeping back part of the property which they professed to give up wholly to the general good. To this the lie was superadded, and the Apostle, under Divine Impulse, only pronounced their doom. And hence, when Simon offered to purchase the gift of the Holy Ghost with money, this very same Apostle at once called upon him to repent of this his wickedness, and pray God that the very thought of his heart might be forgiven. Here we have the doctrine of human repentance and of Divine forgiveness, but not the very remotest hint of ministerial absolution. So, again, with Elymas, the sorcerer, when

struck blind through the agency of St. Paul—his blindness is said to have been the effect of the hand of the Lord being upon him, and the Apostle, now filled with the Holy Ghost, only announced to him the impending calamity involved in the loss of his sight. Just as Peter, instead of retaining the sin of Simon, entreated him to repent and ask forgiveness of God; so Paul, instead of laying claim to ministerial condemnation, only told Elymas that he had rendered himself obnoxious to God's displeasure, and that He was about to visibly punish him for his sin. Nor must we lose sight of the fact, that the Apostles were supernaturally endowed, and enjoyed powers peculiar to their office, which was extraordinary and of temporary duration. The office died with the men, and hence with the extinction of the office, the supernatural endowments passed away. But, superhuman as was the power which was bestowed upon them, its operation was confined to the present world. It reached not unto the unseen and the eternal. They distinctly foretold and reiterated the consequences of sin in the world to come, but never pretended that they could either consign a soul to eternal death, or give to any one a place among the saints in life.

We have a great deal more to say on this point, but we must not proceed. When our Author tells us, that this power of absolution is merely *declarative*, and is possessed equally by the laity as by the clergy, this is to give up the whole question. To assure a true penitent, on the authority of Revelation, that God will pardon his sins and confer upon him the blessing of eternal life, is a power which is safe in the hands of any man whose mind is enlightened, and whose heart is renewed. The ministerial character and office can add nothing to it.

That St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians was not originally written to the saints in the city of Ephesus, is a point long since settled, though

our Author has devoted a whole Essay to prove that it was first addressed to the Church in Laodicea, and formed an Encyclical Letter, which was written for the benefit and instruction of several Christian Communities.

The Essay on "The Earlier History of St. Paul in connection with his visits to Jerusalem and the Epistle to the Galatians," as well as that on "the Miracles of Rome contrasted with those of Scripture," are much more satisfactory. And, as a whole, the volume will be found of no little service to the student of the Sacred Page.

THE HIGH PRIEST IN HEAVEN: AN ACT SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, ON THE SUNDAY AFTER THE ASCENSION, MAY 20th, 1860, FOR THE DEGREE OF D.D. By John Cotter McDonnell, D.D., Ex-scholar T.C.D., Vicar of Laracor, Diocese of Meath, Author of the "Donnellan Lectures on the Atonement."
London: F. and J. Rivington. 1860.

THERE is scarcely any subject within the scope of our Christian System so little understood as that of the priesthood of Christ. The more general idea seems to be that the Saviour's sacerdotal functions terminated with the expiatory offering on the Cross, or with his departure from this lower sphere of his mysterious life and suffering. The fact is overlooked, that it was as the High Priest of his Church that Christ rose to the power of an endless life; that He thus ever lives to intercede; that He has entered into the Holiest of all; that he appears in the presence of God for us; and that in virtue of his place and work in heaven, we have access to God, and can rejoice in the adoption of children. He is still the Mediator between God and man—the Representative of our humanity on high—the ever-living Advocate of all our interests, who identifies himself with all that most nearly and immediately affects us, both for time and eternity. And this fact it is which,

firmly believed and rejoiced in, lifts the Protestant Churches infinitely above the intercession of saints, and all their either real or fancied merits. And, therefore, the Author of this discourse could not have chosen a more appropriate theme on the occasion of his claiming a degree which should express his proficiency in Theological Science and Biblical Interpretation. It is one of the best and most interesting University sermons we have ever read. It possesses learning without display, fervour without fanaticism, and doctrinal truth without scholastic dryness. It advocates the contemplation and worship of Christ in heaven, as a stimulant to Christian devotion, and an antidote to Popish Mariolatry. The Vicar of Laracor (Swift's quondam benefice) is evidently an enlightened and Evangelical divine, and need fear no comparison with his eccentric predecessor.

"I WILL:" BEING THE DETERMINATIONS OF THE MAN OF GOD, AS FOUND IN SOME OF THE "I WILLS" OF THE PSALMS. By Rev. Phillip Bennett Power, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Worthing. Fourth Thousand.
London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. 1860.

THE title of this volume gives no idea of its subject. It is, in fact, a book of resolves, not of the character and dimensions of Feltham's, but of a higher order. From the Book of Psalms, the Author has selected some of the more striking passages, in which the inspired writer expresses his will in the form of sublime purpose and holy resolution; and on these purposes and determinations, he expatiates with heart and feeling. There is no attempt at profound thought, or critical analysis, or subtle disquisition, but a skilful laying hold of spiritual, practical truth, and the bringing it to bear on the moral consciousness and the every-day life of the believer. Than this there is nothing more important. With what-

ever distinctness or fulness we may set forth the doctrines of our Faith, everything depends on their embodiment and practical exhibition. Our principles must reveal themselves in acts; and our actions will always correspond with the character and influence of our principles. These are, and ever must be, the basis of all higher and holier resolves. A purpose without a principle to animate it, can never be dignified with the name of moral volition, and will inevitably sink down to the level of fruitless desire. With this fact present to his mind, the Author opens his little volume with a chapter on TRUST, which is followed by five chapters on the MINISTRY OF TESTIMONY, which very naturally prepare the way for the next nine sections on PRAYER, then, as a sequence, this devotional element is made the life and soul of ACTION; and after expatiating on the heartiness and the determination of action, he closes with three chapters on PRAISE, as the utterance of joyous confidence and filial love.

With characteristic humility, he tells us that his pages "are designed rather to suggest than to teach, to whisper than to speak;" yet thinks that "all their whisperings are of importance, for their subjects are from the Word of God;" and his prayer is, that "they may admonish and encourage, remind and direct, help and confirm the people of the Lord according to their respective needs;" show them where they have failed to determine, and where their determinations have come short; and thus reminded of these things, "they may go on unto perfection, until the fulfilled determinations of time—accepted in the blood of Christ—bring to them the fruition of glory in eternity." In these holy and generous aspirations we most heartily unite, and trust that the Author will find that his lessons of practical piety have contributed in no limited degree to quicken the life, and inspire the prayer, and hearten the action of the whole Church.

WESTMINSTER CHAPEL PULPIT; Report of Sermons. By the Rev. Samuel Martin. Being Transcripts of Short-hand Notes taken at the time of Delivery. First and Second Series. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row. 1860.

THE WAY HOME; or the Gospel in the Parable: an Earthly Story, with a Heavenly Meaning. By the Rev. Chas. Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester. Third Thousand. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co.

THE VICARIOUS SACRIFICE OF CHRIST; the only Foundation for the Sinner's Hope, the only Motive to the Christian's Holiness. Considered with Reference to "the Word of Reconciliation." Two Sermons, by the Rev. J. L. Davies, M.A., Rector of Christchurch, Marylebone. By Thomas Nolan, B.D., Incumbent of Regent Square, St. Pancras. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. Ludgate Hill. 1860.

WE take the last of these little volumes first, because it treats of the first and most pre-eminent truth. It is, in fact, a reply to two published sermons by a co-presbyter of the same Church with the author, and claims to be the assertion of Scriptural truth in opposition to his pestilent and destructive error. We have on a former occasion referred to Mr. Davies' tractate, and Mr. Herbert's successful reply. It is not needful, therefore, that we should now do more than introduce Mr. Nolan's little work to our readers, and recommend it to their perusal and study as a defence of that evangelical doctrine which is found so distinctly set forth both in the Bible and in the Book of Common Prayer. Mr. Davies, in common with the whole School to which he belongs, has laid himself open to the severest strictures; for it is only by the perversion of the Saviour's words, and the writings of his Apostles, that he can reach such conclusions as those put forth in his sermons. His logic is as much at fault as his theology; while the tendency of his teaching is subversive of the whole scheme of redeeming mercy. Error is skilfully mixed up with

truth, and herein lies the danger. As Mr. Nolan says, justly :—

“Error grossly stated may be almost left to itself, for it is sure to become powerless from its very grossness, but it becomes really formidable when it is set forth with subtle refinings and nice distinctions, adorned not unfrequently with passages of thrilling eloquence, and accompanied with sentiments of deepest feeling. It is quite possible for unwary hearers to listen to sermons of this stamp without perceiving any deviation from what they had been accustomed to hear from the words of the Bible, and the teaching of their Church. And even if any suspicion should be expressed, it could easily be hushed again by reverting to some of those touching and sentimental appeals which are usually to be found in the compositions of this School of divines. All this makes it only the more incumbent on those who are set for the defence of the Gospel, no matter how rude and ungifted they may some of them be, in comparison with their accomplished opponents, to raise the voice of warning, lest their flocks may be led away, by those new and dangerous conceits, from the simplicity that is in Christ, if they would be able to say at the last, not only ‘I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God,’ but, ‘I take you to record this day, I am clear from the blood of all men.’”

Mr. Nolan does not profess to wield the spear of Achilles; but he knows full well that a sling and a stone in the hand of a stripling was more successful than the sword of Goliath. He has been induced to publish these four sermons on the most momentous theme of our Christian Faith, and we cannot but rejoice to find so many of those who minister at the altar of the Established Church choosing their side in the great conflict for truth which is now opening upon us, and resolved rather to suffer or die than yield. Their banner is now floating in the light of heaven, and bright are the characters with which it is inscribed :—*Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

In the WESTMINSTER CHAPEL PULPIT we have living, holy, practical utterances, published by a committee composed of members of Mr. Martin's congregation, and with “his free and generous consent.” Though not the production of his pen, but only the spoken words which fell from his lips in his ordinary ministration, they are sufficiently characteristic of the Pastor of Westminster Chapel, and bear upon them no mistakeable impress of his mind and heart. It was at first intended to confine the circulation of these discourses to the members of the congregation; but happily they have, from circumstances, become the property of the public—many of whom, in common with Mr. Martin's flock, will rejoice to have these precious words at their command. The subjects are very varied, nor is their arrangement governed even by the law of suggestion. It is, perhaps, all the better that they are thus unconnected, as each discourse may be read independently of another, and leave the full impression of its own truth upon the conscience and the heart. We accept the volumes in their present form, and recommend them to all our readers.

THE WAY HOME is a beautifully simple and appropriate exposition of our Lord's inimitable parable of the Prodigal Son; in which, as the author observes, “the endearing relations of earthly affection are employed as images, to exhibit in their most attractive form the fundamental principles of Gospel truth :—the streams of human love, as they meander through the dearest relations of life, mirror the deep things of God.” It was meet that He who came forth from the bosom of the Father, should give us the deepest insight into the Father's love, and embody that love not in words only, but in deeds of infinite truth and meaning. His atoning death was but the consummation of His saving life; and, therefore, during the whole of his sublime ministry, He was ever laying open

the heart of God to man, and telling man how that Infinite Heart throbbed with purest love to him :—hence this parable, which is indeed a gospel within the Gospel. It is one of Christ's most living words—a word of life for man everywhere and through all time. We cannot but rejoice that the author of the present work has so fully entered into the spirit and design of this inapproachable production. His own heart is clearly in sympathy with the yearnings and the doings of Divine Love ; and supremely desirous is he to lead the strayed and erring children of earth, back to the home of their Father and their God. He is no narrow-minded Antinomian either in his feelings or his teaching, but a man of wide, generous, joyous emotions ; and, as such, is well adapted to speak to those who are still afar off, and, taking them lovingly by the hand, to guide them to the only Source of good and the only Centre of rest.

This is the third thousand of the work, and we can only hope that its circulation may be multiplied by thousands more.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF THE REV. EDWARD PAYSON, D.D. Compiled by the Rev. Asa Cummings. Three Vols. Philadelphia: W. S. and A. Martin. London: Nisbet and Co. 1859.

WE have heard of an American clergyman who felt obliged to take an annual holiday among gaieties, frivolities, and excitements, in order to *work down* his piety to a proper, reasonable, gentlemanly pitch and measure. His ordinary pastoral and pulpit occupations, were found to foster the divine life within him too powerfully for him to restrain its vitality within becoming bounds. His difficulty was not to attain and keep up to his appointed standard of spirituality and devotedness, but to prevent himself from towering a long way above it. Our own difficulties have ever been of a precisely opposite

character. We count ourselves "not yet to have attained." It sometimes seems as if we never should. Routine duties have a tendency to excite routine emotions. The producer of three or four sermons per week (and we have had experience of both), is in not a little danger of degenerating at times into a sermon-making and a sermon-preaching machine. The regularity of emotion may be undisturbed, and punctuality in production may be carried to all but absolute perfection, but the first is, in most cases, to be deplored, and the second is in all cases to be suspected. We would rather a thousand times encounter our occasional distresses, our times of barrenness, of palsied inventiveness and thought, than command the monotone of this very unique specimen of the successors of the Apostles. Such men are strangers to almost all the forms of ministerial sorrows. Their souls, happy men ! are never untuned. Their love, such as it is, knows no coldness. Their zeal in the service of the Master never flags. Their faith is inaccessible to the assaults of scepticism, because surrounded by bulwarks of ineffable self-complacency and self-complacent ignorance. They are never swayed and beaten to and fro by temptation, for they never felt its tornado blast. They walk with upright, almost with jaunty gait, under "the burden of the Lord," because their shoulder never felt its weight ; and they preach evenly, correctly, comfortably, because they never knew "the terror of the Lord," nor the agony of travailling in birth for souls. That the numbers of such men have greatly decreased, and are rapidly decreasing, is matter for profoundest thankfulness.

The Memoir of Dr. Payson we have ever found a stimulus to good, and an eminent corrective of the evils to which we are peculiarly exposed. It invariably awakens within us what, if we mistake not, are among the most sacred emotions and desires our nature can cherish. It is powerfully

suggestive of lessons of greater zeal and purer endeavour. It shows the vast responsibility of the pastoral vocation, and presents the example of a man who, as nearly as may be, fulfilled it. It points us to one who was equally instant in prayer and unwearied in exertion; one whom, in spite of his notions of himself, we cannot but regard as having lived so much with God that he manifestly shone with the reflected glory. Our reperusal of his life has largely increased our veneration and love for him. And while we warmly urge all our readers to procure and read it, we would with especial earnestness and with the profoundest respect, commend it to our Fathers and Brethren in the Ministry, who know well the trials and temptations of the office they sustain, who have no less exalted an ideal, perhaps, than Payson had of its magnitude and responsibility, and who will probably derive from the perusal of these works, impulse, passion, and principles of the highest worth.

We pass over the record of his early life, to fix our thoughts on that great era in his history, when, as the subject of redeeming love, and glowing with zeal for Christ, he devoted himself to the momentous work of the ministry. His first impulse was in the direction of the foreign mission field. But, happily for his native land, he saw reason to abandon this design, and, in the very act and moment of so doing, was irrevocably committed to the ministry of the Gospel at home. Having resigned his office as a teacher in the Portland Academy, he withdrew to the quiet of his father's home, to study exclusively for his new and divine vocation. During these months, he was literally almost consumed by the ardent flames of unquenchable devotedness and zeal. Like St. Paul, Augustine, Luther, Francis Xavier, Knox, Whitefield, and sundry of our own time, he had seen the glories of the third heaven, and the seven times heated furnace of the lowest hell; and he felt scarcely less intensely than

the Apostle felt, when he said,—“Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel

In December, 1807, he was ordained pastor of the second Congregational Church in Portland, where his preaching excited unusual attention, and was followed by corresponding results. The additions to his church were large; he often having the happiness of receiving into fellowship, twenty, thirty, or forty, in the course of the year.

In 1825, he was invited to pastorates in Boston and New York, but was not to be tempted either by a larger stipend, or by the plausible reasons of a wider scope. The result justified his decision. He was beloved and honoured above measure, and lived in the midst of his people as a father surrounded by his children.

As the task of presenting an estimate of Dr. Payson's genius and productions would only be in harmony with the feelings with which we have spoken of his life, it may appear unjust not to proceed with this part of our task; but the inexorable requirements of our space forbid us. His labours were eminently owned of the Master and Lord; and we heartily wish we had more of his spirit. As to this particular edition of his *Life and Works*, we can only say it is by far the best we have seen, and is in every way creditable to the firm from whose press it has issued. We thank them for it.

ETHICA:—OR, CHARACTERISTICS OF MEN, MANNERS, AND BOOKS. By Arthur Lloyd Windsor. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

THE principle on which this work has been written is, that “the literary life of the past two centuries, like the social, has a large element of anecdote in it, by the contemplation of which alone it can be fully realised;” that these “stray waifs — straws in the intellectual atmosphere, not unfrequently afford material for the most efficacious mental characteriza-

tion, where the formal facts of biography proper, though at first sight more inspiring, gives us less authentic portraiture ;" and that the Author's avowed object is, "to arrest these notes of intelligence, now fast eluding the ken of the present generation, and to winnow them on the threshing-floor of biological criticism." Now, in this the Author has succeeded admirably ; but then this has given to his work a correspondingly superficial, and to us, unsatisfactory character. We very much question whether such material is the best for "mental characterization," any more than the sparks from the bar upon the anvil determine the quality of the metal. We love to look at all sides of a man's character, but to take the "element of anecdote" as the basis on which to found an estimate of his life, is not to do justice either to ourselves or to him.

Still the Author has produced a very interesting and readable volume—more interesting and more readable, we doubt not, than when only "the formal facts of biography proper" are dealt with. His second chapter on MILTON brings him, as a matter of course, into contact with the man Cromwell, whose Puritanism he investigates by the light of his Letters, and whose character he nobly vindicates from the charge of ambition and hypocrisy. One extract we must give :—

"Almost as an invariable rule the detractors of Cromwell have mistaken the exact point in which all doubts of his sincerity should centre. The question at issue is not, were his words consistent with his deeds? but, were his deeds consistent with the welfare of the State? It is not a question of means, it is a question of ends. It is true that the globe and the sceptre did not harmonize well with the self-repudiating tone, the unassuming garb, and the unworldly tastes. These were but the instruments, the tools which the ignorance or the prejudice of the vulgar sometimes compels their benefactors to adopt. The hypocrisy of Cromwell

must be decided not by the character of the agents that he used to effect his purpose, but by the nature of the purpose itself. Was that purpose in harmony with his previous conduct? There is evidence to prove that Milton thought so. And if it was, then is Cromwell's hypocrisy, if hypocrisy it was, justified. The end that Cromwell proposed to himself—the settlement of the national differences—could, he clearly saw, be attained by no other means. If he must go on, it must be in the same track. If he would retain his co-operators with him in the good cause, it must be by gratifying their whims, even at the risk of his own reputation. The only compensation left him was, that those who approved the patriot, vindicated the hypocrite. And with respect to the charge of hypocrisy, his advocates are not without a witness on his behalf. His letters would show that if Cromwell was a spiritual hypocrite, then were all Puritans, from Baxter to Bunyan, hypocrites as well. No where else could be found a more perfect picture of æsthetic Puritanism. He is, in fact, the very representative man of those gloomy devotional enthusiasts. As he advances in life, it is clear that his enthusiasm waxes stronger rather than declines. Success seems to strengthen conviction. Every fresh victory is a fresh providence, "clear, unclouded, on behalf of the saints." In every action, he sees the interposition of a present God. He would not argue with his cousin about abstract principles of obedience, about the lawfulness of this authority, and the unlawfulness of that. Such subtleties were but fleshly, fit for men of carnal minds, who live only upon their numpsimus and sumpsimus. He appealed to fact. Did not the triumph of the cause prove the justice of the cause? Was it not God's finger that made the cavaliers of Rupert as stubble to their swords? Did Fairfax cut down those unrighteous Kentishmen? Was it not rather God breaking the oppressor, as in the days of Midian? Ormond had been driven from Dublin, with the slaughter of four thousand men; was it not a sign that the Lord was very near? Drogheda had been stormed, and not thirty persons had

been left alive in it; it was to God that all honest hearts must give the praise! It was the Spirit of God which had set it in their hearts to knock all the officers on the head, kill every tenth man, and ship the rest to a lingering death in the Barbadoes. It was God's revolution, not his;—God who had revealed the necessity of his reigning, not he. Surely a man who could use such language as this, might as easily have imposed on himself as have imposed on others; might as easily have mistaken the exhausted acquiescence of the country for their approbation, and, when he climbed, have fancied it was they who pushed."

The volume embraces the Mental History of Montaigne;—Milton: his Politics, Prose Writings, and Biographers;—Dryden, or the Literary Morality of an Epoch;—De Foe, and the Rise of Pamphleteering;—Pope and Swift, Bolingbroke and Harley;—Goldsmith, and the History of Prose Fiction in England;—Characteristics of Ancient and Modern Orators;—and supplies many a *petit morcean delicat* to the lovers of anecdote. We mean not by this that the writer is a literary trifler, or that he had no higher end in view than the gratification of an idle curiosity in his readers. Far from it:—in conformity with his professed object, he uses the anecdotes only as a foil to throw out the mental characteristics yet more distinctly and effectively. He is a man of extensive and varied reading, of severe thought, of keen penetration, and with powers of analysis which eminently qualify him for dealing with the characteristic features of the men who stand out on the page of history as the types of our common race. We congratulate him upon the success of his present effort, and shall be glad indeed again to meet him in our literary walks.

SCARSDALE; OR, LIFE ON THE LANCA-
SHIRE AND YORKSHIRE BORDER
THIRTY YEARS AGO. In Three Volumes.
London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE change which has come over the

whole of English society during the last quarter of a century is far deeper and more widely-spread than we might be disposed at first to believe. Agencies and influences have been at work whose operation has been felt from the cottage to the palace, and from the man who is almost as much of a clod, only animated, as any of the clods which he daily treads, up to the first and most eminent son of science. We are in the midst of a new order of things; and to be taken back to the scenes connected with Border life thirty years ago is to stagger our faith, and make us doubt whether we are in the same world, and are surrounded with the same elements of thought and action.

The tale of these volumes begins at the period when—

"The spinning jenny, the throstle, and the mule had been established in the face of the most formidable resistance. The power-loom had now to encounter the fury of a fierce, fearless population, maddened by hunger. At that time, the ancient parochial divisions had made little new provision for the religious or mental training of the people. The Sunday-school, the ancient chapels of the Presbyterians and Independents, the missionary efforts of the Wesleyan and other Religious Communions from the great towns, had, however, aided the clergy in spreading a leaven of Christian feeling and principle among the people. We shall find this spirit exerting a marked influence in counteracting the native ferocity of the untamed, solitary life of the forest weaver.

"In this period of transition, the rudeness of the untrained population was restrained rather by its own great natural instincts than by the influences of Christian civilization. This race is brave, frank, and honest; it loves and speaks the truth; petty pilfering and acts of mean cunning are little known. On the other hand, it is untutored, and the manners are therefore coarse, and give to a stranger an impression of rudeness amounting to a total absence of personal deference. Its vices are

those of men to whom high wages have been given for labour, often on the road or embankment, or in the mine and quarry, or for long hours at the forge, foundry, dyehouse, or other form of work requiring great powers of endurance. Such a population, without mental resource or religious restraint, is necessarily sensual. At the time when the story opens, a large part of this people, worn by exhausting labour at the hand-loom, and yet pinched by famine, was driven into a wild destructive outbreak."

Scarsdale Hall, the seat of Sir Guy Scarsdale, was situated on the Lancashire border, and presented to the eye a mansion built in the earliest style of the Tudor gothic, and was approached by a wide avenue of noble limes, which had been left to grow without interference from the hand of the woodman—the two lines of trees were, however, so far apart that, from the farthest extremity of the avenue, the porch, and on each side of it, the whole front of the mansion might be discovered;—the porch of the Hall looked upon the sunny court, sheltered by its living screen of foliage from the winds, yet so spacious that from early morning to a late hour of the afternoon, the house front was always bathed in sunlight; at noon, no part of the central avenue was in shade; but within the court a deep shadow was always cast on one side of the garden. In the heat of summer, this overshadowed pall beneath the court-wall, formed a grateful walk. The garden was divided by yew hedges trimly kept, like living walls, with arches, halls, and courts of green, making each walk a seclusion sacred to whispered conversation.

To this noble mansion, embosomed in beauty, Sir Guy brought home his only daughter, whom he committed to the good and trusty Mrs. Hannah Nutter, to be instructed in household customs, country habits, town management, and about her country folk; while Miss Scarsdale promised to be a good scholar in all that Mrs. Hannah could teach her of the country people

—of their *fêtes*, work, and ways. The young lady was thus introduced into the stern duties of life, and had to face all its realities. But she had a heart to be won, and a suitor was not wanting. She herself had not yet begun to love. To borrow the words of the Author—

"Her's was a virgin nature. Her own sweet empire—her father's demesne. None should encroach on these sacred precincts. What violent man was this who dared to assert a claim on her affections? She had permitted none to think that, within this bound, any one could reign but only her father, and herself as the *châtelaine* of a keep placed too high to be scaled. Who was this man who had silently for years beleaguered the fortress, had gained her father, studied her own estimate of life, trained himself patiently to win her love; was formidable, not more by his silent homage than his chivalrous daring? She had been unconscious, then astonished, then disturbed; now, what should she do? Is this, then, the fate of woman? Is it not enough that I am a daughter, loving, devoted? Have I also another destiny? Can I not avoid it? Must I love? Can I not shake off this fascination? Why will he grow always something better, higher, stronger, nobler in my imagination, and claim my love by a devotion which counts life as nothing to my preference? What, oh! what shall I do? Father, dear father, cannot your experience of life teach me that there is some other form of existence for woman than to be a ministering angel, with an overpowering sympathy which folds her nature into another's being? . . . She had known herself only as her father's daughter, full of reverent affection. How was it that, in so short a time, a few weeks or months, with a growth of tenderness towards her father had also grown in her heart a more agitating and a more engrossing love, with a sense even of subjection to a will stronger than her own, and obedience to a more commanding being? The struggle was over. She had ceased to be her own! She was another's."

On her wedding day she became the Countess Pendleborough ; but, touching her married life, the oracle is dumb.

The work, though rather long and diffuse, is written with grace and freedom, and the tale of Scarsdale will leave many pleasing sunny impressions upon the memory.

HERBERT CHAUNCEY: A MAN MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING. By Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, Bart. In Three Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

THE object of these volumes is to give the history of a man who, in the various stages, relations, and circumstances of life, was denied the justice and the confidence which his character and conduct entitled him to. He was not only left an orphan when very young, but lost his guardian a few years after the death of his parents, and was thus left alone in the world. The executor and trustee of his guardian was Sir Hugh Littlecot, of Severn Banks, Meadshire, and on him it now devolved to manage the little affairs of Herbert. The youth, with a fortune of three hundred a year, but with fair prospects from his cousin, Jeffry Ferris, was sent to school, and Sir Hugh took but little interest in him till two whole years had rolled away, when the worthy Baronet invited him to Severn Banks for a fortnight, during his school vacation. With Lady Littlecot young Chauncey was more at home than with Sir Hugh ; while her daughter, a handsome girl, with a profusion of dark ringlets, whose eyes beamed with merriment and mischief, became to him an object of still greater attraction. Herbert could not forget Ada, and he ventured to ask Sir Hugh for her fair hand. At that time the old gentleman was mightily offended ; but, on a future visit of Herbert's, he consented. Ada's affections became centered in Herbert, but Herbert's heart had not been taken wholly cap-

tive. He went to travel ; kept up an occasional correspondence with Ada ; and nothing had yet transpired to awaken her suspicion. But Herbert had fallen in with a very Venus, whom he passionately loves ; still writes to Ada ; returns to England ; thinks he cannot be happy with Ada, and is prepared to sacrifice both her and her fortune ; says so much to Sir Hugh, who is, of course, deeply indignant, while Ada is distressed in the extreme ; marries the new object of his love, and from that day his miseries multiplied with his years. Through the medium and the influence of his servants, Sir Hugh laboured to sow the seeds of jealousy in the heart of Herbert's wife, to rend asunder the ties of friendship, to provoke duels, to blight reputation, and damn character, till Herbert felt as if he were in the coil of some deadly serpent. In certain parts of his conduct, appearances might be said to have been against Herbert ; but so conscious was he of his own integrity, that he never shrunk from meeting face to face those who were most opposed to him. In private, social, and public life, he was ever plunged into some new difficulties, and it required no vulgar fortitude to breast the opposition. He nobly struggled, and came forth from the conflict "a man more sinned against than sinning."

The story would have been more telling if it had been less extended ; but, as the Author very piquantly says, "people do not read novels for the sake of edification ; and, if good is done by a novel, it is because the writer of it takes the reader unawares, and appears all the while to be trying to amuse him ;" and though he "is not so sorrowful as to make it a bitter task to muse upon pleasures for ever gone, neither so hopeless as to make even the recollection of sin an insupportable weight upon the spirit," yet he thinks "it is good to search out by-gone times, and drink the cup of remembered troubles gently to the very dregs." And in this light these volumes will be found replete with

matter of lively interest, but of great practical moment. Let our readers "mark, learn, and inwardly digest." The fallen and entangled threads of life may be weaving out a more beauteous robe.

WEDDED AND WINNOWNED; OR, THE TRIALS OF MARY GASCOIGNE. A TALE FOR THE DIVORCE COURT. By Marabel May. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster Row.

BEAUTIFULLY has it been said, "there is a place on the earth to which vice has no entrance, where the stormy passions have no empire, where pleasure and innocence live constantly together, where cares and labours are delightful, where every pain is forgotten in reciprocal tenderness, where there is an equal enjoyment of the past, the present, and the future; it is the house of a wedded pair, but of a pair, who, in wedlock, are lovers still." To no such happy home does this volume introduce us. Here is an interesting child, who, through the influence of her mother, is sent early to school, because that mother is jealous of the attentions which the child receives from her own father. The school-days of her daughter over, the next object and effort of the mother was to get her married. This, too, soon became a *fait accompli*; but the husband turned out the very personification of tyranny and cruelty, and reduced the life of his wife to the most wretched existence. Hers was a life of crushing sorrow, of daily crucifixion; and yet the "bitter future," which, in her, "winnowed the truth from falsehood," instead of overcoming her womanly love, seemed rather to purify and strengthen it. Like the ivy which clings to the very ruin, she clung to the man who had sworn at God's holy altar to love and cherish her, but whose conduct to her rendered him unworthy of the name of man. She endured with a patience that was truly heroic, and with a con-

stancy of affection which is to be found only in woman's nature.

The story is, indeed, a sad one; and for the sake of our humanity, we hope the cases are but few in which such true, pure, disinterested love, is so required. We believe that wedded life is one of the happiest conditions of our earthly state; but we have no desire that Destiny should drag any woman through the same rough wilderness of life as the trials of Mary Gascoigne reveal. The Author has told a thrilling tale of woe; but let not his fair readers conclude that, after all, two are not better than one.

BELOW THE SURFACE. A STORY OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE. By Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, Bart., Author of "Herbert Chauncey." A New Edition, Revised. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65 Cornhill. 1880.

WHAT is there below the surface? What is there not? Some good folks never go deeper than the surface, and are content to take things as they find them; not going below the surface, they are ignorant of much which they ought to know, while those who go farther down, and imagine that something must underlie every other something, are everlastingly haunted with suspicions and jealousies, and all that embitters and renders life wretched. To illustrate and apply this simple truth, seems to be the drift of this Story of English Country Life. Here is a gentleman-farmer who takes to himself a wife, with whom he soon ceases to be happy, and his happiness is still narrowed and lessened by the interference and intermeddling of her relations and friends. The consequence is, that he attends more to his farm than to his family. His wife is thrown into the society of other men, and hence some dark dubious thoughts come flitting across his mind. Not that she was unfaithful to her vow, or even longed to get free from her matrimonial bond; but heart was estranged from

heart, and the spot which is most sacred to man on earth, ceased to be a home. The husband was the better party of the two, and made more than one effort to render contented and happy his other self; but the demon of discord maintained the supremacy for years; and it was not till a later day in life, that they both fully awoke to the sin and folly of their past conduct, laid aside their suspicions and neglects, became reconciled to each other, and tasted together the joys of mutual love and confidence.

The story, though not striking, is instructive, and forms a very important chapter in the history of wedded life, with all its associations and friendships, its duties and responsibilities, its temptations and pleasures.

TINSEL OR GOLD: A Fireside Story.
London: James Blackwood, Paternoster Row.

THE old adage is, that "it is not all gold that glitters," and therefore we must never judge of reality, either in men or things, by mere appearance. As a diamond of the first water may be encrusted with the coarsest earth, so many a noble life is passed in poverty and privation; and the object of this "simple domestic story," is to bring into light the actual condition of many of the rural poor. The author, who cannot set aside truth for any mere conventionality, anticipates a certain amount of censure in some quarters on account of his views on emigration. In representing a party of Oxfordshire peasantry embarking for a distant land, he says:—"My fancy wandered to many past scenes, in which these simple people had played their part manfully, patiently, and with a genuine honesty of purpose worthy of a better fate. Yet Fame blew no trumpet for them. Their own consciences, and the heartfelt greetings of their friends and kinsmen, were all they had to cheer them on their future path, and lessen

the sadness of their unwilling departure from the land of their youth. How I longed for unbounded wealth, that I might, with one word from my lips, one wave of my hand, have stayed the sacrifice! Let it not be supposed that ill-success has weaned them from love of home and fatherland. Too often the human heart clings all the more resolutely to that which has caused it the bitterest trials." But if these "simple people" played so manful a part in their own England, then they were of all others best qualified to settle in our colonies, and lay the foundation of future empires. Our author cannot do better than stand on the side of the honest, industrious poor;—write for them, and plead for them.

BRANCHES RUNNING OVER THE WALL;
or Incidents Illustrative of the Col-
lateral Benefits of Sunday-School
Operations. By R. E. Cranfield.
London: Sunday-School Union, 56
Old Bailey.

THE design involved in the publication of these Incidents is, "to stimulate and encourage Sunday-School Teachers in their work of faith and labour of love, as well as to furnish them with a few practical hints to assist them in their noble efforts to extend the kingdom of their common Lord." Next to the work of the Ministry, the office of the Sunday-School Teacher is of unequalled magnitude and importance, and every facility as well as every encouragement should be given him in his path of sublime and sanctified activity. To him all England owes a debt of gratitude, and by his efforts the Church is supplied with those who are to constitute her strength, and carry on her schemes of Christian benevolence and enterprise. Let him accept this token of affection from a fellow-labourer; and let all prosecute their delightful work among the young in the assured belief that their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord:—that if they sow in tears, they will reap in joy.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF DUGALD STEWART, Esq., F.R.S. etc. etc. Supplementary Volume. Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co.

THIS supplementary volume embodies the translations of the passages in foreign languages, to be found in the collected works of the great and accomplished Metaphysician, together with very copious indices, which will be found of essential service to the student.

It appears that though the learned Professor rendered into English many of the passages introduced into his writings from other languages, yet the state of his health did not enable him to do this in all instances; and, therefore, he flattered himself that, in the event of a second edition of his works being ever called for, some friendly hand would supply the omission. Hence the publication of the present volume. But as it contains nothing more than translations from one language into another—since the originals were used to elucidate certain parts of his academical prelections—and since the translations are nothing more than a clear and faithful rendering of the originals, everything like criticism is excluded. But in the collected works of Dugald Stewart, we have a treasure of metaphysical science of inestimable value. Around his feet, while he was living, he drew thousands of admiring, earnest, devoted disciples; and though his voice has ceased to be heard among either the sounds or the silences of earth, he will continue to teach, through the medium of his writings, while there is a mind to think, or a truth to be learned, in the region of a pure and intelligible philosophy.

THE RHETORIC OF CONVERSATION; with Hints specially to Christians on the Use of the Tongue. By G. W. Hervey. Edited by the Rev. Stephen Jenner, M.A. London: Richard Bentley.

THERE are few Americans who cannot carry on a conversation. English-

men can face each other all day long in a railway carriage without exchanging a word; and if we have the courage to break the monotony, we rarely get beyond the topic of the weather. Confining ourselves in conversation to our own immediate circles, we are constrained and reserved when thrown among strangers, and frequently careless and negligent when talking with ourselves. "The Rhetoric of Conversation," by an American author, is designed chiefly to rectify the latter defect; he scarcely alludes to the characteristic vice of his countrymen in conversation—their extreme inquisitiveness. We remember once, when in the interior of Virginia, being "pumped" by a General, upon whom we tried the following plan, which we recommend to all who may imitate the example of the Prince of Wales, and visit the Transatlantic Republic. "I was raised on the other side of the Blue Mountain," said the General; "and if any one were to ask me, I should say you were a Pennsylvanian." We replied we were not, and requested him to "guess." The General, to our great amusement, guessed with all the ardour of a young girl guessing the solution of a conundrum; and we managed to turn the conversation and leave him no wiser. The *genuine* American is, however, as communicative as he is inquisitive. He lets you into the secret of his own history, and then will acquaint you of the secrets of his neighbours; especially telling you what they are worth.

Yet it would be unjust to say, that the Americans do not possess conversational powers of a high order, in what may be called their "good society." The ladies of New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, are not so attractive by the beauty of their persons, as they are by their conversational ability. Young American ladies are constantly reminded that society expects them to "entertain." "To entertain the gentlemen," is an expression in constant use among them;

and, indeed, many use these their peculiar charms to no little purpose. There are ladies now in the cities above mentioned, who could have vied with a De Seigné or a Du Deffand in the attractiveness of their salons; and who cultivate their abilities to as good purpose as did Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, or Mrs. Hannah More, in the last century.

The book before us contains an immense amount of the best advice, written in a pleasant and agreeable style. It commences by laying down as a rule, that the first requisite for a good conversationalist, is to know when to be silent. The laws of conversation are treated upon in reference to style and physical habits, and rules are given for its practice in private life and in general society. The chapters on the Vices of Conversation, are exceedingly racy and telling; yet we are almost compelled to ask the question—Why does the author say nothing about the egotism and boasting which characterise his countrymen to so large an extent? He is deservedly severe on the practice as regards the individual, but may not their patriotism be disfigured by this paltry vice? Many intelligent Americans, after visiting Europe, return with much of the national conceit taken out of them; they are none the less patriotic, but wiser and more discriminating. Now, our author advises such to read the travels of Mr. Gulliver, and remember that upon his return from Brobdingnag, he thought the sailors of his own country the most contemptible creatures he ever beheld. "Some men," he tells us—and the remark is very good and worth preserving—"are formed to become by travel like telescopes. They are pulled out to the most extraordinary proportions, and it takes the rest of their lives for their old neighbours to succeed in shutting up the elongated worthy into his narrow and natural dimensions."

The book throughout is pervaded with a deep religious tone; too much,

we are afraid, for its success among general readers. And yet, the Christian is the highest form of the gentleman, and his conversation should be pre-eminently distinguished for genial kindness, propriety, and good sense. The uses of conversation are defined to be for the "Reproof of Brethren," the "Conviction of Unbelievers," the "Removal of Prejudices," and the "Mutual Edification of Christians." The chapters on these subjects merit attentive perusal. Rules, however, while excellent for guidance, are only of value when the heart is right; and then these words to the wise will be sufficient. To be as perfect as our author indicates, would require more than human aid; and we should have continually to look to a higher source for assistance, to "order our conversation aright," that it might be profitable for reproof, for conviction, and for mutual edification.

We recommend "The Rhetoric of Conversation" to the thoughtful Christian reader. He will find in it many a word fitly spoken, and it will suggest searching inquiries as to whether he is rightly employing his powers of conversation—powers pregnant for good or evil in the society in which he moves. The following passage is especially worthy of note:—"One of the most liberal and beneficial kinds of conversation, is what the Americans call *building*. It consists in adding something to the remark of another; the interlocutors, either fortifying each other's propositions, or saying something which the observations of another suggested. The practice here recommended is not that of some wise persons, who never fail to improve on every casual remark, ever getting the better of another, sure to have the last word, and letting slip no opportunity of showing that their intellect has still the mastery of ours. Instead of pulling down, they *build*—they literally edify one another."

THE ECLECTIC.

OCTOBER, 1860.

I.

THE PAULINE DOCTRINE.—No. II.

WHEN the Apostle, in the prospect of martyrdom and death, said,—"I am now ready to be offered; I have kept the faith;"—it is very clear that he spoke not of faith as a principle, but of that to which the principle has reference—the Evangelical Testimony, or the Record which God has given concerning his Son. Of this record, as we have seen, he held the central truth to be the propitiatory and redeeming work of Christ. On this, to the exclusion of every other ground of hope, he had been brought to rest at the very moment when he became the subject of moral renovation; and conscious of the firmness of the ground on which he stood, to this he clung through life; nor in death, with the unchangeable realities of the future and eternal opening upon his vision, is he inclined to abandon it. He had planted his foot on Rock, and nothing could dislodge him. Knowing whom he had believed, he challenged death; and with his faith centred in the Cross, he could rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

Now whatever may be the different degrees of their knowledge, and whatever may be the variety or even diversity of their spiritual attainments, there is yet a Christian consciousness common to all believers. In other words, there are certain mental and moral states of which no one can be ignorant, who is not ignorant of divine life in the soul. These states are inseparable from belief in the truths of Christianity, and go to make up the history of the soul in this initiatory period of her new and happier existence. Through all these deeply mysterious conditions of spiritual life, our Apostle had passed, and in his wider experience he has reflected, as in a mirror, the consciousness of each believer at every successive stage of Christian knowledge and development. He is, in fact, a representative man, who embodies

and expresses in himself whatever is either common or peculiar to the inner life, wherever and in whomsoever it is found. We cannot, therefore, more successfully or more thoroughly prosecute our inquiry into the Pauline Doctrine, than by bringing into light its legitimate and necessary results. Taking for granted that this doctrine is true, and that it has been embraced with a firm and unfaltering faith, what must be its effect? How will this effect reveal itself? What are the moral sequences to which it will lead? And how will these sequences be recognised and known? Weighty questions these—and such as merit the most explicit answer.

Keeping to the Pauline view of the propitiatory and sacrificial work of the Great Incarnate, as the one central truth in our Christian System, it follows as a sequence in the chain of cause and effect, that salvation must be wholly of grace. Rich and exuberant as are the provisions of Divine mercy for the redemption of man—though it challenges the highest effort of thought to conceive the height and depth, the length and breadth of redeeming love, it is yet an undeniable fact, that the Gospel has in it an awful exclusiveness. No sooner do we set out on the inquiry as to the grounds of human salvation, than we find ourselves fenced round on every side, and shut up to one only method of reconciliation and recovery. Nothing is allowed to come between the sinner and the Saviour whom God has provided in the person of his own Son; otherwise our salvation is reduced to an utter impossibility. In the very act of falling back on any personal merit, or on any created help, we cut away from under our own feet, the only ground on which it is possible for us to stand in the presence of Infinite Righteousness and Love. Nor is there any truth which our Apostle presses home upon the heart with more urgency or more earnestness. Conscious that salvation begins in an act of entire self-renunciation—himself the subject of a continued struggle with the selfish principle—knowing, as he did, that it is one of the very last elements of evil from which the redeemed nature gets free, and yet teaching that the man must be stripped to the very inmost soul of all self-righteousness, and emptied of all self-dependence, it is with him an effort to lay down this postulate in such terms as to make it impossible that they should be either misunderstood or misinterpreted. Whether he speaks to the Jew with his legal righteousness, or to the Gentile in his alienation and distance from God, he shuts both up to one ground of dependence and hope;—reminds the Jew that with all his privileges, he has no advantage over the Gentile;—that to both the terms of salvation are the same, and on both sides, consequently, all boasting was excluded. Planting his foot here, he

then puts this sharply-pointed question—"By what law is this boasting excluded? Of works? Nay; but by the law of faith." If by any effort or merit of his own, man can recover his original position in the moral universe of God, he may then justly prefer a claim to life, and he would thus have a ground for boasting; but if he must be indebted to the interposition and the aid of another,—if he is saved by a special provision which can be resolved into nothing lower than infinite love, then his very dependence divests him of all self-glorification. As a suppliant for mercy, the wreath is taken from his brow; and as a debtor to grace, he must for ever give the glory unto God.

After this perfect separation from self, and corresponding dependence on the Saviour, we find our Apostle most earnestly striving, and always. After years of Christian consciousness, and when the Divine life in his soul was ripening into final perfection, we find him still counting all things but loss that he might win Christ, and be found in Him, not having his own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. Nor was his trust less implicit and entire:—"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Just as in conversion, he obtained mercy, and just as through the whole of his earthly being, he acknowledged that, as a renewed man, he owed everything to the grace of God, so he looked for this mercy unto eternal life.

In other words, just as he resolves his conversion into an act of Divine mercy, so he resolves the final perfection, purification, and happiness of his whole nature, in the great future. In heaven, the selfish principle has no existence, because there the sinful element is wholly and for ever overcome. There is not on this side the glorified world, either the height or the force of sanctification to give us the perfect mastery over the one or the other; nor shall we be conscious of entire separation and freedom from the influence of either, till the spirit has burst her earthly bond, and lets her affections sink into the infinite depth of God's love. It is just as the finite flows into the Infinite—just as the created is lost in the Uncreated, that the soul is really emptied of self; while her own emptiness renders her susceptible and recipient of the fulness of God. This is life in its perfect type; and this life in its great final conditions of glory and blessedness, our Apostle resolves into pure mercy.

Now if it be true, as our modern Theology would teach us, that "the essence of the Atonement consisted in our Lord's expiatory confession of sin on our behalf, and in our name, his death being

not a penalty endured as a substitute, but the perfected expression of such confession;”—if Christ “only shared our sin in the sense of it, in sorrow for it, in a vicarious confession of it, and in the miserable consequences of it,” then how are we to understand and interpret the Apostle’s teaching? When he tells us, that “Christ hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice unto God for a sweet-smelling savour,” did this sacrifice amount to nothing more than an expiatory confession of sin in our name and on our behalf? When he says, that “we have redemption through his blood,” does the shedding of his blood include nothing more than the perfect expression of such confession? When he teaches us, that “Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many,” does the Redeemer only bear our sin in the sense of it, and in sorrow for it? When he asserts that Jesus, “through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot unto God,” does he mean that the death of Christ was nothing more than an expression of sympathy, and not a true and proper propitiation? If there was nothing substitutionary and sacrificial in the work of the Saviour, how does he come to speak of the obedience of one making many righteous; of this Incarnate One “putting away sin by the sacrifice of himself;” of our being “sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all;” and of his having “by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified?” In all this we have surely something more on the part of Christ than a mere vicarious confession of sin in our name; and something more on the part of God than the mere assurance of his Fatherly love. If “the gift of God be eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord,” then we must look for the primary cause of this stupendous blessing in connection with the ransom and mediation of the Saviour. If it be offered to us, and can reach us only through Him, it follows that no mere sense of sin, or sorrow for it, or confession of it, could procure such a boon. The wages of sin is death; and to escape the death, we must be delivered from the sin. But to confess the fact of sin, is not to do sin away; and till sin is done away, life can be neither realized nor enjoyed. Sin is a violation of law; law has its claims, and till these claims are met, there exists no ground for the exercise of grace. The grace must reign through righteousness; and it is only as the righteousness is maintained in its integrity, that the grace can be dispensed in its freeness. Now it is just at this point that the difficulty presses most closely upon man. Having violated the law of his being, he is a transgressor. Law is fixed and immutable; it can lower none of its requirements; it can neither relax nor remit any of its penalties. Present obedience can never atone for past transgression. If he is ever

to be saved, it must be in the exercise of mercy, and on mercy alone must he rely.

Now we have seen that there is only one medium through which even infinite love could reach our fallen world, and interpose in behalf of our race. God always makes choice of the simplest means to effect any given end ; and if there had been any other method by which human salvation could have been accomplished, it would have been preferred. But we have a right to assume, that no other plan was present to the Infinite Mind ; and therefore we conclude that the medium of man's recovery, which is revealed to us in our Christian System, is at once the simplest and the grandest. Nor can anything be more distinct or more emphatic than the utterance of Revelation on this point. Instead of the unmeaning assertion, that " the essence of the Atonement consists in the Saviour's vicarious confession of sin on our behalf and in our name," it tells us that by substitution and sacrifice He effected all that was required to insure our salvation in harmony with all the principles of immutable law, and all the claims of unbending righteousness. And just as we can add nothing to the entireness of His work, so we can take nothing from it ; and therefore we are shut up to this as a basis of faith and hope, to the exclusion of every human element. Just as in his own case, and from the day in which it pleased God to call him by his grace, and to reveal his Son in him, what things were gain to him these our Apostle counted loss for Christ ; just as ever afterwards he continued to count them but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord, willingly suffered their loss, and counted them but dung, that he might win Christ and be found in Him ; just as in the severest conflict with the power of indwelling evil, and when agonizing to get free from the body of death, he found his only relief in turning to the Saviour, and the contemplation of His work ; just as, in the prospect of death and martyrdom, he knew whom he had believed, and felt persuaded that he was able to keep that which he committed unto Him, so it enters into all true Christian consciousness, that with the progress of the Divine life in the soul, there is a corresponding spirit of self-renunciation ; and it is when the believer can say, in the full realization and belief of the unchangeable completeness of the Saviour's work of mediation—

" Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my hapless soul on Thee"—

that the triumph of his faith is most perfect. If nothing short of the substitution and sacrifice of Christ could atone for the sin of man—and such is the plain teaching of our Apostle—then the

propitiation which he offered is either sufficient and equal to the end to be insured, or it is not. If it is not, what is to supplement and perfect it? If it be, then any addition to it on the part of man or angel would only mar and profane it—take away alike from its grandeur and its efficacy. In reference to his own personal salvation, the Apostle suffers nothing to come between him and the deeply mysterious work of the Cross; and in presenting that Cross to the view of others, he is jealous lest his own shadow, or shadow of angel's wing, should come between it and the sinner. As the effort to exalt self led to the fall of man, so in the crucifixion of self must his salvation begin; and it is in the degree in which self is renounced and crucified, that he becomes conscious of this salvation in its life, purity, freedom, and blessedness.

The relative position to salvation by grace, founded on the propitiatory work of Christ, is justification by faith. While there are those who with neological and infidel contempt, look upon this doctrine as "a legal fiction," there is an opposite class who speak of it as a legal acquittal. In the forensic sense of the term, an acquittal pre-supposes the perfect innocence of the party against whom the charge has been preferred, or such a defect and failure of evidence as to render a conviction unjust. In neither of these positions does man stand as a subject of the moral government of God. The fact and the proof of his guilt are alike incontrovertible. He has sinned; and the fact of his sin will remain unchanged for ever. In heaven and through eternity, he can never be other than a sinner saved by grace. Of this fact everything within him, and everything without him, will remind him—with this everything will impress him. His is a redeemed nature; he has been washed from his sins with Christ's own blood; in that blood has he made white the robe in which he is clothed; his fellowship with angelic thought and life, his relative position to the Lamb in the midst of the throne, and his every act of worship and service in the temple of that higher world—all keeps this truth ever present to his mind. Of pardon and acceptance, of justification and life, he has the deep and delightful consciousness; but of acquittal he has none, nor can he have through the ages of the unending future.

We are not ignorant of the language of schools and creeds, in which it is said, that God deals with the penitent and believing sinner as if he were righteous, on the ground of the righteousness of his own Son as the Redeemer of man. But is this the language of Inspiration? Is there one single passage in the writings of our Apostle to favour and support any such statement? No one dwells with more fulness or with more emphasis on the doctrine of justification by faith, and yet we know not of one single utterance in all his teaching, which would lead to the conclusion

that God deals with us, in our renewed and spiritual condition, as either legally or relatively innocent. God has accepted the righteousness—that is, the perfect obedience of his own Son unto death, as the highest and most honourable vindication of law—the most complete and glorious illustration of the immutable principles of Divine equity and moral government; but Scripture nowhere teaches that this righteousness of Christ makes the sinner righteous—that is, acquits him of the wrong which he has done. On the contrary, it reiterates the fact of his sin and guilt in tones of unequalled depth and strength. But for man's transgression, and no such expedient as that which is involved in the mediation of Christ, would ever have been called for under the supreme administration of God:—nay, such a phrase as the righteousness of Christ, would have been unheard and unknown in this lower world. The doctrine of the Bible is this:—that the righteousness or mediation of Christ, having met every claim of law and justice, God can now deal in mercy with the transgressor, and that to this mercy there is no limit short of the life and the blessedness of immortality. He does not treat him as righteous, which he never can be, but from first to last as a sinner, which he really is, and can never cease to be, even in heaven itself. The righteousness of Christ is imputed to him, not to make him legally righteous, but to render it legally right on the part of God to extend to him the riches of his grace. All that Christ did, he did for man; and his work is thus the procuring cause of all which the human soul can either possess or enjoy of spiritual life and holy good.

First in this train of special blessings, is the pardon of sin, which is followed by the conscious enjoyment of the Divine favour. Our moral relations to God and the universe of holy being are changed. We occupy new and still higher ground. In virtue of the Saviour's righteousness, He takes us into union and fellowship with himself, and then blesses us with all spiritual blessing in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus. This is what our Apostle calls being “accepted in the Beloved;” and it corresponds with justification, or being brought into those new and true relations in which God can look upon us with ineffable and never-changing complacency. Without any righteousness of our own, either inherent or derived, we depend on the one all-perfect and everlasting righteousness of our Redeemer, and realising in Him the Son of God and the Saviour of man—the Lord our Righteousness, we become conscious of the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory; or, in the words of our Apostle, “being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” The joy settles down into a holy peace and quiet of soul, and this again deepens into the everlasting rest of heaven.

The basis of this peace is not the consciousness of our being legally acquitted, or of God treating us as righteous, but the fact, that notwithstanding our sin and unworthiness, He can deal with us in the exercise of the most exuberant grace, on the ground of the perfect obedience and sacrifice of his own Son. The criminal, of whose guilt there is not the shadow of a doubt, may be forgiven, but he can never be declared innocent, or treated as righteous. His very pardon is an act of grace; and so every subsequent act of his Sovereign towards him partakes of the same character. Not otherwise does God deal with man. The just desert of sin is death; and everything short of eternal death is pure mercy:—but in the distributions of this mercy, all the principles of equity are maintained inviolate. By the substitution and obedience of the Saviour, the law has been magnified and made honourable. Its immutable perfection has not only been recognised, but its majesty has been heightened, and rendered still more impressive. And proceeding on the basis of this righteousness in his conduct towards our race, every act proclaims “the exceeding riches of his grace.” No other line of conduct, so far as we know or have a right to assume, could He adopt, and not otherwise would our confidence be awakened or our love inspired. It is only as our faith is brought to repose in this revelation and method of His procedure with man, that our affections are enkindled, and our heart settles into rest. We love Him because He first loved us; and in proportion as his love is shed abroad in the heart, are we conscious of this love producing within, all that is holy and serene—pure, perfect, undisturbed.

Introduced into these new relations to God and the universe of holy being, the mediation of Christ provides for the renovation and moral purity of our whole nature. The salvation which he came to accomplish, is not to be reduced to a mere deliverance from hell, or final punishment. The sublime end involved in his work is, to “save his people from their sins,” to “redeem us from all iniquity,” and to perfect this redemption in everlasting and unchangeable holiness. He came not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him; “by which will,” says our Apostle, “we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ, once for all.” In coming into the world as the Saviour of man, both He and the Father contemplated not only the removal of all legal obstruction to the forgiveness of sin, but with this, the introduction of such a system of agencies and influences as should render certain this transformation of our moral nature into the likeness of Infinite Holiness. Of this, the very first act or operation of Divine Power in the soul is the evidence and the proof:—“God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines into the heart,

to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of himself in the face of Jesus Christ;" and just as the noontide sun is not something distinct and different from the first beam of light that fringed the horizon in early morn, but only that one beam intensified and perfected, so the sinless perfection of the soul in the world to come is but the completion of the successive operations of the Spirit, who ever acts on the soul through the medium of Revealed Truth, by which He is changing us into his own image from glory unto glory. If the Cross once seen be death to every vice, then its nearer contemplation must result in an ever-widening separation from sin. The regenerated soul can never take delight in that which gives to the Cross its deepest mystery, and its most awakening meaning. If the Son of God be there in the very act of offering himself as a sacrifice for sin, then the simple apprehension of this truth will fill the soul with holy aversion to all evil; and hence the Cross will ever supply the most powerful motive to holiness. It not only presents the basis of moral purity, but is itself the most potential means of producing it. Just as in Nature, every element seeks its source, so the soul, in which is the principle of divine life, strives after that degree of assimilation to God, in which it can repose with equal complacency and delight in the perfection of his holiness, as in the exuberance of his love.

We speak of degrees in this inward purity, for it is seldom, if ever, perfected at once. There may be cases in which the moment of glorification is one and the same with that of conversion, but these are exceptions. From the instant that the Spirit of holiness begins to work in the heart, there is no limit to the inward transformation short of sinless perfection. Between these termini there is continual progress to be made, and still higher points to be reached. In conformity with this fact, is the prayer of the Saviour in behalf of his immediate followers:—"Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." The process of purification had not to be then begun in them; for they were in advance of many others both in enlightenment and moral purity; but they had not yet attained, neither were they already perfect. There was much still to be accomplished in each of them, and this was to be effected through the truth which it had been His constant aim and end to make known to them, and into deeper, more penetrating, and more transforming views of which they were to be led by the Spirit of Light and Life. Such is the constitution of all created mind, that it can take in truth only by degrees. It has not the power to grasp all truth at once, nor to see the profounder meaning and wider bearings of even one single truth at once; and it is only as truth is apprehended, and realized, and appreciated, that it can produce its legitimate effects in the transformation of our

moral nature ; and since of all Revealed Truth the doctrine of the Cross is the very soul and centre, we find in this the reason why our Apostle, in writing even to more advanced believers, dwells with such frequency and reiteration on the unparalleled work of Incarnate Love. He well knew, from his own personal consciousness, daily deepening and widening, that it could not fail to leave upon the susceptible and renewed heart, its own pure and uplifting impressions. It was to his profounder knowledge of the mysteries of redeeming mercy, that he owed the elevation and refinement of his own nature ; and by no other means did he seek to raise, refine, and render meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, the souls of those to whom he spoke or wrote. His exhortation to the Church of Ephesus, is one which admitted of universal application :—" Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly ;" by which he meant the entire doctrine or truth affecting the mission and the mediation of our Lord ; and hence, in his address to the Colossians, he asserts that the great end of the Saviour in our reconciliation to God, is to present us holy, and unblameable, and irreprovable in His sight, if we continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel which we have heard, and which has been preached unto us. It was his supreme and ever-present solicitude, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus, and hence the direct tendency of his teaching and his writing is the personal holiness of the believer. The spiritual attainment of others, was the increase of his own joy ; and in no other way was this to be insured but by the subjection of the whole man to the truth of God. Every holy impression is an additional line to those features which go to make up the image of God in the soul—the grand initial outline of the glory which is to be revealed in us at the second coming of the Redeemer of our humanity as its Resurrection and its Life.

If sanctification be a progressive assimilation to the image of God, and be the germ, or initial development of future glory, then this glory can never be regarded as something distinct and separate from the soul itself. The more popular idea is, that it is rather outward than inward—a beauty and a grandeur surrounding and impressing it, rather than inherent in the renewed nature. But if the work of the Spirit result in producing the likeness of God in the soul, then this likeness carries with it a participation of the divine holiness ; and if the holiness of God be the fulness and the perfection of His glory—then in being changed into His image, we partake the glory which is inseparable from that image ! Now just as the image is within, so the glory is within, and hence our Apostle speaks of it as something to be more fully revealed in us at the consummation of all things. On this fact his own thoughts

lingered with transporting joy. The second coming of Christ, as involving the perfection of the whole redeemed body of believers, was to him a subject of commanding interest, in which he is wont to expatiate with unbounded freedom and delight. To him emphatically belong the words—"Christ in you the hope of glory;—ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is your life, appears, then shall ye appear with him in glory;"—"looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ;"—"we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change the bodies of our humiliation, and fashion them like unto his own glorious body;"—"Christ has become the first-fruits of them that sleep;"—"every man in his own order, Christ the first-fruits, and afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming;"—"we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed;"—"we who are dead and remain shall not precede those who are asleep;"—"the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we who are alive and remain, shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air;"—"so shall we ever be with the Lord." As he thus wrote, his soul glowed with the most joyous emotions; and we can well imagine how, as the scene of future glory broke and brightened on his vision, and in the exuberance of holy feeling, he more than once exclaimed—"I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

Now it is worthy of remark, as a point about which he leaves us in no uncertainty, that the foundation of his hope was no other than the foundation of his faith. In other words, the faith and the hope are inseparable. Such is his own written testimony:—"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Just as his faith reposed in the mystery which had been hid from ages and from generations, but which had been made manifest to the saints, and to himself by special revelation; and just as God had made known to him and in him what is the riches of the glory of this mystery, so hope at once sprang up within his breast, and "rose on wing exultant." With his faith fixed on the unseen and eternal, he was ever looking for this blessed hope in the consummation and the fruition of heaven. In conformity with his own Christian consciousness, he represents not only all creation as groaning and travailing together, longing to be delivered and introduced into the glorious liberty of the children of God, but even those who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, as groaning within themselves, waiting for the adoption—the redemption of the body, as inseparable from the glorification of the whole man. And just because this glory is something

future, so long as the believer is confined to earth he speaks of being saved by hope; and just because the hope that is seen is not hope, we hope for that we see not, and with patience do we wait for it. The mighty inheritance of life and blessedness is not the less real or the less certain, because it is future and out of sight. Faith is the confidence of things hoped for—the conviction of things not seen. Having been brought into personal union with the living Christ, and conscious of life in Him, faith staggers at nothing which rests on the promise and the veracity of God. Having not spared his own Son, but given him up for our redemption, how shall He not with him also freely give us all things? True it is, that the futurities of the Christian are inconceivably greater and more considerable than what he enjoys on this side the glorified state; but magnificent and unutterable as they are in their character, they are yet something less than their procuring cause—the magnitude and the grandeur of the Saviour's stupendous work of mediation.

Taking these various truths in their relative and combined harmony, we at once perceive the force and fulness of our Apostle's views, in which he represents the Saviour as "made of God unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" but how this is possible on any other supposition than the substitution and sacrificial offering of Christ, we are at a loss to understand. Let us grant that the Holy Son of God shared our sin in the sense of it, in sorrow for it, and in a vicarious confession of it, in what sense can even this confession be said to have been "expiatory?" Did that confession take our sin away, and render confession on our part unnecessary? If it were really vicarious and expiatory, and included all that was required to reinstate our fallen race in the favour and friendship of God, then we are thus necessitated to believe in universal redemption. If Christ has made confession in the name and on behalf of all, then the sins of all are forgiven; and their salvation follows as a matter of course. But how can the mere confession of a crime expiate the crime of which confession is thus made? It is worse than useless to tell us of the dignity and the independence of Him who has undertaken this confession. His very pre-eminence is only a more awfully solemn attestation of the fact of our guilt. But his pre-eminence is not expiation; nor can expiation ever be confounded with confession. It needed not that the Son of God should become incarnate to make a vicarious acknowledgment of our sin; nor did the Father demand any such acknowledgment from Him. The fact of our guilt was incontrovertible; and what the exigencies of the case required was, not that some one should make confession in our name and on our behalf, but undertake to meet the claims

of that law which we had transgressed, maintain inviolate all the principles of inflexible righteousness, and yet lay a basis, broad and sure, for the unlimited exercise of Divine mercy. And this, we repeat, could not have been done otherwise than our Apostle asserts in all his writings. We shall doubtless be told that his mind, with all its superior power and culture, was fettered and confined by Jewish prejudices, predilections, and modes of thought; but, unhappily for those who believe this, the Apostle informs us that it was nothing short of a struggle to free himself from the narrower circle of Jewish life, and identify himself with the followers of Jesus; and that without even once coming into contact with the Apostles and disciples of Christ, he received every item of his Christian knowledge by immediate revelation. Did the Spirit of Inspiration reveal to him what is not true? Or did He so reveal the truth, that the Apostle could not but misapprehend it?—or, apprehending it, did he misinterpret and falsely state it? Very few, we presume, will be prepared to accept these alternatives. And yet we do not see how we can reject them if it be true that in our Apostle's writings the words "propitiation," "sacrifice," "ransom," and "atonement," mean nothing more than a vicarious or expiatory confession of sin. Human redemption is a work still to be accomplished. The Christian Testament, with its entire body of statement, is a cunningly devised fable. The substitution and sacrifice of Christ is a purely Jewish idea. Justification by faith is a legal fiction. The work of sanctification is a dogma of the Schools. Evangelical Religion is but the creed of a party. Men who lay claim to more philosophy than piety, may affect to pity our weakness and our credulity, but we are not thus to be cheated out of the sublime realities of our Faith. We hold no doubtful or disputatious creed, but "the faithful saying" of our Apostle. We have followed no cunningly-devised fable, but that which has broadly impressed upon it the seal and signature of God. We have grasped, not a shadow, but the substance; and until it can be proved, with all the force of a moral demonstration, that the Christian Scheme, as it is now understood and set forth, does not meet the exigencies of our fallen condition, in harmony with all the known principles of the Divine Administration:—till this is displaced by something involving a higher wisdom, a purer justice, a wider beneficence, or a richer grace, we are quite content to take our place side by side with the Apostle, and to say with him, in the full glow of life, and in the hour of death—"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

II.

A CONTRAST:—OR, THEOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES.

EX PAUCIS DISCE OMNES.

WHAT literary object is half so interesting as the interpretation of God's word? In this age, which has been fertile in the assailants of the majesty of Scripture, He is also bringing forth, out of his treasury of mind, interpreters of His Volume of the true Newtonic type, as remarkable for humility as for wisdom; men, in whom modesty accompanies information, and comprehensiveness of details leads to real and precious generalizations; men who are finding in the Holy Books wonders correspondent to the discoveries which the microscope and telescope have brought to the human eye; and who yet are able to bow their heads in more devout adoration of all the hidden truth which their researches have brought to light. England has the distinguished honour of being richest in minds of this excellent order. They are a special gift:—but it is an interesting inquiry, whether there be secondary causes to which we may attribute the tendency to produce this kind of divines. Some may trace it to her enjoyment of a well-balanced political constitution, which has given her sons a habit of insisting firmly on their rights in the State, and yet has accustomed them to surrender from time to time such portion of those rights as the common weal requires. Liberty, taught Dr. Johnson, is mutual restraint and the preservation of as many of our rights as possible; and certainly if persons enter not upon the study of theology without being, on the one hand, ready to die for truth, and, on the other, able to distinguish between the essential and the accidental, they are not safely accoutred for the combat—unfaithfulness or presumption will divide them among themselves. But we prefer to assume, that it is owing rather to that other and earlier blessing, on which national liberty itself is built—the long possession of the Inspired Writings, and the long asserted and never intermitted system of examining that volume, each man for himself, to guide, to support, and to save.

It is with great pleasure, then, that we observe that the possession and use of Scripture is, after long trial and much abuse, turning to the advantage of the Scripture itself, and that learning is beginning anew to pour its choicer stores at the feet of Jesus. We seem to have passed the border of an era, when the fallacies of Neology will be tested in vigorous conflict, until these foolish errors (and all errors are foolish) shall give way before the better tempered spears of more reverent sons and soldiers of the Cross.

The one grand field of inquiry for man, with his limited knowledge and his vast destinies, his weighty responsibility and mysterious fallibility, is the interpretation of Scripture. To settle what God's infinite knowledge and wisdom have made known, is the one great inquiry, compared with which all others are "imperitineces." The wisdom from the Highest, must needs be the highest wisdom.

There are preliminary inquiries, such as—Is the book from God? What is the amount of its authenticity, and, how far is the text correct? But when these points are settled, the first with an absolute, the second with an approximate affirmative conclusion, the great question arises—What is the true meaning and use of *the words*? On what principles are *they* to be interpreted and applied? And included in this, we find the grand inquiry facing us—What is the nature of the inspiration? Upon this all others hang. Till this is settled, a man is not safe in applying the Bible to his daily life, much less in preaching a sermon. For if the rule itself be capable of imperfection, what must be the issue of using it for perfect? And if it be imperfect, who can dare to say where the imperfection lies? This has always appeared to us an irrecoverable infirmity in those who do not maintain some kind of *verbal* inspiration. For, if the words are not all correct, which are the incorrect ones? The very word I lean upon may be the situs of weakness—the very spot of inaccuracy. To hold general inspiration is to grasp a Proteus—to hold a cloud. We are not surprised, therefore, to find in the great heretical volume* of the day, every point of belief surrendered, every fixed principle unfixed, every security parted from; and the reader sent to wander in a trackless ocean of thought, without compass and without star, the self-reliance of puny man holding the useless helm. Doubtless all these uncertainties are the natural fruit of that one divergence from the only safety, whereon their predecessors went astray,† when they affirmed that inspiration has its degrees, and that Butler and Shakespeare have a kind of inspiration as well as the Bible.

But it is almost self-evident that errors are not resisted by running into the opposite extreme. Because we renounce the notion of a general or partial inspiration of the Bible, we are not driven to maintain a hard mechanical theory which makes man nothing more than the mere mouth of God's words, a purely dependent and in no respect self-active instrument in His hands; nor again, because we say that every word is of God, and therefore true, are we constrained to maintain that the language is always

* Essays and Reviews.

† The writers of the Oxford Tract School.

framed with strict logical precision. Do men write letters so? Do men converse so? Is it not speech a tying of wings on the feet of Mercury? And does not brevity cause obscurity, just because it is a surrender of exact precision? *Brevi esse laboro: obscurus fio.*

The glory of the Scriptures is, that they are in common language, in popular utterances, so that he that runs may read. They are the poor man's book—the book of the hitherto untaught savage. But with all this, it is the book of God, and every word is his. The combination of these two ideas—popular style with their being *words from God*—it may require much wisdom to lay down harmoniously; but divines may rest in comfort during the process, for the people of England have some understanding, and *they* have arrived already at a fair approximation towards the right conclusion on this point.

There is nevertheless a deep danger, particularly affecting those who lay claim to knowledge, and who pride themselves on freedom from vulgar errors, in the circulation of books of the types already referred to. There is a fascination in error, whether or not its source be the pride that lost us Paradise. Error is comparatively new, or else takes care to seem such; and the great traders in it, retail it with an astonishing amount of assumption of this character.

It is therefore with pain that we peruse a passage like the following, though its excess ought to be its antidote. The writer in the article, "Séances Historiques de Genève," in the volume first mentioned, writes thus regarding the momentous and deep topic of the responsibility of the heathen to their Maker:—"If our traditions," *i. e.* our commonly current opinions, "tell us that the non-christian races are involved in the curse and perdition of Adam, and may justly be punished hereafter individually for his transgression, not having been extricated from it by saving faith, *we are disposed to think* that our traditions cannot herein fairly declare to us the *words and inferences* of Scripture"—*i. e.* we should believe *that* estimate of the state of the heathen unscriptural. "But if on examination it should turn out, that they have" (*i. e.* that the common ideas on this point *are* in accordance either with the words of the Bible, or are just inferences from them), "*we must say* that the authors of the Scriptural books have, in those matters, represented to us *their own inadequate conceptions*, and not the *mind of the Spirit of God*"—that is to say, some portions, or verses, or parts of verses in the Bible are altogether wrong. But if I can admit that some are wrong, why not others?—and how shall I sever between the true and the untrue—how winnow the chaff from the wheat? It is not any more God's word, but the word of God and man jointly,

or rather severally; and what becomes of the promises or the threatenings, as well as of the teachings? I rise from a rock and set my feet on a shifting sand—a quaking morass. Surely the excess of unbelief in such books might well become their remedy. But the conclusion of the passage is inimitably illogical. One wonders how a thinking man could write it, “*For we must conclude with the Apostle, yea, let God be true and every man a liar.*” He puts “God” in this sentence where he should have said “our own elementary notions;” and “every man” where he should have written “these words and inferences from Scripture.” How strange it sounds written thus—“For we must conclude with the Apostle, yea, let our own elementary notions of what is right be true, and these words and inferences from Scripture liars.” This is one of the assailants of our received religion in these latter days.

How refreshing to turn to a different volume noticed in the July number of the *ELECTIC*—“Introduction to the Study of the Gospels,”—whose introductory chapter is devoted to the vexed but still blessed subject of the Inspiration of Scripture! “All intelligent interpretation of Scripture must be based upon a strict analysis of its idioms and words. To suppose that words and cases are convertible, that tenses have no absolute meaning, that forms of expression are accidental, is to betray the fundamental principles on which all intercourse between men is based. A disbelief in the exactness of language is the prelude to all philosophical scepticism. And it will probably be found that *the same tendency of mind, which discredits the fullest teaching of words, leads, however little we may see it, to the disparagement of all outward revelation.*” How exactly this agrees with the old definition of theology—the word of God interpreted on the principles of grammar and common sense!

I can but give an extract of the paragraph following:—“But the work is as yet only half done. *The literal sense is but the source from which the spiritual sense is to be derived*; but exactly in proportion as a clear view is gained of all that is special in the object and position of each writer, it will be found that *the simple record is instinct with Divine life*; for, as has been already noticed, the external circumstances and mental characteristics are not mere accidents, but inasmuch as they influence his apprehension and expression of the truth, they become part of the Divine message.” They interweave themselves with it, so that we must know what they are, in order to abstract them, and so to arrive at the clear residuum of abstract truth for all ages. Is there not in this quotation a sound philosophy, a healthy manliness, a copying from the life to which we have only to say—“Go on and prosper.” Yes, how delightful to find a mind which has not only fed on German

theology, but been able to digest it ! And it is positively refreshing to find a divine, new from the perusal of those authors, who *loosens the joints of the theological armour* of many, thus calmly rejecting the favourite notion of Jowett, that no scripture *can have* more than one sense. (See Essays and Reviews, pages 368, 372, 418.) I quote the last only. "The apprehension of the original meaning is *inconsistent* with the reception of a typical or conventional one. The time will come when educated men will no more believe that the words, 'Out of Egypt have I called my son,' (Matthew ii. 15, Hosea xi. 1,) were *intended (sic)* by the prophet to refer to the return of Joseph and Mary from Egypt, than they are now able to believe the Roman Catholic explanation of Genesis iii. 15. *Ipsa conteret caput tuum.*" I say not how infelicitous the parallel, because the Vulgate is wrong, the right wording being—"It shall bruise thy head;" but I say, see in Professor Jowett to what issues the surrender of the *verbal* truth of Scripture leads. Many are the commentators who, by denying more than one meaning *in any case*, have prepared the way. But let God's word be true: and let wise men bow to it. When the Bible says, "then was fulfilled," let us believe that it was; and that when the prediction was uttered, the particular fulfilment was comprehended in *the intention* of the Spirit.

My tutor at Cambridge, six and twenty years ago, used to say, "An inspired apostle has only to say such a thing is so, for a German professor to rise and declare it an error." I have only this minute read what has brought this to my mind anew; but, as in former instances, it is with this difference, that it is not a German, but an Oxford Professor of Greek, who has caught this *disease* of denying what an inspired apostle affirms. St. Paul (I say St. Paul, for the last idea is that St. Luke wrote the letter to the Hebrews, as he wrote the Gospel with his name, under St. Paul's superintendence. Be it so. Only let me say St. Paul,) says that the Jewish ritual was "a figure for the time then present," and "a shadow of the good things to come," τῶν μελλόντων ἀγαθῶν. What does one, whose mind is a mere shadow of St. Paul's, say? "*It is incredible* that God should have instituted rites and ceremonies, which were to be observed by a whole people throughout their history, to teach mankind, 1,500 years afterwards, uncertainly, and *in a figure*, a lesson which Christ taught plainly, and without a figure."* St. Paul, a Jew, says, "the rites *were* a figure." Professor Jowett, not a Jew, says, "It is incredible." I shut up this contention by the old saying just reversed, "*Scurus Æmilius ait; Varius Suetonensis negat. Utri creditis, Quirites?*"

But this is indeed a specimen of what comes of *general* views of

* Jowett on some of St. Paul's Epistles. Vol. II. p. 533.

inspiration. The Professor goes directly against St. Paul, because he does not believe the *words* inspired. But what shall be said of such an assertion as the following? "If we can introduce the New Testament into the Old, we may *with equal right* introduce tradition or Church History into the New." The articles of Mr. Jowett's Church say, "The Old Testament is not contrary to the New;" but do they say that tradition and Church History are never contrary to the New? Again, he says, "It would be ridiculous to assume a spiritual meaning in the Homeric rites and sacrifices, although they may be different in other respects; have we *any more reason* for inferring such a meaning in the Mosaic?" No more reason than that it is expressly asserted in the New Testament. Where will this unbelief end, and what is its secret charm? If the truth is to be spoken, the charm lies chiefly in two things:—the first, that this new and bold hardihood of assertion is flattering to intellectual pride; and the second, that it is a line in direct opposition to the Evangelical School, the cross of being reckoned in which many like not to take up and bear. Evangelicals have had their faults, and have some still; but they have fought the battle, and won it too, in behalf of the great vital principles of the Gospel of Salvation. And yet it is the fashion with not a few, first to profit by the light which their predecessors have shed, and then to make use of it to see how to strike them down and ride over them. I happen to know of a certainty, that the Tractarian movement distinctly sprang out of antipathy to the professors of Evangelical truth. In fact, this marked its course all along. And now this new inroad of scepticism, though from the opposite quarter of thought, has its rise in the same antipathy to the plain and humbling truths of the Gospel. Anything rather than these will the natural heart welcome.

But to the unsophisticated, and to those who have been but partially led astray, we make appeal. If there be no real and thorough inspiration of the *words* of Scripture, there is no certain message from God at all; no foundation for grammatical reasoning upon it; no surety of any doctrine whatever. We are all building on sand; and the faith of our religious ancestors from the beginning has been a mere conjecture. Whence then did their faith catch its "overcoming power," and achieve its glorious deeds of Christian heroism? Whence came the wisdom of these men and their mighty works? The simple cause is that they believed IN GOD, because they believed in HIS WORD.*

* The subject involved in this short article is every day gathering additional interest and importance, and the Biblical student should make himself thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Westcott's admirable volume, entitled, "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels."

III.

THE PROVINCE OF REASON.*

SINCE we wrote our criticism of Mansell's Bampton Lecture, we have been the quiet but attentive on-lookers of the tumultuous controversy which that celebrated work has excited. The spectacle has been novel and full of interest. Strange, that in the nineteenth century, and in this country, amid the whirr of its spinning-jennies, the whistle of its engines, the roar of its furnaces and forges, and the multitudinous activities that are the characteristic features of modern civilization, there should burst out suddenly a tempest of scholastic disputation, which has embroiled and vexed the country, as fiercely as any of the famous jousts of rival schoolmen in the dull pre-Baconian age. Plumed in our spreading, many-eyed sciences, we had begun to despise the tedious logical wrangling of the schools in the middle ages, as endless and meaningless humdrum, and the grave Doctors who engaged in it as simple dotards. Their controversies we had branded as a mere logomachy—a petty word-quibbling, in which no essential truth was involved; and while busy in our grand researches, digging the bowels of the earth to learn its history, or scanning the heavens to disclose their order—studies conceived to be of paramount value, because they contribute to the physical welfare of mankind—we dreamt that these schools and schoolmen, their themes and terminology, had passed away irrecoverably from the earth, and

"Upwhirl'd aloft, had
Fled o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a Limbo, large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools."

But we have been undeceived. All at once we see men of the highest celebrity and intelligence resuming the very controversies which re-echoed in the schools, arraying themselves in similar antagonism, reviving their dead terminology, and wielding it with a logical dexterity and a zealous animosity which would do honour to the most subtle and seraphic of the old Doctors. Fury would not be too strong a word to describe the temper in which Mr. Maurice assailed Mr. Mansell, or in which Mr. Mansell repelled the assault; and Mr. Young, who has joined the *melée*, has too easily imitated their passionate style. We regret that the great scholastic controversy of our day, to which we have summoned our readers' attention, has been disfigured by a very blameable asperity and rudeness of language

* The Province of Reason: a Criticism of the Bampton Lecture on the Limits of Religious Thought. By John Young, LL. D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

Upon Mr. Maurice the gravamen of this charge must fall. His first work,—“What is Revelation?”—published as a reply to the Bampton Lecture, is unexampled in this century for the rabid temper and recklessness of its onslaught. We are grieved but not surprised that Mr. Mansell was exasperated to write a haughty, crushing, but somewhat uncourteous defence; which, however, we are happy to record, has provoked a rejoinder from Mr. Maurice, in which, while he maintains with strenuous fidelity the deep convictions expressed in his former volume, he displays, as a controversialist, a more knightly and generous spirit.

This controversy is doubtless calculated to awaken deep interest, and to produce strong convictions on one side or the other, in the minds of earnest students, for it concerns directly the certainty and extent of our highest knowledge—the knowledge of God—and indirectly it determines the reality of all human knowledge. Further, it brings into clear issue many fundamental positions which have been diversely but tacitly assumed, and have been the hidden underlying premises of nearly all modern theological controversies; so that, in fact, this controversy contains within itself the settlement of these. It will not, therefore, be quickly decided, and indeed, in some of its issues, will never be decided—the old eternal distinctions of Platonist and Aristotelian abiding still, to separate two classes of human minds that will always pronounce antagonistic judgment on certain points. Mr. Young's book presents with tolerable precision, the popular objections which are taken against the Bampton Lecture, so that a revision of it will enable us to expound more clearly Mr. Mansell's philosophy, where these objections arise from obvious misapprehension; and to refute it where these objections, speaking a popular voice, indicate some mortal flaw in his system, a gape underneath its faultless logical equipment.

Mr. Maurice's vehement reasoning is deduced mainly from the peculiar dogmas which he is known to avow in his theological speculations, so that a review of his two works will lead us to the consideration of those extraordinary religious theories which yet, by his fervent eloquence, he has impressed so deeply upon the age, in order that we may comprehend and adjudge the points in dispute between Mr. Mansell and him. Thus distinct, the works of Young and Maurice require special and individual criticism.

As we are unable to follow Mr. Young along the wide track within which he has enclosed “The Province of Reason,” we shall select three of his capital divisions for review, commencing, however, with a division of our own for miscellaneous criticism. This article, accordingly, has these four divisions:—

- I. Miscellaneous Criticism.
- II. Criticism of Chapters II. and III. of Section I. concerning “Rationalism.”
- III. Criticism of Section VI. concerning “Reason and Faith.”
- IV. Criticism of Section II. concerning “Applications of Logic.”

I. Mr. Young begins his book with some ejaculatory sentences, supposed to be the first breath-takings of the reader after emerging from the depths of the Bampton Lecture; they are as it were the first glances of light darting through the dark bewilderment of the reader's mind, and striking upon the grand mountain errors of the book.

Now as these sentences give us his first impressions of Mr. Mansell's work, so we gather from them our first impressions of Mr. Mansell's critic, and of the book he has written. One of these ejaculations is—"Here is a high and extended argument—an elaborate book! On what? The Infinite, the Unconditioned, the Absolute. The author boldly goes into the region of the inconceivable, *à priori* truths, the region of pure abstraction, the region of pure subjective logic. But the principle which he seeks to establish is, that the human mind is incapable of reasoning respecting the Infinite, incapable of conceiving the Infinite at all. Either his course is legitimate, and then his principle is demolished; or his course is illegitimate and nugatory, and then his principle is yet undefended, unestablished,"—a passage which we invite our readers to re-peruse and analyse it with us—as to facts. Mr. Mansell's argument is not "On the Infinite," but on "The Limits of Religious Thought," in proving the existence of which he shows that the Infinite—that which is without limits—cannot perforce be contained within them. If a man shows that Great Britain is limited by the "white and wailing fringe" of the ocean, and then exposes the absurdity of some who suppose the Continent of Europe to be comprised in Britain, this argument can scarcely be described as being "On Europe." Mr. Young evidently intends the four phases of the next sentence to be synonymous—"the inconceivable," "*à priori* truths," "pure abstraction," "subjective logic," or else the sentence is mere verbiage; and yet being philosophical terms, they have a most precise meaning, and are not only not synonymous, but are neither related, nor bear the least resemblance to each other. A two-lined rectilineal figure, a round square, an indivisible atom, infinite space,—are all inconceivable, but they bear no relation or similarity to "*à priori* truths," such as "every change has a cause;" or to any "pure abstraction" in which some element involved in a concrete perception is isolated, and contemplated alone, such as "Being," "Colour," "Life," or to any law of "subjective logic," which Mr. Young can invent or discover. Strange to say, however, none of these terms which Mr. Young innocently confounds together, except the first, has the slightest connection with Mr. Mansell's book, which neither treats on *à priori* truths, abstraction, nor logic; and when Mr. Young says, "the author boldly goes into the Inconceivable," he states in so many words the very thing Mr. Mansell does *not* do. The aim of his work is, to show that the Infinite or Absolute, into which so many speculators boldly plunge, is and must be inconceivable by the human mind—that their speculations, consequently, are pure

folly, and so to protest that he himself will not go into that formless void, and to warn others against going. Hence to accuse the Bampton Lecturer on this ground, is to accuse the "Principia" of Isaac Newton, because it puts the earth in the centre of the Solar System, or the life of Washington, because he fought and schemed to maintain the British rule over the States of America.

"But," says Mr. Young, "the principle he seeks to establish is, that the human mind is incapable of reasoning respecting the Infinite, incapable of conceiving the Infinite at all." Now we ask, what does Mr. Young intend by this convenient generality, "reasoning respecting the Infinite?" Does he mean reasoning *from* it, or *of* it, as if it were known? Then, Mr. Mansell does deny the possibility of such reasoning, because he denies the existence of the knowledge which it assumes. Or does he mean all reasoning that shall bear allusion or reference to the Infinite? Then Mr. Mansell's book is plain proof that he does *not* consider the human mind incapable of such reasoning. Dr. Young misrepresents the *facts* which he finds in the Bampton Lecture. He says, "either his course is legitimate, and then his principle is demolished," &c. In other words, because Mr. Mansell reasons respecting the Infinite in the sense of proving its inconceivability, therefore the human mind is capable of reasoning respecting the Infinite in the sense of knowing it, and making deductions from it. Here is the syllogism of this argument:—

Mr. Mansell has written a book in which he reasons respecting the Infinite.

To reason respecting the Infinite implies that we can conceive it.

Therefore, Mr. Mansell's course demolishes his own principle, that the human mind is incapable of conceiving the Infinite. The syllogism looks well, till the minor premiss be examined, and it is remembered that Mr. Mansell's reasoning respecting the Infinite is to prove that a finite mind cannot conceive it. Does the conclusion, then, hold? When a man reasons against a proposition, does he in the very act assert its truth?

We give only another of these hasty judgments pronounced by Mr. Young in his introduction on the Bampton Lecture, which will set the reader on his guard against similar blunders throughout the book.

"With the external evidences of a Divine Revelation—with these, the Bampton Lecturer maintains, and these only, reason has anything to do."*

This passage is supposed to give an impression of the Bampton Lecture immediately after its perusal; and yet it is almost incredible that any one should have written this, when the eighth, the last lecture, is largely devoted to the elucidation of the true nature and

* "Province of Reason," p. 18.

worth of the *Internal Evidences* of revealed Religion, in which Mr. Mansell amplifies and illustrates the following profound reflections:—

“ In one sense, no doubt, the *contents* of a Revelation are included among its evidences; but that very inclusion gives them a totally different significance and weight from that to which they lay claim, when considered as the basis of a philosophical criticism. In the one case, they are judged by their conformity to the supposed nature and purposes of God; in the other, by their adaptation to the actual circumstances and wants of man. In the one case, they are regarded as furnishing a simple and a certain criterion; for on the supposition that our reason is competent to determine, from our knowledge of the Divine Nature, what the characteristics of a true Revelation ought to be, we are entitled by virtue of that criterion alone to reject whatever does not satisfy its requirements. In the other case, they are regarded as furnishing only one probable presumption out of many—a presumption which may confirm, and be confirmed by, coinciding testimony from other sources, or, on the contrary, may be outweighed when we come to balance probabilities by conflicting evidence on the other side.”

Yet, with *external evidences alone*, Mr. Young informs us, the writer of the above paragraph maintains, reason has anything to do. We heartily wish Mr. Young had given, in his introductory chapter, worthier pledges for correct quotation and clear criticism in the chapters that follow. But if he had, they would have been broken.

(2.) Mr. Mansell begins his volume by contrasting two opposite systems of religious criticism, which he denominates Dogmatism and Rationalism; the former accepts the doctrines revealed in the Bible, but, deeming that single authority insecure, fortifies and establishes them with logical demonstration, and so pieces them together in an elaborate system. The explanation given by Mr. Rose of the theological method of Wolf, the leader of philosophical dogmatism in the eighteenth century, exhibits clearly the system defined by Mr. Mansell:—“ He (*i.e.* Wolf) maintained that philosophy was indispensable to theology, and that, *together with Biblical proof*, a mathematical or strictly demonstrative dogmatical system, according to the principles of reason, was absolutely necessary.” Of the latter (Rationalism) Mr. Mansell says:—“ Without intending to limit the name to any single school or period in theological controversy, I mean generally to designate that system whose final test of truth is placed in the direct assent of the human consciousness, whether in the form of logical deduction or moral judgment, or religious intuition, by whatever previous processes those faculties may have been raised to their assumed dignity as arbitrators. The Rationalist, as such, is not bound to maintain that a Divine Revelation of religious truth is impossible, nor even to deny that it *has* actually been given. He

may admit the existence of the Revelation as a fact; he may acknowledge its utility as a temporary means of instruction for a rude age; he may even accept certain portions as of universal and permanent authority. But he assigns to some superior tribunal the right of determining what is essential to religion and what is not; he claims for himself and his age the privilege of accepting or rejecting any given revelation, wholly or in part, according as it does or does not satisfy the conditions of some higher criterion to be supplied by the human consciousness." There are two systems, at any rate, accurately and intelligibly defined. Are they rightly denominated? It may seem to matter little if the author carefully abide by his definition. Yet names are valuable, and should not causelessly be divested of their common signification to be invested with a novel and eccentric meaning, certain to be misunderstood. Some may demur, on this ground, to Mr. Mansell's definition of Dogmatism: because Dogmatic Theology is an honourable word, long employed in our country to denote the harmonious arrangement of divine truth, so far as it is revealed, without attempting either to confirm that truth with additional authority, by means of independent reasoning; or to complete the dogmatic system by human demonstrations, that claim equal authority with revealed doctrine. But Mr. Mansell has selected the word "*Dogmatism*" to indicate that he meant, not *dogmatic* theology, but its extravagances, abuse, and corruption; and he has jealously guarded himself against this objection, in the preface to the third edition. Mr. Young, however, devotes the second and third chapters of his work as a phillipic against Mr. Mansell's use of the word *Rationalism*. He is indignant that this noble word, signifying, he says, according to its etymology, the right use of reason, should be so degraded and misapplied by Mr. Mansell. He conceives this perversion of the word *Rationalism* to be an insult to human reason, and to prove that Mr. Mansell ignores its authority and use altogether in religious criticism; and he further denies that the system which Mr. Mansell so abusively nicknames *Rationalism* has any expositors or adherents in this country. On each point, Mr. Young blunders outrageously; yet with a simple, unconscious *naïveté* and vivacious zeal that are amusing. First, we assert that Mr. Mansell has adopted, and clearly stated in his definition, the usual universal meaning of *Rationalism*. It is not his fault that *Rationalism* has acquired its present signification. He uses a familiar English word, in its accepted English sense, and it would have been unpardonable in him to have used it in any other. We are accordingly amazed that Dr. Young should stigmatise the definition of *Rationalism* as a heinous blemish, a proof of reactionary violence, and an affront to the just authority of reason, in the Bampton Lecture.

We challenge Dr. Young to find out a passage in any English classic written during the last century, in which *Rationalism* is employed to signify the right use of reason; for the word has acquired entirely a specific meaning. In the first place, it is confined to religious speculation; and, in the second, it invariably denotes those systems in

which human reason is exalted to be the only organ for the communication of religious ideas, or is constituted the supreme arbiter in verifying the contents of Revelation. Mr. Mansell, indeed, has exhibited more accurately the fundamental position assumed in diverse systems of Rationalism, and so has eliminated the popular meaning of the word more clearly than ever had been done before; but he has used it according to its technical and familiar meaning, on the Continent and in England, and as if to secure himself against a misapprehension we should have thought impossible till we read Dr. Young's critique, he quotes the two highest authorities, Kant and Wegscheider, in support of his rendering of the word. A word was wanted to designate a certain system of religious philosophy which became rampant in Germany last century, in which human reason was abusively applied, according to the opinion of the orthodox Church, and Rationalism was coined and so appropriated. When, therefore, Dr. Young, in defiance of the classical and popular signification of the word, exclaims, "There is a rationalism—not German, and not infidel, and not presumptuous, and not godless—a rationalism reverent, humble, pious, which, unless we be false to the constitution of our minds, false to what is higher than our minds—eternal truth, and false to the great Being, the Father of our minds, and the Fountain of truth, *we dare not, must not, never must forego*"—he simply writes very vehement bad English. He means to say, there is a reverent use of reason in the sphere of religion which is not Rationalism.

Second :—we deny that Mr. Mansell has attempted to invalidate the authority of reason, whether regarded as understanding proper, or as the region of *à priori* truths. "Without question," writes Dr. Young, "all who are capable of any mental effort, are conscious of a profound desire to discover a consistency between the dictates of their intelligence and the articles of their faith, be their faith what it may. So universal, so irrepressible is this tendency, that it can only be looked upon as a law of our intelligence. And how vain to force back the rushing spirit of investigation, which owns a power as mighty as what governs the ocean in its ebb and flow. How worse than vain to stigmatise as crime an act of obedience to a constitutional principle." Again he asks—"Is the desire an impious one, to perceive the essential harmony between the nature with which our Creator has endowed us, and what claims to be His written Revelation?" Now we are puzzled to reply to this diatribe; for we affirm, instead of incriminating the attempt to evince a harmony between our intellectual nature and the Divine Revelation as impious and sinful, Mr. Mansell issues his book with this professed object in view; he wishes to show that there is "a consistency between the dictates of intelligence and the articles of our faith." And to this end he draws out, in the fifth and sixth lectures, a parallel between the fundamental principles of human intelligence and the doctrines of the Christian Religion, to show how striking and perfect is the analogy between them. Here

is the explicit announcement of Mr. Mansell's aim given in the first Bampton Lecture, which we see is precisely that which Dr. Young conceives him to condemn as criminal. "If it can be shown that the limits of religious and philosophical thought are the same; that corresponding difficulties occur in both, and, from the nature of the case, must occur, the chief foundation of religious rationalism is cut away from it. The difficulties which it professes to find in Revelation are shown to be not peculiar to Revelation, but inherent in the constitution of the human mind, and such as no system of Rationalism can avoid or overcome!" Let the next sentence be carefully studied by Dr. Young, that he may get an insight into the scope of Mr. Mansell's work. "The analogy which Bishop Butler has pointed out between religion and the constitution and course of nature, may be in some degree extended to the constitution and process of the human mind. The representations of God which Scripture presents to us may be shown to be analogous to those which the laws of our minds require us to form, and therefore such as may naturally be supposed to have emanated from the same Author." Just, then, as Bishop Butler disclosed the harmony between the procedure of God's government displayed in Providence and that revealed in Holy Scripture, so Mr. Mansell attempts to disclose the harmony between the facts revealed in consciousness and the doctrines of religion. He exposes the suicidal fallacy of Pyrrhonism, which assumes that man's reason is delusive. He believes in the existence and authority of the higher reason, which is the source of *a priori* truths and of the moral sentiments. Speculative truth, he affirms, is wholly impossible to man, for he regards it as equivalent with absolute truth. We doubt the propriety of so defining speculative truth, but we must not forget this is the definition. Accordingly, Mr. Mansell affirms that the highest principles of thought and action to which we can attain are regulative, not speculative, *e.g.* that the ultimate principle of causality, which is the foundation of all systematic knowledge, is not speculatively true, because this principle, though ultimate to the human mind, plainly refers to and is grounded on some higher law of the universe which is hidden from us. It is inexplicable to the reason, though it is the groundwork of all our reasoning. But he none the less affirms that it is true, that while it points at a higher truth which the limits of thought make incognizable, and while it only is *relatively* true, as contrasted with the absolute, which is veiled; and *regulatively* true as conditioning the order of our thoughts, yet he does impugn the reality of its truth. We confess that we are suspicious of the phrase "regulative truth," and of some other phraseology adopted by Mr. Mansell, as, when he says, in explanation of regulative truths, "they do not serve to satisfy the reason, but to guide the conduct; they do not tell us what things are in themselves, but how we must conduct ourselves in relation to them." This smacks strongly of the "subjectivism" of Kant's philosophy, and seems to imply that these principles do not give us the truth of things as they are, but merely ordinate our thoughts

respecting them; e.g. does our belief in causality reveal to us a real connection between the objective cause and its effect, or merely combine our conceptions of these two? Our knowledge of causation must be relative and partial. We cannot know what the nexus between cause and effect may be, save as our own consciousness of volition may illumine the darkness; but does our belief state a reality in the things themselves, there being a necessary, though inscrutable bond *existent* between them, as our faith certifies? Does some unknown law of causality regulate the order of events as it regulates our judgment of them? This the pith of the controversy. Is relative knowledge real? Do regulative truths guiding our conduct exhibit also the actual order and process in which the outer universe is guided? On this critical issue Mr. Mansell's language is ambiguous and varying. So far as Dr. Young has expounded his views, Mr. Mansell's are at one with them; while Mr. Mansell's exposure of the irrational principles of Rationalism casts no indignity on human reason, as Dr. Young laments, but indicates its native honour in its proper sphere.

Thirdly :—Dr. Young quotes in the third chapter a succession of passages from the Bampton Lecture descriptive of modern Rationalism, of which the first which we give is a fair sample. "The Rationalist assigns to some superior tribunal the right of determining what (in Revelation) is essential to religion and what is not; he claims the privilege of accepting or rejecting any given Revelation, wholly or in part, according as it does, or does not, satisfy the conditions of some higher criterion to be supplied by human consciousness."* And then he adds, "I venture to think that one and all of these passages and expressions, the whole taken together, are not called for, either in spirit or in direct expression. I venture to think they are not true and not just, that scarcely a single one of them is true or just, as applied to any philosophical or theological school in this country, or even almost to any solitary individual." In other passages, he charges Mr. Mansell with conjuring up the spectre of Rationalism he attempts to lay, and with having essayed a useless and thankless task in the attempt, because it has no real existence in this country. Where, one is tempted to ask, does Dr. Young reside? Mr. Mansell has rendered distinguished and almost unexampled service to the cause of Christianity by grappling at once with this gigantic foe; and without dallying over minor details of criticism he has pressed at once to that principle which is assumed in all its criticisms, and is the key of its position, demonstrating by evidence, which is as certain as the finitude of the human intellect, that it is untenable. It would have been justifiable in Dr. Young to have written a book either in support or in correction of Mr. Mansell's defence of Revealed Religion against Rationalism. If it be faulty let it be amended; and even if impregnable strong, fresh outworks

* "Bampton Lecture," p. 4

may be harmlessly attached ; but it is absolutely unwarrantable, as in defiance of the most notorious facts, to assail, or pooh-pooh a work of such manifest power and solemn purpose as the Bampton Lecture of 1859, on the pretext that Rationalism was unknown in England. Even had this been the blessed condition of our country at present, as Dr. Young fondly and credulously supposes, a work, compacted of such massive learning and stringent argumentation, had asserted its right to an honourable and permanent place in the apologetic literature of the Catholic Church. It is written for all times and countries—a *κτῆμα ἐς τὸ αἰεῖ*; a fortress erected for defence in the future even if unneeded now. But this work is not mistimed and unneeded ; it bears straightly upon the problems most profoundly agitated, and confronts pernicious heresies, most loudly preached in our day ; and if Dr. Young had been unacquainted with some of our more recent publications, he should at any rate have made himself acquainted with the notes appended to Mr. Mansell's Lectures, in which he would have learnt that the passages he quotes from Mr. Mansell, containing, he thinks, un-heard of monstrosities, are an accurate reprint from other pages, and embody doctrines, earnestly avowed and widely accepted by able men, which therefore it was imperative on some Christian advocate to examine and, if possible, refute.

III. The last section of Dr. Young's book is "concerning Reason and Faith," which we shall examine before we proceed to his philosophical section "concerning applications of logic," with our strictures on which we close, because this chapter exhibits in full proportion the philosophical error which vitiates the reasoning in his foregoing section. In fact, we cease to be surprised at Dr. Young's criticisms on Mr. Mansell when we read this chapter, which, though written with great linguistic force and beauty, is a psychological jumble, from the rich confusion of which we find it difficult to extricate the one fundamental error, which strikes like a "fault" through the entire volume, setting all its contents awry. The following are a few of the crude effervescent sentiments which occur in the chapter. Speaking of what he calls "the Higher Reason," he writes:—"This is it in our nature, which is constituted to take hold of the Divine, which is the special organ of the Divine, through which we ascend to the great Being, and His thoughts and the sense of His presence descend to enter us. To contemn the understanding and neglect its free use, is crime ; but to dishonour the higher reason and the Divine faculty, the ONLY organ through which our Maker can speak with us, and we can reach our Maker, is crime more flagrant still" (p. 317). These are strong words, intended to brand Mr. Mansell's lectures. The meaning of the passage, we confess, is palpable darkness to us, and recites in other phraseology the cant about "religious consciousness," &c. which Mr. Mansell has vigorously exposed. But we stay not to argue a point in which Dr. Young has again and again confuted himself. We mark *the* adverb only in the passage just

quoted. Dr. Young should take care of that little word, for it recoils sharply if negligently handled. It occurs again, when it flatly contradicts its subsequent self in one of Dr. Young's solemnly emphatic passages. "Be it ever remembered that whether there be a Divine voice at all, and what its true meaning is, are questions to be determined *ONLY* by the judgment; questions, therefore, to which in all cases we may give a right or wrong reply" (p. 306). Now, be it ever remembered that Dr. Young again and again, and with exceeding explicit care, discriminates between the higher reason and the judgment. Yet *EACH* of these, he informs us, is the *ONLY* organ through which we can learn the will of God. So be it. Dr. Young has yet another contradictory proposition to stultify both of these. "The question whether there be a Divine voice in certain words," he writes, "is certainly one which can be ascertained *only* through the processes of the understanding, or through the intuitions of reason, or through both" (p. 304). We think this a nonpareil sentence. The point in question certainly can be ascertained *only* through the processes of the understanding. Well, if this be so, then certainly it can be ascertained through nothing else; but immediately another alternative is given—it can be ascertained *only* through the intuitions of reason; and then, to perfect the insoluble puzzle, and crown the heap of contradictions—"it cannot be only ascertained by either, but *ONLY* by both."

Here, again, is a sentence, which we almost regret to quote:—"Faith merely takes hold of that has been seen to be true, which previously, and on other grounds, has been seen to be true. It is supposed that, first of all, we find a theory to be true and trustworthy, whether it be so or not, actually is still a question, but the evidence at least has satisfied us, and on the ground of this we put our faith in it." A thing is *seen* to be true, *found* to be true and trustworthy, before it is believed, and then faith is a new mental process, which takes hold of what is previously seen and found to be true. The language is metaphorical; but, in the history of all philosophy, whoever conceived a difference between seeing, finding, and holding to be true, and especially put the mental act of belief between the second and third of these terms, as constituting a *generic* difference between them. The man who holds it to be true, believes; the man who has found it to be true, who has clearly seen it to be true, does not believe. How, pray, may his mental state, before it is precipitated into belief, be designated? If he does not believe when he *sees* it—finds it to be true, we fear he never will. Faith, we are told, is a faculty which we may or may not exercise according to our inclination or purpose, *i.e.* after we have seen and found any proposition to be true, we may or may not hold it to be true. But Dr. Young's capital error, underrunning his book, is repeatedly thus expressed:—"The measure of our knowledge is the *measure* of our faith" (p. 287). "Knowledge is the *basis* and the *measure* of the act of belief. We believe, because we understand, and so far as we understand, and no farther" (p. 288). The expression is curiously incorrect. Let us cite

an instance. When the Northern Traveller informed the Oriental King that water in cold climates became a transparent solid ; in what sense can it be true that the Monarch's knowledge is to be the measure of his faith ? He did *not* know that water ever became, or could become ice ; according to this law therefore he did not, could not, believe the fact. If our knowledge is to be the *measure* of our belief, we shall believe nothing we did not know before we were called to believe it.

If a man is only to believe what he has already, from foregoing observation and experience, perfectly understood, and not a whit beyond, we wonder what worth any belief will be to him. A useless appendix, we think, after the clear understanding of any matter, to be troubled with an additional belief in it. But though this be the only English meaning of Dr. Young's philosophical axioms, it is not what he means. His purport we imagine to be simply this : that ere a man believe, he must have some knowledge, which will be satisfactory evidence ; not helping him to understand, but warranting him to accept as true, any statement made. The tawny king, whose eyes stared with amazement to hear the rushing waters could be stiffened like steel, would need to know that the traveller who reported the marvel was a credible witness. But, so stated, how *absurd* appears this axiom. The knowledge of a man's character may be the *basis* of faith in a material fact, but never the *measure* of it. Knowledge of trustworthiness measuring meteorological phenomena ! How shall the number of facts, or the character of the facts believed, be graduated according to the scale of the traveller's veracity ? A few facts credited, if his reputation be doubtful, and more according as it improves ? No, if the witness be credible, all his testimony, be it more or less, reconcilable or not with former knowledge, must be received. If not credible, none of it, however plausible.

This illustrative instance we have used leads us further to apprehend the nature of that mental act denoted by "belief." Its specific meaning is not, as Dr. Young defines it, "holding for true or real," because in this sense it is not distinct from other forms of knowledge, such as mathematical demonstration, &c. ; "it is the holding for true or real on the ground of some authority, which asserts the reality of the fact or the truth of the proposition, but does not explain them." So it is distinguished from the knowledge of truth, derived from comparison, inference, reasoning, or any process in which from elements already known further knowledge is evolved. The term knowledge is applied to both species, the knowledge of belief and the knowledge of understanding, indiscriminately, but is generally given to those forms of each species which are the most decisive and clear ; *e. g.* the belief grounded on sense-perception, or the results of demonstrative reasoning of them ; we say emphatically, we know. That this is the meaning of belief will be apparent on a moment's reflection. The sense of sight shows grass is green, and I believe it, though sense simply says *that* it is, and does not

explain, so that I can understand *how* it is. By a law of my own mind, I believe every change has a cause, but that belief exists without any understanding of the nature of causation. Faith in testimony is the belief of a fact upon the ground of the character of the testimony avouching it. A man says what he has seen, to believe in him is to believe in it, and this belief is wholly distinct from any understanding of the fact credited. Similarly, we trust the conclusions of astronomers in their mathematical calculations, though we cannot follow or understand the processes through which they are reached. We believe in them—relying on the reputed ability and integrity of the savans who announced them, though we cannot understand them; and even, we add, because we cannot understand them. That is to say, if we could go through these calculations for ourselves, we should need to take no one's word for the result ourselves had elicited. In the highest region of truth, belief remains unchanged in its nature—if it were not, it would be no longer belief, but some other mental act. Upon the testimony of God, we hold for true many propositions, and for real many facts, which transcend the possibility of human discovery, and may be inexplicable to human reason. *Reason*, indeed, is called into exercise to try and authenticate the evidence, which proves certain testimony to be from God; but when this is done, *reason* itself enjoins us to *believe*,—to hold for true upon Divine authority, what itself could not discover, and may not understand. There is, however, a childish quibble raised here, owing to the ambiguity of the word understanding, and the terms denoting the mental acts concerned in knowledge, but which ought to be beneath any philosophic critic. It is said “a man must know or understand what he believes, for how can he believe what is unknown?” Every one must see where the ambiguity lies. The words knowledge and even understanding are sometimes employed to signify “simple apprehension.” The meaning of the words contained in any statement must be intelligible ere it is believed. But no one ever dreams of denying such a truism as this. When it is said a man may believe what he does not understand, the word understanding is employed in the more precise and appropriate sense of being able to give the reasons or causes of this particular proposition or fact, so as to explain it satisfactorily to the mind. The Eastern Monarch may know perfectly the meaning of the words transparent solid, so that he can apprehend the statement that liquid water becomes a firm pellucid substance; but he does not understand, because it lies beyond the pale of his experience or science, the why and how of this becoming, when water becomes ice. We are compelled to be brief, but one sentence from Leibnitz is so vigorously and finely expressed, that our readers will thank us for the extract:—

“Il en est de même des autres mystères, où les esprits modérés trouveront toujours une explication suffisante pour croire, et jamais autant qu'il en faut pour comprendre. Il nous suffit d'un certain ce que c'est (*réfort*), mais le comment (*pour*) nous passe, et ne nous est pas nécessaire.”—*Theodicoë, Discours de la Conformité de la Foi avec la Raison, sec. 66.*

Let us now glance at Dr. Young's criticism of Mr. Mansell, which stands convicted of the grossest misapprehension. "'Reason itself,' Mr. Mansell says, 'rightly interpreted, teaches the existence of truths that are above itself;—that is, that are incomprehensible. And again,—'It is a duty enjoined by reason itself to believe in that which we are unable to comprehend.' Quite so; and therefore faith is manifestly based on reason. We may judge with what consistency, and in connection with the words just quoted, the lecturer can assert, 'We thus learn that the province of reason and faith are not co-extensive.' But if, as he had just maintained, reason enjoins what faith obeys; and, as in the first quotation, if reason teaches what faith adopts, it is shown, so far at least, that their 'provinces are co-extensive.'" In reply to this quotation from Dr. Young—we shall (1) prove Mr. Mansell's consistency, and (2) convict Dr. Young of the plainest perversion of easy words. (1) A man may infer by reasoning upon the necessary limitations of his own experience—the credibility of testimony—the conscious restriction of his powers of reasoning—that he should believe upon sufficient authority, what he could never know by his own reasoning; e.g. he believes the earth goes round the sun:—he does not know this by his own reasoning; it contradicts the experience of his senses; yet he holds it for true, on the reasoning of others. This item of knowledge belongs, with him, to the province of faith, and not of reason. All our knowledge, accepted by us for true on authority, and not deduced by inference and demonstration, you own belongs in like manner to the province of faith. It is quite true that our reason is satisfied as to the evidence on which we believe; but there the province of Reason is bounded, and the wide world of Truth, to which the *evidence* introduces, is exclusively the province of Faith. The nature of evidence is judged by reason; the facts attested by that evidence are accepted by faith. So clearly, accordingly, are these provinces separated, that we might go further than Mr. Mansell, and affirm—not only are they not co-extensive, but they are absolutely distinct. What a man has once reasoned out to be true, he will never henceforth trust to any external authority to believe. But (2) we must mark for reprobation Dr. Young's singular faculty either for misapprehension or perversion in this passage. Mr. Mansell does not maintain that "reason enjoins *what* faith obeys," or "teach *what* faith adopts." Against this doctrine his whole book protests. "Reason," he says, "teaches the existence of truths above reason,"—i.e. teaches *that* there are such truths, but not *what* they are. It teaches that the nature of God is inscrutable. It does not teach the doctrine of the Trinity. A chemist may know *that* there is a secret element in law baffling his investigations; but he knows too painfully that "*that*" is not "*what*." Years of toil have not revealed *what* that unknown force may be. "Reason teaches that man must believe *what* he cannot comprehend," says Mansell; and this single statement, by a sudden "*presto*" and trick of the pen, appears with this very astounding variance—"Reason teaches *WHAT* faith adopts."

IV. We must not linger long over the section on Applications of Logic. It professes to deal with "the metaphysics" of the Bampton Lecture. He distinguishes between the Infinite "One" and the Infinite "All," without showing how the *one* could be *infinite* and yet not be the "all;" and how that part of the "All" which it is not, exists without limiting it. He distinguishes between a quantitative infinite and a qualitative infinite; and of the *latter* he asserts there may be many infinities; but yet that all these infinities do not make up an infinity. "An infinite Being, quite remote from the notion of a quantity, an amount to which nothing can be added without destroying it, does not render the existence of a finite being, or of finite beings, impossible to the thought. Without contradiction they may co-exist. Even beyond this, an infinite attribute does not render another distinct and different infinite attribute, or many distinct and different attributes, impossible to our thought." But the very phrase, "qualitative infinite," is a contradiction in terms. A quality or attribute has no independent existence. Does Dr. Young remember the sentence occurring a few pages before—"How better could we define the infinite than in the very words here employed to define the absolute, 'aloof from relation, comparison, limitation, condition, dependence.'" How then can "the infinite," as he himself defines it, be predicated of an attribute the very conception of which expresses that which the infinite is *not*. An attribute is *not* "aloof from relation, condition, dependence;" it is related, conditioned, dependent. Yet Dr. Young calls it, in defiance of his own definition, Infinite; asserts there are many infinities, and says, "all of them together do not make up infinity." All which arises from a confusion of the *philosophical* sense of the word "Infinite" with its popular synonyme, the indefinite.

We indict Dr. Young upon these three counts, the *least of which* is too flagrant to escape the heaviest censure.

(1). "I maintain," says Dr. Young, "that his—viz. Mr. Mansell's—laid down definition of the absolute, contains nothing at least palpably inconsistent with the idea of cause. That which exists in and by itself, and has no *necessary* relation to any other being—for so the absolute is defined—may, retaining all its self-sufficiency and absoluteness, have a voluntary, a self-imposed relation to other being." Will our readers believe that this criticism, directed against Mr. Mansell, is a bald paraphrase of a proposition which Mr. Mansell had demonstrated, and which we quote for Dr. Young's benefit: "Supposing the absolute to become a cause, it will follow that it operates by means of free will and consciousness; for a *necessary* cause cannot be conceived as absolute and infinite. If necessitated by something beyond itself, it is thereby limited by a superior power, and if necessitated by itself, it has in its own nature a *necessary* relation to its effect. The act of causation must therefore be voluntary."

(2). "'By the absolute,' says Mr. Mansell, following Calderwood, 'is meant that which exists in and by itself, having no *necessary* rela-

tion to any other being.' But, in the place of this, we find here the important substitution,—'the conception of the absolute implies a possible existence out of all relation.' It is glaringly in the face of his own definition. '*Out of all relation?*' No; by no means; for the absolute, as defined, is that which has not no relation, but no necessary relation; and even more than this, no necessary relation to any other being."* Dr. Young further adds, "this logical blunder, for which Mr. Mansell is guilty of uncommon carelessness, is so great and serious in its consequences that it is scarcely pardonable."

Of that which has no *necessary* relation to any other being, there is implied a *possible* existence out of all relation. What does the word "*necessary*" mean in this passage but that no relation, which it sustains,—holds *necessarily*,—that, therefore, it may cease to exist, and that, accordingly, there is a possible existence out of all relation. If such aloofness from all relation be *impossible*, then it has a *necessary* relation to other being. But observe how in this furious *assault* on as plain a logical statement as that two and two make four, Mr. Young drops out the word "*possible*," which carries the whole meaning of the sentence. He indignantly stamps his foot, and exclaims, "No! by no means; for the absolute, as defined, is that which has not no relation." Mr. Mansell never asserted it had no relation; but that, according to the definition, the absolute may *possibly* exist out of all relation, and this must be, if it have no *necessary* relation.

(3.) The last count of our charge against Dr. Young consists in this: that Dr. Young repeats in substance what Mr. Mansell has clearly enunciated, using his definitions, in order to thrust upon Mr. Mansell the onus of a doctrine which he not only disavows, but exposes and refutes, in his great master, Sir W. Hamilton. The eagle is shot by a shaft its own pinion has winged.

We regret that we have been compelled thus to deal with a writer, whose former works we have been forward to praise. But he has plunged into a controversy for which neither his scholarship nor his mental habits had prepared him, and he must be made to rue his folly. The work of Mr. Mansell is a book which it is the honour of our age to have produced, and which, for the sake of that Divine Revelation which it vindicates, we would shield against petulant and foolish assaults. We believe that there are several positions advanced by Mr. Mansell, and not connected with the body of his argument, which are the ground of objections justly taken by his critics, and which need to be re-argued.

Still we are free to confess, that Dr. Young's volume sparkles with that brilliancy of style which has adorned his former works, but which makes this "one glaring chaos and wild heap of wit."

* "Province of Reason," p. 87.

IV.

CHURCH PRINCIPLES AND LIFE.*

THE anxiety of some very well meaning and sincere men respecting the relative position of Church and Dissent is evidently very great. To judge from the movement which originated with the Archdeacons, and which has evoked so much zeal amongst both clergy and laity, headed by Peers of the realm, lay and spiritual, and by no inconsiderable number of Members of Parliament, one might suppose that the Church was really in danger.

What is the cause of this alarm? What is the danger feared? What are the methods proposed for averting it? Are these methods likely to be successful? And what ought the Dissenters to do in the present emergency? These are grave questions, which we shall endeavour to answer according to our ability.

Happily, we have not far to go in order to obtain an answer to the first of these inquiries. The speeches that have been delivered in Parliament and elsewhere on questions affecting Dissenters, and several publications that have recently issued from the press on the subjects of Church Union, Church Reform, the Revision of the Liturgy, and kindred topics, enable us to form a very accurate opinion respecting the real cause of apprehension. We have selected from the latter class one of the most recent publications; because, while its author is evidently a staunch friend of the Church, and one of her ministers, he is as evidently a candid witness to the truth. In his pamphlet, entitled "The Liturgy and the Dissenters," Mr. Isaac Taylor has expounded the whole cause of alarm, and indeed has made it the ground of his argument in favour of a revision of the Liturgy. According to him, the Census Returns—Returns which, we venture to say, no future returns, however adroitly managed, will ever set aside—have revealed such a change in the relative position of Church and Dissent during the last fifty years, as to render it indispensable that the friends of the former should bestir themselves in its support. After giving the statistics of the places of worship belonging to the Church and the Dissenters respectively, and of the attendance at each, he adds:—

* *Lights and Shadows of Church-Life in Australia: including Thoughts on some Things at Home.* By T. Binney. To which is added, *Two Hundred Years Ago: Then and Now.* London: Jackson and Walford, St. Paul's Churchyard. 1860.

The Liturgy and the Dissenters. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; Curate of Trotterscliffe. Third Edition. London: Hatchard and Co. Piccadilly. 1860.

The Ultimate Principle of Religious Liberty. The Philosophical Argument; with a Review of the Controversy, as Conducted on Grounds of Reason and Expediency, in the Writings of Locke, Warburton, Paley, Dick, Wardlaw, Gladstone, Martineau, and Miall. London: Ward and Co. Paternoster Row. 1860.

"From these returns it would appear that half, or perhaps more than half, of the whole worshipping population is alienated from the Church.

"The statistics show, moreover, that the Dissenters, despite the vast disadvantages, social and pecuniary, under which they labour, have provided sittings pretty nearly equal in number to those provided or inherited by the wealthy and ancient Church of England. Of the total accommodation which exists, 52 per cent. is provided by the Church; 48 per cent. by the Dissenters. To the Church belong 14,077 places of worship; to the Protestant Dissenters, 19,508.

"But the chief cause for alarm arises from the fact that the *relative* growth of the Dissenting bodies has been so portentously rapid, when compared with that of the Church of England. In spite of all the church-building of recent years, it would appear that the Church has by no means succeeded in keeping pace with the increase of population. Also, if Mr. Mann's conjectural calculations could be at all relied upon, we should find that—

"In 1801—

48 per cent. of the population were accommodated by the Church.

7 per cent. of the population were accommodated by three sects of Dissenters.

"In 1851—

29 per cent. were accommodated by the Church.

22 per cent. by the three sects.

"In other words, these three sects have increased their accommodation sixfold in fifty years, while the accommodation provided by the Church has been comparatively stationary."

Here, then, we have, according to Mr. Isaac Taylor, the "chief cause for alarm"—the rapid increase of the Dissenters, and the comparatively stationary condition of the Church. His fear is, to use his own words, that "if the Dissenters continue to increase as heretofore, the next generation will see the revenues of the Church secularized, and her edifices appropriated to the alternate use of claimants of every sect."

We concede at once, that if we were of the opinion that Civil Establishments of religion in general, and the Establishment of this country in particular, are right and beneficial—sanctioned by Scripture, and expedient for "the spread of religion" and the welfare of the community—we should do all in our power to arrest the progress of Dissent, and should share in the feeling of alarm that has been so unequivocally expressed. Believing, however, as we do, that the withdrawal of all State patronage and control from all religious bodies whatsoever, would confer immense good upon our country—would benefit the Church as much as the Dissenters—would tend to a great increase of public morality—would open the way for real, practical union between

all Evangelical Christians—would immensely increase the benevolent activity of all sections of the Church of Christ, and inaugurate the most glorious era ever witnessed in our country's history—we regard with intense interest the diffusion of the principles of Evangelical Dissent; and are, therefore, equally interested in watching the movements of those who seek to stop their progress. What those movements are we now propose to consider.

What Mr. Isaac Taylor designates "the increased vitality of the Church," and "the greater energy which has of late years been shown by the clergy," have had their legitimate effect, no doubt, in augmenting the ranks of the Church. It is thought, however, that the increased vitality and energy of the clergy in some directions has been equalled, if not surpassed by the Dissenters in others, so that this method of opposing Dissent has not been successful on the whole. Other methods, therefore, are now being adopted with the avowed object of turning the tide in favour of the Church. These methods are chiefly two. The first is that of an organized opposition to all Dissenting movements, as such, and to all further demands that may be made by the Dissenters for redress of grievances, and for equality of rights. The Church Defence Societies are the evidence and main-spring of this movement, and the results of their activity are seen in the Parliamentary action which has recently been taken on the questions of Church-rates, Endowed Schools, and kindred matters affecting the conscience or *status* of the Dissenters. The most recent movement coming under this head is of such a nature that we hardly know how to characterize it in terms sufficiently strong. So long as the friends of the compulsory principle maintain their warfare on honourable grounds and by fair means, we have nothing to object, however mistaken we may deem them in their first notions respecting both religion and politics. But when, beaten in argument and in fact, they resort to such measures as would move the soul of the rankest Jesuit to admiration and envy, we begin to doubt whether the charitable construction that has been put on their previous course of action is really deserved. We need scarcely say that we refer to the Census Bill, with its memorable clause respecting religious profession. The returns of the last census, based on inquiry into *facts* and not *professions*, exhibited, as Mr. Isaac Taylor has candidly stated, the relative proportions of religious parties; and as the exhibition proved most unpalatable to the friends of the Church, the new method was warmly espoused, because it was possible by its means to get a great preponderance on the side of the Church. And although the powerful demonstration made against it has been successful, we are not the less warned by the attempt to carry it through the House as to the kind of strategy which may be henceforth expected.

But another method of seeking to arrest the progress of Dissent is also in course of adoption, and, strange to say, *pari passu* with the one already described. This may be termed the *conciliatory* method, of which Mr. Isaac Taylor is perhaps on the whole the best expounder.

At any rate, he is explicit in stating the ultimate object kept in view, namely, "thinning" the ranks of Dissent, dealing out "deadly blows to its prosperity," and "turning rivals into allies." As the former went direct to its point, this seeks the same end in a circuitous way. The one would put Dissent down, and because that cannot be accomplished, endeavours by Parliamentary action to prevent Dissenters from rising up to their true place of social and political equality; the other very politely offers Dissent an arm, and begs the favour of its company and confidence. If the former is antagonistic, both in spirit and bearing, it is nevertheless open; but the latter, though seeming to be very friendly, is secretly aiming at our annihilation. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Which of the two methods is likely to be the most successful we leave to the determination of our readers, after we have laid Mr. Isaac Taylor's scheme before them.

This scheme is sketched out generally in the following words:—"If the Church would retain her resources and her position, the lost ground must be recovered. And in what better way can this be effected than by paving the way for a comprehension of all moderate Dissenters, and by turning rivals into allies? A few Liturgical concessions on points which Churchmen acknowledge to be indifferent—a few unnecessary stumbling-blocks removed from the threshold of the Church, and thousands of pious and orthodox Dissenters would no longer have any ostensible grounds for their continued nonconformity. Unless, however, some such comprehension is effected, we must expect to see an increasing relative decadence of the Church, and an ultimate preponderance of the Dissenters."

He then proceeds to show on what grounds and to what extent the Liturgy should be revised. We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow the writer through the whole course of his statements. On one point, however, we must dwell a little. After showing that the Dissenters have a right to be heard on the subject of a revised Liturgy, because the Church of England is not a Sect, but a National Church, he advances to a further position in their favour, and attempts to show that their conscientious convictions claim a still higher measure of regard than those of the clergy and laity of the Church itself. He argues this point on various grounds, but chiefly from "the fact that the Prayer-Book was reduced to its present form with the express purpose of being unacceptable to those holding opinions analogous to those which the Dissenters hold." Then follows a historical *résumé* of the changes that have been made in the Prayer-Book, beginning with the Reformation, and ending with the Act of Uniformity, in 1662. We cannot too much commend the candour of Mr. Isaac Taylor, in this portion of his subject. As an impartial witness, he has shown how the Church, or those who had authority to act in her name, and on her behalf, so altered the Liturgy in the reign of Charles the Second, as to exclude all evangelical, and even moderate men from her ministry, and make way for such only as cared for

little beside the Church livings and benefices, or those who, while Protestant in name, were as ready to follow superstitious ceremonies, or unscriptural forms, as the priests of the Church of Rome. Citing from Baxter's "Life and Times," Mr. Isaac Taylor shows that he thoroughly comprehends the abominable temper of those who gave the last finish to the Liturgy of the Church:—"When the Lord Chamberlain, Manchester, told the King, while the Act of Uniformity was under debate, 'that he was afraid the terms of it were so rigid, that many of the ministers would not comply with it,' Bishop Shelden replied, 'I am afraid they will.' Nay, 'tis credibly reported, he should say—'Now we know their minds, we'll make them all knaves if they conform.'"

Now, while we acknowledge the ability and candour with which Mr. Isaac Taylor has described the changes effected in the Liturgy in 1662, and heartily assent to all that he has said on the subject of those changes, we cannot but ask, how it comes to pass that he has accepted them so readily? Has any further alteration been made since that memorable period? Has the lapse of two centuries rendered them venerable? Had he been living in that day, instead of this, would he have been amongst the number of those who "heroically went out into the streets to starve, rather than surrender their convictions;" or of those "men of worldly wisdom and shallow faith who conformed?"

We are aware that Mr. Isaac Taylor may refuse to answer these questions, as irrelevant to the argument he has in hand. But when men like him come forth out of their retirement to propound schemes of comprehension, with a view to arrest the progress of Dissent, and when the very title they assume, and hold up for public inspection, is enough to show that they are much more the descendants of those men who either framed or approved of the Act of Uniformity, and the Liturgy of 1662, than the Dissenters are the descendants of those who suffered under them; and when, in propounding their schemes, they pronounce sentence of condemnation upon the men from whom they, nevertheless, inherit, and on the Liturgical changes which they themselves, nevertheless, adopt, as containing "nothing contrary to the Word of God;" when this is the case, we think it is somewhat legitimate to step a little out of one's way, and ask such questions as the above.

It is not our intention, however, to bear hard on our author in this direction. He is no friend to Dissent; neither has he any regard to Dissenters as such. His proposals are framed for the benefit of the Establishment—for its maintenance and perpetuity. The ultimate object of Liturgical Revision is described by himself in the following terms:—

"It cannot be doubted, that if the practical *gravamina* of Dissent were removed, large numbers of the Dissenting laity would feel themselves unable to justify, either to themselves or to others, their continued nonconformity; many also would eagerly take the opportunity for which various distastes and discontents had prepared them,

and would avail themselves of so fair a pretext for rejoining the Church of their forefathers. The political Dissenters—the unpromising Anti-State-Church agitators, would, no doubt, continue to maintain a position which they find not altogether uncongenial. The religious Dissenters—the calm, moderate, sensible men, would mostly join the Church. The visionary Dissenters—the ecclesiastical *doctrinaires*, might not conform, yet they would cease to make converts if practical grievances were all removed.

“But it is not in our own day that we can expect to see the full effect of wise Liturgical concessions. It is the children of the present generation of Dissenters who will join the Church, if she removes from her threshold the rocks of offence which now impede their entrance.

“But from a revised Liturgy, another result may fairly be anticipated, which will be a most deadly blow to the prosperity of the Dissenters. Their flourishing and wealthy congregations in large towns are mostly attracted and kept together by personal predilection for the preacher. Now one main tendency of a judicious measure of Liturgical revision, will be to dry up the sources from which the Dissenting ministry is supplied with men able to command the attention of an intelligent and fairly-educated audience. It is often the case that the clever and promising sons of Dissenting parents are desirous, from the highest motives, of devoting themselves to the work of the Christian Ministry. They are, moreover, keenly sensitive to the increased influence—the larger sphere of labour—the higher social *status* which they would possess as clergymen of the National Church, than as Dissenting Preachers. They have resolved on a clerical life, and for many reasons they would prefer the position of a clergyman to that of a Dissenting Minister. With such men the required subscription to the Book of Common Prayer is the only insuperable difficulty.

“There are, also, without doubt, many Dissenting Ministers now in charge of congregations, who would feel themselves able to accept the concessions offered in 1689, and whose personal influence would enable them to bring over their chapels and their entire congregations, if facilities were offered for their so doing. A conditional form of re-ordination, such as was proposed in 1689, might satisfy the scruples of all parties; their self-supporting chapels might be licensed as chapels of ease, and in a few years would gradually be absorbed into the parochial organization of the country.

“Among the Independents, the isolation of each congregation would give immense facilities for this process to go on, for each individual minister and congregation would possess the power of separate action. The recent feuds in the Wesleyan body would also undoubtedly facilitate the comprehension of the already disorganized fragments of the original connexion.

“It would appear, then, that the material prosperity of the Church would be promoted by a few Liturgical concessions to the Dissenters.”

No doubt there is a certain measure of truth in this representation. There are self-seekers in every class and in every denomination. "Bribery and corruption" are just as potent in ecclesiastical as in political matters. But that any real accession to the Church would result from this cleverly contrived plan of conciliation, we very much doubt. The "practical *gravamina*" of Dissent, as it exists in the present day, are not so much canons and articles, and what Mr. Isaac Taylor has designated "Liturgical molehills," as the wealth and worldly *status* of the Establishment itself, together with all the evils, political, moral, religious, which necessarily result from the unscriptural connexion between Church and State.

Such, then, is the object of the conciliatory method, as expounded by Mr. Isaac Taylor. It now remains to consider how far either of the methods for warding off the danger that threatens the Establishment is likely to succeed.

Respecting the first, little need be said in addition to what has been advanced already. We are inclined to think, if the truth must be told, that the Church Defence Societies have commenced somewhat too late for any practical purpose, and that the Duke of Marlborough has been born, not before, but after his time. If the advice which De Foe gave the Tory party in the days of Queen Anne, in his witty pamphlet entitled, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," had been adopted some century or so back, we hardly know how it would have fared with them by this time. Perhaps they would have been exterminated, and the Church of England would have had the whole field of religious and benevolent enterprise to herself. It might, however, have been otherwise. The system of repression and intolerance, fully carried out, might, nay, we will be bold enough to say, would have led to a second Revolution; and what, in such a case, might have been the history of England during the last century we will not even attempt to conjecture. We are thankful that it has been what it is; that "the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion" have prevailed in spite of all the influences, courtly, political, and ecclesiastical, that have sought to bear them down; that the religious element of Nonconformity has given it power to survive when no other element could; and that this form of the spirit of freedom, growing in strength with every successive generation, has become the promoter and guardian of all those precious liberties by which England has won the admiration and envy of the whole world.

In strict truth, it is Dissent, political and religious, that has made England what it is. This is the very measure of our liberty, and that very element of our national life by which a benignant Providence has wrought out our political well-being.* At one time, acting in secret, and under all but total repression; at another, evincing its vitality and

* Mr. Binney reminds us, that it was Dr. Doddridge who said, that "Dissent was not only the cause of rational liberty, but in a great measure that of serious piety too."

struggling for existence amidst great sufferings and wrongs ; but now at length in the ascendant, and seeking to dominate for the weal of a great people, it is the mark of the time in which we live, and the prophecy of the future. Intolerant deeds, coercive measures, from whatever quarter they may come, or by whatever names they may be sanctioned, are all in vain. The tree is not only planted and rooted, but is flourishing and bearing fruit, and will eventually overshadow and enrich the whole land.

We scarcely like to tax the patience of our readers with any comments on the conciliatory plans that have been propounded, or the conjectured results that have been attributed to them. Although we have referred to Mr. Isaac Taylor's pamphlet only, we would not have it supposed that he is the only exponent of what is now passing in the minds of many evangelical churchmen. Views more or less similar have been published, and are being published, by others, and apparently with the same object. They all proceed upon the supposition that the Dissenters are reclaimable, and that the Church of England can be reformed. But why not go a little further, and instead of seeking to conciliate some of the Dissenters, why not conciliate all, by asking Parliament to repeal the Act of Uniformity, according to the timely suggestion of Mr. Maurice, and every other Act which presses upon the conscience, and in any way meddles with religion ?

On the whole, then, we are inclined to think that neither of the methods now proposed for arresting the progress of Dissent is likely to be of much avail. The progressive spirit of the age is as decisive in its tendency towards the political disenfranchisement of religion from the State, as it is towards perfect freedom of trade and other righteous ends. We do not believe that a permanent re-action will ever take place. Every successive Parliament witnesses some fresh achievement in the cause of liberty ; and as knowledge and religion advance, one concession after another will be obtained, until at last, by one consent, the end will be gained, and all religious bodies will be placed on the same footing of perfect political equality.

We now come to our last topic of inquiry, namely, what ought the Dissenters to do in the present emergency ? And in answering this question, we wish to introduce to the notice of our readers, if indeed they have not become acquainted with it already, the work recently sent forth to the world by Mr. Binney, entitled "Church Life in Australia," because it has somewhat to do with the topic now under consideration. We tender our hearty thanks to the author for this last product of his *genius* ; for he must be a dull or splenetic critic who is not ready to concede this attribute to the gifted minister of the Weigh House. There is the stamp and the ring of the true metal in all that Mr. Binney has done. The force of thought that is in him, and that finds expression in a style that goes direct to the mark, his manly independence, his very eccentricities and egotism, springing, in a large measure, not from a vulgar vanity, but from his thorough individuality ; all these have long been known as his characteristics, and

have secured him a reputation among thinking and earnest men only rarely acquired ; and we are not astonished that when Mr. Binney landed in Melbourne in 1858, he became at once the lion of the day, and was in the greatest possible request everywhere. It may be taken for granted, without any disparagement to so young a country as Australia, that a man of mark and of high reputation is likely to prove very acceptable there, as a triton among minnows ; while in England, and especially in the focus of the world's civilization, a man must be not only a genius, but either a very great genius or a very transcendent fool to gain much notoriety.

The present work is the result of Mr. Binney's visit to the Colonies of the South ; or rather the reproduction of what had already been produced and published there, with some omissions and additions to adapt it to the mother country. The substance of the volume is an Address, or Charge, as "the newspapers persisted in calling" it, delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union of Tasmania, in which he replies to a letter addressed to him by the Bishop of Adelaide, containing certain reasons why Mr. Binney could not be invited to preach to the Episcopal congregation, as many of the laity desired ; and an exposition of the views of the Bishop respecting the principles and conditions on which a union between Protestant Evangelical Churches might be effected—principles and conditions which, in effect, amount to this, that while the Church is to undergo no ecclesiastical change, other religious bodies are to be comprehended by her, with certain concessions made to their conscientious scruples. Besides this Address, there is a considerable prefix, and a yet more considerable appendix, of multifarious matter, all, however, bearing more or less directly on the main subject of Christian union, and of the methods by which it may be brought about.

The entire Address is not only worthy of Mr. Binney, which is saying a good deal, but deeply interesting and thoroughly satisfactory on the subject of the Bishop's letter ; neither would we have had the other portions of the volume omitted or curtailed, because they express the thoughts of a strong masculine mind, and of a warm, generous heart, on some of the prominent ecclesiastical questions of the day. The Bishop of Adelaide certainly looks very small in the hands of the untitled Minister of the Weigh House, notwithstanding the evident pains taken by Mr. Binney not to ruffle the feelings or offend the dignity of his right reverend correspondent.

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Binney through all the stages of the remarkable correspondence which constitutes the subject matter of this volume ; neither would it be possible to give even an outline of the author's views on all the grave and important topics on which he treats. For these we must refer our readers to the book itself. Our object is a very simple one. While we thank Mr. Binney, as we do very sincerely, for the admirable manner in which he has met the proposals of the Bishop of Adelaide respecting Church Union, or rather church absorption ; and for the masterly manner in which he

has held up to the light of day, other proposals respecting Liturgical and other reforms in the "Church of the Prayer-Book," and for the independent survey which he has made of the condition of the Church of Christ generally; we yet more cordially thank him for the outspoken manner in which he has avowed his views and aims in relation to the Establishment of this land, and for the noble manner in which he has vindicated the spirit and motives of those who have now for many years taken the lead in seeking the separation between Church and State. The following passages from the Address delivered before the Congregational Union of Tasmania will speak for themselves:—

"It is pretty well known that, some five-and-twenty years ago, I occasionally took part in the public discussion of the *Establishment* question,—the *Anti-State-Aid* Controversy, as you would call it here. In consequence of doing so, or of the manner in which I was *supposed* to have done it, I have been long popularly regarded as a bitter enemy to the Episcopal Church. There never was a greater mistake. My aim, perhaps, has rather been—certainly by many of my brethren it has been thought to be—that my sympathies with the Church, both as to its organic structure and mode of worship, have gone too far, been too ardent, and a little indiscriminating. I was an avowed 'enemy' to *Establishments*—national political institutions—the 'principle and operation' of which I thought bad; and in England to *the Establishment*, or (as an equivalent term, observe) to the '*Established Church*;' meaning, *not* the Episcopal community itself, and as such, but the *secular environment* in which it dwelt; or it, as identified with that, as acting through it, and acted on by it."

Again:—"Despairing of anything like a visible uniformity to be arrived at by the reduction into the bosom of our communion" (whatever that may mean) "of all the different professions of Christianity, or by diplomatic conference and arrangement between them, on equal terms; yet, longing for the manifestation of visible oneness in faith and affection, if that were possible, we really aimed, in our simplicity, only at that. This was the religious side of the question, as distinct from its relation to social rites and political justice. Among the undivided Evangelical Denominations there was, on the whole, harmony and intercourse, mutual recognition, sympathy and help; there were defects in all—things that were wanting—both in truth and love; but with respect to the Episcopal Church—what might be its aim and might be the great central power in the land—its distance and 'isolation' from all others were imperatively enforced by the legal network in which it was bound by the secular power that which constituted the '*Establishment*,' and which covered and clung to it like a garment robe. Knowing this, and knowing besides that while in the Anglican it had, on the whole, a pure creed, and in its liturgy a beautiful and affecting service, it yet retained in its '*official ancient usages*, and put forth in its claims at the '*ecclesiastical*' and '*incalculable* what, marked any

circumstances, would separate it (among Protestants) from the rest of the faithful ; but *also*, knowing that there was within itself, in the throbbing heart of many of its members, a deep, strong, inward protest against these things—a wish and longing for their identification or removal—we thought that, if the *secular* part of the mixed institution was separated from the *ecclesiastical*—if that which by the force of law gave permanence to error and imposed restrictions on action, was come to an ‘end,’ that then spiritual life would both be emancipated and manifested ; that contact and intercourse with other bodies becoming possible, would be desired ; that the Church, free to take independent action, would ultimately reform itself ; that what, according to some Church writers, ‘had been retained by her to meet the tastes and sentiments of a ‘half-Protestantized people,’ would be made to slough off ; that other churches, which had much in them also to alter or reform, being brought into friendly and sympathetic relation with the greatest of all, would be influenced for the better, and improve both in spirit and power ; while *their* influence, too, would be felt by it ; and that thus results might be anticipated which might lead to, or be, the fulfilment of the prayer of our adorable and loving Lord, ‘*that they all may be one ; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee ; that they also may be one in us ; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*’

“Such were my views, formed, advanced, and advocated nearly a generation ago.”

Again, in another passage, after repeating that this was the “idea” of what was aimed at, and after showing that many of the warmest opponents of the “Establishment” were admirers of much in the “Church,” and desirous of seeing her free to accomplish her mission in the land, he refers to Mr. Miall, “the leader of the Anti-State-Aid agitation in England,” as “a man whose personal character has been much misapprehended, and often, in ignorance, denounced ;” and quotes a passage from one of his letters to the Earl of Shaftesbury in explanation of his motives and aims. He then writes as follows, in glowing and noble language, of Mr. Miall and his coadjutors in the work of liberation :—

“Men who, when maligned, can face the world and so speak—who, calm and undisturbed, can listen to the sound of their solemn asseverations as they echo through the conscience, and ascend up to heaven to be recorded there—are not men whose character or spirit is to be lightly impugned, or whose opposition is to be little accounted of. They have something on their side far more powerful than their own arguments. Mistaken as they may be in their visions of the future, yet seeking, as they do, not the dominancy of a sect, or the triumph of a party—not ‘thinking that they do God service’ by ‘haling to prison,’ or ‘casting out of the synagogue,’ but praying and pleading for the freedom, purification, and spiritual advancement of all the

'sections' of God's true Church—their union in spirit, unfeigned love to and brotherly bearing towards each other—such men are seeking that which cannot but be acceptable to 'HIM,' *'of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.'* 'I speak as a fool ;' but conscious as I am of the deep religious earnestness, the unsectarian and unselfish aims, which actuated many who took part in the argumentative agitation against State-Aid in England, I am not ashamed of 'this confidence of boasting.' ”

Now we believe that the course which *has* been pursued is *still* to be followed, only with more earnestness, “deep” and “religious ;” without sectarian or selfish aims, and with such new arrangements and methods of organization as altered circumstances may dictate. Since Mr. Binney took an active part in the public discussion of the “Establishment question,” great progress has been made both amongst the people and in Parliament. The Church in the Colonies, as much as the Church in England, needs the liberating process to be brought about *here*, in order to its perfectly free action with its own members and those of other religious communities. What, therefore, we would press upon the Dissenters to do with all their might, yet in the spirit of love and meekness, as ever keeping in view the ultimate union of all denominations of Christians on a basis of equal rights and liberties, is the patient and persevering prosecution of their righteous object, until all parties shall see that there is only one thing to be done in order to commence the great work of setting England right ecclesiastically, and that is—breaking every fetter that has hitherto held religion in unjust restraint, and letting her go free.

The Third Work at the head of this Article goes to the very root of the question affecting the connection of Church and State, and is a very searching, thorough inquiry into the grounds on which the controversy involved in the question really rests. The Author's main position is this :—“No authority can be possessed by any agency but such as is of the same nature with the relationship out of which it arises ;—no man can be placed in such a moral relation to his fellow-men as is implied in a dominion over their religious conscience and practice ;—herein lies the ground of distinction between the different spheres of government in general ; and also the foundation and true philosophy of Religious Liberty.” Starting from this point, he proceeds to inquire into the origin and limits of authority in general, and shows that the nature of the relationships which we sustain must determine the question both of authority and obligation ; that “since our relations are the foundation of our respective duties, and determine their character, we can only have duties corresponding in kind to the relationships which we sustain ;”—that “if strictly religious obligation or duty is traced to its source, it will be found to originate in the one relation of creatureship which we sustain towards God ;”—that “were not God our Creator, we should not be bound by any of those duties which we now owe to Him ; or rather, those different forms of worship and of obedience would be no longer duties ; for in

the absence of obligation, no service can be properly so designated." But with regard to the moral duties which we owe to each other, he shows, that "if we consider what renders these obligatory, we shall find that they arise out of our relations to each other *as men*—as beings constituted with certain faculties and sympathies in common, which, in their exercise and development, lead to certain moral and domestic relations of attachment, dependence, and intercourse, and which are neither to be directly cherished nor directly repressed by civil power;"—that "these duties, springing from the relations in which two men stand to each other, as *human beings*, and not as members of the same civil community, the obligation to their discharge is independent of, superior to, and beyond any authority or power belonging to the office of civil ruler;"—that "the *moral* duties of all men, in so far as the discharge of them is practicable, are universally the same, wholly irrespective of political circumstances;"—that, "on the contrary, the obligation to perform *civil* duties arises out of the relations of man, not as man to fellow-man, but as subject to fellow-subject, or as *members of the same political community*;"—that "just as the subsistence of a moral relation between God and man is, philosophically speaking, the foundation of the authority to impose moral precepts or law, so is the natural relation subsisting between parent and child the originating cause of natural duties, and the source of the authority to enforce them;"—that so is it with regard to civil authority;—that "a merely civil relation cannot give the right to impose moral commands or to enforce moral duties;"—that "since civil government is founded upon civil relationships alone, its functions are exclusively civil, and its power and resources can be legitimately applied to the enforcement of none but civil duties;"—that "morals, whether viewed as comprehending religion or not, are wholly beyond the legitimate interference of civil authority," as springing from relationships quite distinct and essentially different; from which it follows, that "the supporters of State Establishments of Religion are bound to show that the prescription of a religious creed, and the enforcement of religious duties, are properly included among the aims of civil institutions;" but this cannot be done except "by showing that civil obligation and duty have the same *origin* with religious, and that therefore both stand on the same footing in regard to human instrumentality, and civil reward and punishment; or by showing that the authority required for the enforcement of civil and religious duties, does not depend upon the nature of the relationships in which these duties originate."

The position here taken by our Author is one from which it would be difficult—impossible, we think—to dislodge him. If all authority is founded on relationship—if the relation of God to the creature be one thing, and the relation of a ruler to the subject be another and a different thing altogether, then the civil magistrate can never step in and demand from his subject what, as a creature, that subject owes only to God. He must first put himself in the relation of God to

that man as a creature, before he can lay claim to a single act of religious service or obedience. He must either intrude on the prerogative of God, as the Creator and Benefactor of man, or he must withdraw his jurisdiction wholly and for ever from the higher realm of spiritual life and reality. This is an argument which the advocates of Ecclesiastical Establishments have yet to meet and to answer.

Under this strong light the Author places the various writers whose names are inscribed on the title-page of his volume, and subjects the reasonings and conclusions of each to the closest investigation. He does not confine his examination to the writings of those from whom he dissents, but includes those who are ranged on the same side of the controversy with himself, and with whom he has the deepest sympathy and the closest agreement. He conceives that even Wardlaw, with all his acuteness, has failed to perceive and apprehend the ultimate principle which lies at the basis of these unanswerable arguments:—that when he asserted the magisterial relation to be founded on voluntary compact, and the authority arising out of it to be dependent on the will of the community, he had only a glimpse of this principle; and hence that his work lacks the very best argument that could have been employed on the province of the magistrate. We do not happen to have Wardlaw's volume at hand, but we are not sure that our Author is quite correct in his statement. In fact, the whole course of Wardlaw's reasoning proceeds upon our Author's principles; and our Author ought to rejoice that, while he is so far in advance of many others, he is not behind even this great northern Controversialist. We thank him for his work; and accept it as no mean contribution towards effecting freedom of conscience in matters of faith. Christianity is the highest form of spirituality, and it must ultimately free itself from every earthly, secular, perishable element. It is life:—and in itself and of itself it can live.

V.

EGYPT'S PLACE IN UNIVERSAL HISTORY.*

As some time has now elapsed since we last drew attention to the elaborate work of Bunsen on Ancient Egypt, and as by means of translation the whole Essay is gradually coming within the reach of the English reader, we deem it our duty to report progress, and publish within the range of our own circulation the conclusions, at which the author has arrived by means of Egyptian records and monuments, of

* *Egypt's Place in Universal History*:—an Historical Investigation, in Five Books. By C. C. I. Baron Bunsen, D. Ph., D.C.L., D.D., Translated from the German, by Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. Vol. IV. London, Longmans. 1860.

astronomical phenomena and historical synchronisms, of the development of language, mythology, and national life. The field of induction is wide, the learning and industry of the author indubitable, the hazard of conjecture daring to foolhardiness, and the results, we honestly believe, next to nothing.

BARON BUNSEN is a very Quixote of historical adventure, and the object he sets his lance in rest to maintain, is not the immaculate fame of the Dulcinea del Toboso, or any other imaginary flame, but the correctness of the following startling positions :—

First, That the immigration of the Asiatic stock from Western Asia (Chaldea) into Egypt is antediluvian.

Secondly, That the historical deluge, which took place in a considerable part of Central Asia, cannot have occurred at a more recent period than the Tenth Millennium, B.C.

Thirdly, That there are strong grounds for supposing that that catastrophe did not take place at a much earlier period.

Fourthly, That man existed on this Earth about 20,000 years B.C., and that there is no valid reason for assuming a more remote beginning of our race.

All this may sound very strange to many ears, and does so to our own, but it is not for that sole reason untrue. Every truth is strange, no less than every shadowless theory and unsubstantial hypothesis, while it is new ; and the proper way to deal with it, is not to denounce it as wrong on the ground of its novelty, and its propounder as an oddity or a heretic, but to ascertain its reality or not, and then, in accordance with the result, reject or accept it. There is no prevenient necessity for Bunsen's theses to be wrong, although the probability so far appears to militate against his view. As the world is coming into the belief that the Bible is not composed to teach us Geology and Astronomy, so also may we learn, in the course of our further researches into the history of the human race, that it was not designed to teach us Ethnology, or Chronology. The true scope of the Holy Scriptures is coming gradually to be apprehended by intelligent Christians as the history of revealed religion, and the fortunes of one particular family who were the chosen depositories of it from the earliest period, for the benefit of the whole world, while extraneous matters are being shut out by the progress of science, and the spread of inquiry. That our mode of presuming on this question may awaken no unfounded uneasiness, we may quote from a strictly orthodox and very influential journal, *The Witness*, of February 19, 1859, a journal which addresses the whole intelligent community in Scotland, that numbered the late Hugh Miller and the Rev. Dr. Fleming in its ranks. This truly Christian newspaper, in a review of the deceased divine's memoir, proceeds to say :—

“ There are still men who insist upon declaring facts which no man of science can doubt, are flatly contradictory to the Word of God. With a blind devotion which can be the mother only of infidelity, they refuse to accept that exaltation of previous conception of Scripture meaning, that exhibition of divine depth and divine spiri-

tuality in Scriptural statements, which every open mind may discover in scientific revelations touching animal death and animal pain. Surely in *this* point it might have been seen that science has removed instead of created difficulties. Man, an unfallen spirit, breathing immortality, might well have been unable to conceive the nature of that punishment of death with which he was threatened, had no example of death been present to show him what it was. By disobeying his God—by dying spiritually—he came under the laws exemplified in animal death and animal pain. Is that not clear and consistent? Does that not sound a deeper plummet of discovery into the ways of God with man than was ever elicited by speculation? Yet there are men in this island who will not cease from pouring contumely, to the limit of their meagre capacity, upon the Flemings and the Millers who proclaimed these things."

So much in the shape of authority to smooth the ruffled plumes of honest simplicity of belief, and enable it to endure with equanimity the inevitable results of scientific research. Whether it is contented or no, inquiry will proceed; and inferences, favourable or unfavourable to the Mosaic writings, will be drawn according to the bias of each thinker; and it is the part of folly to object to the antecedent process of research. The duty of orthodoxy is to accept what is indisputable in science, and seek methods by which this will harmonize with, and honour the revealed Word of God, as doubtless all that is indisputable in science must, if we had but the skill to find it out. Science and Revelation own the same Author, and the truths of the one cannot clash with the truths of the other. When Science has soared to its loftiest heights, and fathomed its profoundest depths, and explored its ultimate facts and truths, it will still remain sublimely true, and the truth of it will be more apparent than ever before, that "Scripture cannot be broken."

There is a further consideration, which ought to moderate alarm, with respect to the chronological or ethnological speculations of Bunsen and others—that already there are two systems of chronology before the world, claiming Scripture authority, making a difference of nearly two thousand years in the period from the creation to Abraham. Now, which of these is true?—or is neither true?—or do they mean more than they express? Are they full, or are they summaries? Might they be interpreted on the year-day system, as prophetic periods have usually been, although not without strenuous opponents? Are these exceptional dates here and there, not to be understood as a detailed system, points of rest, not links of a chain? No one can say, and therefore modesty bids us say nothing, till fuller data and consenting discovery shall make that plain which is now complicated and mysterious.

It may be urged, as it is, that the Hebrew account is the one to be abided by, rather than that of the Greek Septuagint; yet to this we may object in reply, that the Jews, who translated the Septuagint, must have supposed that their dates were in the book they translated from; that those persons were evidently both orthodox and able men; and that the Septuagint was undoubtedly quoted by our Lord. Higher authority cannot be claimed for the Hebrew text over the Greek, save in the sole circumstance that the one is a version, and therefore liable

to just one mode of deterioration from which the other is free ; but we are disposed, nevertheless, to rank them on this chronological ground very much on a par. Many scholars of the highest fame, and divines of the deepest reverence for truth, place reliance on the chronology of the Septuagint, rather than that of the Jewish text. Isaac Voss, Pezron, Hayes, Jackson, Hales, and Faber, are no undistinguished names in favour of the longest period ; while the shorter boasts the advocacy of Usher, Clinton, and Cresswell.

The views of Bunsen may further claim toleration and examination on another ground. The history of Galileo, the Florentine astronomer, is both a lesson and a warning. The views which he propounded of the solar system, although now-a-days universally received, were denounced in his own day as contrary to the then current interpretation of Holy Scripture, and it was counted orthodox to deny them. But of course a denial of them did not invalidate them, nor did his own verbal recantation of his supposed philosophical error make that false which was nevertheless demonstrably true. All the Churches of Christendom have now endorsed the facts of the Copernican philosophy ; and not the least, that very Church which most loudly pronounced them untrue. The Newtonian *Principia* are at this moment taught in all Romish seminaries, and are edited by Jesuit teachers with the protest that in adopting the Newtonian hypothesis they merely use it hypothetically :—

“Newtonus in hoc tertio libro telluris motæ hypothesim assumit. Auctoris propositiones aliter explicari non poterant, nisi eadem quoque factâ hypothesi. Hinc alienam coacti sumus gerere personam. Cæterum latis a summis pontificibus contra telluris motum decretis nos obsequi profitemur.”—Le Seur and Jaquier. 1739—1742.

Warned by discomfited Romanists in the case of Newton—to examine with candour, and refute with equal or greater learning the work of Bunsen, is the only method of procedure open to the Christian critic. The days of rack and dungeon, gibbet and stake, for obnoxious opinions, are happily past and gone ; so we would hope are the days of insulting vituperation and reckless name-calling, in order to crush, if one cannot convince, an adversary. Let Baron Bunsen charge us, if he will, with ignorance, narrowness of mind, incapacity to appreciate his merits ; but let him not have occasion to charge us with a malevolent and unchristian spirit, that would make up in violence what it wants in argument. We must take care that we do not give occasion for the repetition of the sarcasm of Professor Jowett, in his recent Essay, which is not less slanderous than it is bitter :—“Love and Truth have never been theological terms ; Grace and Faith, on the other hand, always retain an association with the Pelagian or Lutheran controversies.”* Resolved that we shall not sin against the decencies and courtesies of controversy, while we pledge ourselves to fidelity to Revealed Truth, we shall

* “Essays and Reviews,” p. 386, second edition.

bring before our readers some desultory notices of one of the most learned and argumentative works we have ever perused—one of the most speculative, yet one of the least dangerous, from the very wildness and recklessness of the way in which its materials are handled.

The Fifth Book of Bunsen's work, the most recently published, is of more general, not deeper interest than the preceding volume, because it aims at drawing *seriatim* the inference at which the previous materials only pointed, by means of the ascertainment of Egyptian *data* to read the pre-historic annals of our race. Our attempted analysis of its contents must be brief, and will be accompanied with a protest against being supposed to share the earnestness of Baron Bunsen's convictions as to his success in argument. We look upon his speculations as perfectly lawful; for who shall prescribe limits to speculations that appear, at least, to be based upon facts? but we deem his premises unsound, his facts more than doubtful, and his conclusions, of course, erroneous where they lean directly upon precedent errors of assumption or computation. But we must allow both the Baron's system and our objections—rather hinted at than dwelt upon—to develop themselves as we proceed in our review.

The corner-stone of the whole comprehensive publication before us is—the alleged fact that Menes, the first historical king of Egypt, reigned over its united territory about the year before Christ 3620. This we must assume to be proved, for mere argument's sake, as all which follows depends upon the single datum of the early historical existence of this primæval worthy. Here we have, at a period nearly 4,000 years before Christ, and also nearly coincident with the Hebrew era of the Creation, a mighty empire, a written character, art and science, advanced far beyond the period of infancy, and every mark impressed upon the people and their institutions of a remote antiquity going before this, numbering its thousands of years. The fair deduction of reason from these facts, Bunsen finds corroborated by the statement of Manetho, that eleven thousand years before Menes, Demigods, Heroes, and Manes reigned, and prior to these the Gods for thirteen thousand years. Our author recognises a body of fact underneath his veil of fabulous empire, and conceives the period assigned to the dominion of these shadowy personages an approximation to the true date of the existence of the human race upon earth. The organic development of language in the Valley of the Nile confirms this needful protraction of the ante-Menetic period, its language being a deposit of a foregoing Asiatic tongue that has dropt its exuviae in this region, and left the waif in evidence of its Asian descent. The language of Egypt—all language, according to Bunsen, is a developed Chinese—the old Chinese being the earliest form of human speech—a language without forms and particles, which all other languages possess. Every Chinese syllable is a word, and every word a noun or verb, according to its position in the sentence; consequently, not yet an individualized stem. A simple objective and inorganic character attached to its monosyllables, which depended for much of

their effect and meaning upon appropriate intonation and gesticulation. This product of the awakening mind of man is a second creation as it were, and is looked upon by Bunsen as the spontaneous out-growth of the human faculties, and in no sense a direct Divine gift. Man called objects by certain vocables or names of an exclusively monosyllabic cast, and in the first instance found difficulty in indicating their relation to each other, save by their local position. This kind of language had no grammar of inflection, or parts of speech, its sole syntactic characteristic being the architectonic arrangement of the words.

But the Turanian tongues were an advance upon this—the ancient Tibetan and Mongolian; for they made attempts at organic formation in the shape of agglutination, or the junction of several roots together, ruled by the same tone. In these agglutinative languages, it is a fundamental law, that the stem is in no wise affected by these mechanically united roots. On the other hand, the affixes of the Semitic affect the root, and they themselves have no independent signification as single words, whereas in the Turanian words they retain their full radical meaning. The languages of the Indians of North America partake of the agglutinative character. Turanism fused the syllabic words of the primitive language into polysyllabic by the unity of accent, and thus led the way to a distinction between words expressing objects and words expressing the relations of things, namely, particles. Highly developed Turanism is found still in the Tonguse, the Thai of Thibet, the Finnish Magyar, and the Indian Tamulese.

The next stage of development is that ancient Semism of Central Asia, which settled into a deposit in the Valley of the Nile, and there left its most distinct traces, its product being called Hhamism. In Central Asia that early developed Semism is dead, but its forms and the proofs of its existence remain in the language of the monuments of Egypt, while itself assumed other and fuller modes of expression in the lapse of time, and under favourable circumstances in Western Asia. The agglutination of Turanism is a germ full of vital power, and led by natural and easy steps to the whole apparatus of prefix and suffix, endings and flexions. The Semitic formations, in the hands of a more ingenious and plastic people, evolved themselves out of the more primitive Turanian, and more advanced Hhamitic forms. But these in each case, and in due order, preceded the more full and precise grammatical apparatus of the Aryan languages. The organic word or form-language, is derived from an antecedent inorganic or root-language, passing through two or three definite stages of transition to the most perfect development of a copious syntax; and the original inorganic language, which precedes all others, and is their fundamental base, is found depositing its foundation elements amongst the Chinese. Thus we have a chain, of which the links are: A, Chinese; B, the oldest Turanian formations, or Tibetan; C, Hhamism, the language-development of ancient Egypt; D, Semism; E, the harmonious and perfected organism of language, or Arism. As all things in the physical world tend upward to find their acme and perfection in man, so in language, from first to

last, there is an organic life-struggle after the form which completes human utterance by the formation of articulated sentences—Arabic, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin being the highest results of the process. In these, in different degrees, is discerned the symmetrical organism which is the perfect instrument of the consciously creative mind. In Semitic the personal pronoun predominates as the expression of the copula;—in Arian the verb substantive.

A quite sufficient answer to this conjectural scheme of lingual development is found in the fact of the *co-existence* even at the present day, of all those varieties of language. Living representations are found still, amongst the spoken languages of the world of Sinitic, Turanic, Semitic, and Arian: so that what we find contemporaneous now, we are under no obligation to esteem consecutive at an earlier period of man's existence upon earth. Half-a-dozen modes of linguistic progress may have run their course contemporaneously in the world, their characteristic difference and mode of procedure being due to the genius of the respective human races of families, rather than to any essential law of precedence amongst themselves. The indisputable fact, that the rule of development appears checked in the case of whole nations and quarters of the globe, which have settled down into imperfect modes of lingual expression as the final result of their experimental language-making, and that there, at the low point of progress, they are sure to remain, as long as the sun and moon endure, while others have pushed on to the acme of minute and accurate expression in a copious vocabulary and complicated syntax, and all that, although holding intercourse with nations in higher stages of linguistic development than their own—tells against the pretty pattern which the Babelists draw, an assert independent lines of collateral development and not derivative subordination.

Furthermore, against the supposition of Chinese being the parent, or a primitive simple grammar, or the more developed, but still simple grammar of the Egyptian, is the statement to be urged, that the Egyptian grammar is not a simple one, far *more* well-developed, bearing therefore, in this respect no resemblance to the early Chinese. Hitherto it is a grammatical structure, sheer Semitic, or Arian, in an early stage of development; just as, on the other side, Japheticism is likewise Semitic, or Arian, in a more finished stage, the affinities on both sides testifying to their common parentage, and thus to the unity of the human race.

The vocal element of the Chinese language claims no share in the parentage of the Hiamitic tongues, because that vocal element is independent of the characters. The written character of the whole Chinese nation is the same, so that an epistle written in any one dialect conveys precisely the same sense in any other dialect. But the sounds attached to the syllabic character are arbitrary, so that the inhabitants of the north and south of the Celestial Empire are as unintelligible to each other when they speak, as if a hopelessly dumb person attempted to communicate by word of mouth with one as hopelessly deaf; but

both Chinamen and infirm men become mutually intelligible directly they take a pen in their hand, and commit their thoughts to paper.

But the existence of a syllabic language like the Chinese to the present day, crystallised in forms so different from the linguistic cultivation of the rest of the great races of the world, is a very forcible argument against the derivation of the Egyptian from it, and against the rashness that would assign any specific period as essential for the process of its evolution into more perfect forms. If the Chinese, according to Bunsen, was virtually the same kind of tongue 15,000 years ago, before the great cataclysm, as it is now, having withstood the progressive tendency of humanity, and all the influences of time and change, there is nothing in this characteristic of the language to contribute any help towards forming correct ideas of the period of man's existence upon earth. The language which survives 15,000 years may have existed 30,000 years, for any evidence which its imperishable and unchanged forms of vocalisation present to the contrary. If this argument tells negatively upwards, it tells in the same way downwards, and has at least the effect of neutralising that portion of the Baron's argument which claims specific periods for the production of peculiar characteristic or radical changes in tongues. The highest period allotable, according to Bunsen, for the development of Hhamism in Egypt in the various directions of language, religion, and civil government, would be 15,500 years before Christ. But desiring to be moderate, the Baron would be contented with a mean 12,500 between it and the lowest 9,500. With a view still further to conciliate opposition, and win acceptance for his views, he contracts the space within "the lowest possible and the most probable" dates—distributing the sundry origines thus :—

Hhamism, the peculiar language of Egypt, 1,500 years.

Osirism, religious individuality, 1,500 years.

Division of the Nile Valley into Nomes, and Upper and Lower Egypt, 3,000 years.

Accession of Menes, 3,500 years.

$1,500 + 1,500 + 3,000 + 3,500 = 9,500$ years.

It is obvious, however, to remark here, that the career of invention of the essentials of social existence, language, religion, and civil polity, does not follow exactly a series of arithmetical divisions, such as those given above, nor will these evolve themselves in any prescribed order, but rather follow the track of necessity and accident. The calculation and allotment are entirely fanciful, for there is no precedent or parallel to guide the mind to a fair conclusion. As Hhamism itself is, after all, only an offshoot from a centre, and not an independent creation, the analogy of the formation of modern tongues is against the lengthened periods allotted here for that purpose. Anglo-Saxon grew to be an independent tongue in the space of three centuries, from the fifth, the period of the immigration of Jutes and Saxons into England, to the

eighth, which saw it mature. In the same manner, six centuries were sufficient to complete the growth of the Romanic languages, Italian, Provençal, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. The persons speaking these several tongues could neither understand one another, nor the common Latin, on whose base they were formed. These languages were, as to this day they are, distinct national tongues.

But we must further urge, that all the premises for Bunsen's great argument which depend on the interpretation of the monumental inscriptions of Egypt, are up to this moment in the most unsatisfactory state. Partial successes have indeed rewarded the exertions of ingenuity and industry, but the old language of Egypt has not yet been recovered. The phonetic value of many signs is unknown, or only guessed at; the corresponding words in the ancient Coptic, or its congeners, are lost to sight, while the whole Egyptian literature we possess is confined for the most part to mural inscriptions and ritual books. If the language of England were sought to be recovered out of the tombstones and public buildings of the metropolis by Macaulay's New Zealander, three thousand years hence, his vocabulary of the English tongue would be a hundred times richer than that of our Nilotic hieroglyphs, and would admit of no doubts, like those that attend our reading dark picture alphabets into sound and sense.

Our very Coptic literature is most scanty and defective, pre-eminently in England. No Coptic library, no lexical and grammatical apparatus worthy of the name, exist amongst us, and we must go to Turin or Leipsig, for materials to help us in the study of the still partially living tongue. Of the profundity of this reason for hesitation in regard to Egyptological interpretations, let the following fact stand in proof:—

Like the trilingual inscriptions at Behistun, deciphered by the ingenuity of our Rawlinson, a triglott engraved stone has furnished the key of the hieroglyphics of Egypt; but with a reserve in the latter case which has not corresponded with the frankness of the revelations of the former. The Rosetta stone has never been deciphered, and we are almost doubtful if it ever will. It is only a small and mutilated slab, recording in Greek, Demotic, and Hieroglyphic characters, certain facts respecting Ptolemy, and yet, after all that the ingenuity and industry of Zoega the Dane, and Akerblad the Swede, Young, Champollion, Sylvestre De Sacy, and Burnouf, have achieved—after Birch and Bonomi, and Hincks and Bunsen, and Leemans and Lepsius, and Gouliano, have transcribed and interpreted, and published, the Isis of the stone refuses to break her seal of silence, and disclose her secret. Much is known by means of that precious inscription—the A. B. C. of the hieroglyphic intaglios; but few as are the words which it contains, it is still undeciphered in its integrity, and only offers an approximation to a complete interpretation. Now if that be the case, under circumstances so uniquely favourable for the discovery of the truth, how dubious must it render the interpretation of the sacred and

historic literature of Egypt, where presented independently of an accompanying Greek key. We are thankful that the language of the hieroglyph is no longer buried completely out of sight in the deep impenetrable pyramids of the past ; but we cannot yet boast of a resurrection so complete, and restoration so assured, that, in the confidence of life, we can bid of this lingual Lazarus—"Loose him, and let him go !" After many a life-giving philologer yet to come shall have expended his skill on the process, we fear the result will, notwithstanding, remain much the same as it is now, a rickety Frankenstein of a translation, unable to go alone, and not the risen brother of Bethany, truly alive from the dead.

In matters purely narrative and historical, wherein names written in *cartouches* chiefly figure, we cannot hesitate, for the most part, to receive the accredited version of Egyptologists as to a certain degree correct ; but where it comes to the translation of matters of moral teaching and sentiment, where no antecedent clue offers itself of the prevailing strain of the document, we must confess that we entertain the strongest disbelief of the correctness of the renderings.

Lest our argumentative concession of the early date of Menes should be conceived to be an absolute surrender of that date, we may avow our conviction that the period is a thousand years too early ; that Bunsen's whole Hyksos period is an interpolation ; and that Manetho's statements, and Apollodorus's digests, at second or third-hand, are not worthy of trust.

An extravagant demand upon our chronologic credulity is also made at an earlier period on behalf of Nimrod, the Cushite, who is identified by Bunsen with the conqueror of Plato's Atlantic tale in his "*Timæus*." But the "*Timæus*" is a mere political romance, like the "*Odyssey*," the "*Cyropædia*," and the "*Telemaque* ;" consequently, of no avail to throw this supposed Scythian dynast into the seventh millennium before Christ. The use Bunsen makes of the story, nevertheless, is proof of the comprehensive ingenuity of the Prussian *savant*.

But other features of Egyptian civilization, besides that of language, testify, in Bunsen's opinion, that the history of Egypt is a mediæval stage in the development of man, and not primæval ; that something—much—went before, fully as much as—nay, more than—what comes behind. In the Pantheon of humanity, the language and mythology of Egypt occupy a place posterior to something else. The dwellers by the Euphrates and the Tigris claim precedence on the historic stage of the Ithamites of the Nile. Ten thousand years will not be too much to allow them in the Asiatic cradle of the race, and ten thousand more in Egypt until the incarnation of Christ, or twenty thousand years in all. Such is Bunsen's theory, and he looks to the subject of Comparative Mythology to substantiate his opinion. But the subject of Mythology is too vast for even a cursory notice in this Paper. Our Author avails himself of the ponderous system of Egyptian cosmogony and idolatry to frame therefrom an additional argument in favour of the antiquity of the Egyptian people. Yet on how unstable evidence,

beyond the broad fact of an established and fully-developed platform of idol-worship, his theory rests, even Bunsen's confession may be adduced to show. In the volume before us (iv. p. 65) the Author affirms :—"Our method will be based on what has been advanced and *proved* in the First Book." Now, in that very First Book, page 366, where he has to quarrel with the opinions of Champollion, Rosellini, and Wilkinson, on the assumption of Triads in the mythology of Egypt, Bunsen makes a statement that may be very fairly launched against his own adventure :—"The very threads of the chronology have not yet been arranged, nor the reading of the names satisfactorily established ; so that the mere preliminary steps towards clearing the ground are not yet taken." Thus, when his own assumptions are put forward, figures are definite and records clear ; but when opponents interpret the same phenomena otherwise, arithmetic falters, and hieroglyphics robe themselves in a garb of mystery.

The basis of Bunsen's conclusion rests on the fact, which no one who has studied the subject will dispute, that the name and hieroglyphic of the son of Menes, and other kings of the Old Empire, are derived from the gods. A mythology therefore existed at the earliest day, firmly planted in the soil of the national life, which had required for its development a certain fixed period of years. The question, therefore, is as to the length of that period :—Was it 15,000 years, or, say, 5,000 ?

We are brought into curious contact with the records of the creation of the world in Genesis, by that portion of Bunsen's argument in which he adduces the testimony of the Phœnician and Babylonian Kosmogonies. In these, however, we only find proof of the Divine value of our Inspired Records, and evidence of their earlier antiquity. *What Genesis states as matter of fact, the poets of after days have moulded into the creatures of fancy.* In the Oriental Kosmogony, for instance, recorded by Eudemus the Peripatetic, and pupil of Aristotle, ΤΑΥΤΗ, the chaos, is only personified ΤΟΝΥ, the Hebrew *waste of elements*.

Again :—Damascius, the last teacher of Heathen philosophy, who in the reign of Justinian was at the head of the Neo-Platonic school, has transmitted in his work, *περί ἀρχῶν*, a Kosmogony of the Phœnicians, which makes υΛΟΜΟΣ to be the original spiritual god, the product of Ether and Air—that is, clearly, of Jove and Spirit ; a very curious prefiguration of the generation of the Son of Man, the Ancient of Days. But υΛΟΜΟΣ, again, is only the Hebrew OLAM personified.

We are by no means certain that the ΡΟΤΗΟΣ of Damascius himself and the Greek writers, which is understood, in accordance with his own tongue, to be DESIRE, as one of the elements of creation, is not a mythologic vocal perversion of ΒΟΗΥ, the Hebrew *void*, which appears in the Latin vacu-um.

Our Author has a curious idea of the connexion of language-development with the development of mythology, which pervades his volume. His formulary is this :—"The foretype of the oldest mythology is

organic language ; the formation of substantive nouns is the first stage of personifying God."

The least satisfactory part of the Baron's work we esteem his treatment of the early narrative portions of Genesis, resolving them into myths and fables wherein gods figure instead of mortal men ; and even characters so purely historical as Jacob and Esau, become Hercules-Israel and Usous—the latter the brother of the former in a Kosmogonical sense, but the brother of Saturn in a planetary point of view. Of the kind of evidence for this startling mythologic reading of a very simple history, on which the Author deems it safe to rely, let his treatment of Tubal-Cain serve as an example. A third fragment of the Kosmogony of Philo reads thus :—"From them were descended two brothers . . . Khusor . . . and Melekh ; and from them came the Artificer and the Earth-born, or Primitive Father."

Khuseor-Vulcan here is the Demiurgus, the Creator ; and his brother is Melekh, the Moloch of the Hebrews, the cruel Canaanitish god in whose honour children were thrown into the flames, and consumed with fire ; but who had also taught men to build houses with more substantial materials than those in use, namely, with bricks hardened in the fire. Khuseor is the father of the first man, the Earth-born—Adam-Kadmon ; but Melekh, or Tubal, the fire-god, is the father of the Artificer—Kain, the smith. How Tubal may be made to mean *brick-burner* and *ore-smith*, a note of the Author's will show :—

"The Coptic *Tobi* for *brick* is found in the hieroglyphics as *Teb*, but *teben* means in Hebrew itself the *chopped straw* here mentioned, which was mixed with the clay. The amplification of the original root by the final N, is organic in Hebrew, so that TBL may very well have signified in old Canaanitish *chopped straw*, and so *dried bricks*, and then from its fundamental signification *ore*. But *tebel* means in Hebrew, the *inhabited and cultivated earth*."—Page 218.

Our readers, we fancy, will concur with us in considering this etymologic series as unsatisfactory, as the hypothesis it so feebly supports is gratuitous and unsound. According to Bunsen, *Tob* or *Teb*, in Coptic, means *brick* ; *Teben*, in Hebrew, *chopped straw* ; *Tebel* (which is not *Teben*) may have signified in old Canaanitish, *chopped straw* ; hence *dried bricks*, hence *ore*, hence *Tubal*, who *burned bricks*, the *peculiarity of which kind is that they are made without straw* ; and wrought in *ores*, whose etymon, passing over the *chopped straw* stage, is found in *brick*.

If this wretched philological legerdemain were announced to us as his device, on any other authority than the Baron's own, we should scout it at once as a ridiculous caricature of his scholarship ; but having it under his own hand, we can only look upon it as proof of an intellectual craze in one particular direction, such as is most common amongst the most gifted persons. No one in his senses will be persuaded by it to identify Tubal with the Phœnician Fire-god, the *worker in metals* and *burnt brickmakers*.

Our author expounds the legend of Jacob and Esau in an astronomical sense more fully in the following paragraph :—

“ The highest celestial, agreeably to all the known analogies which Movers has collected with great learning, can only mean, according to the genius of Semitic mythology, in a planetary point of view, Saturn, the highest of the planets ; in a Kosmogonical one only the manifesting God, like the Phœnician and Greek Hercules. But his brother USOV must have been in Phœnician USOV, that is EASU (the rough, hairy [sehir, as 'Hesav is called]) with a dialectical difference of pronunciation. Add to this, what we know from Philo's unimpeachable testimony, that the above Hercules was called by the Phœnicians *Israel*, i. e. God's soldier, or the struggler with God, and we shall deduce from it important and interesting results. In the first place, the whole idea of Hercules as Saturn, the Lord, becomes clearer ; but, in the next place, it cannot fail to strike us, that in the Bible, the two brothers Jacob and Edom (the red), the patriarchs of the Jews and Edomites, are also called Israel and Esau.”—Page 207.

ADAH, the wife of the bigamist Lamech, of the fourth chapter of Genesis, is *Hora*, the goddess of opportunity or grace, from the Hebrew HADAH. But the same ADAH appears again as the wife of the Phœnician god *Esau* or *Usov*. She was worshipped at Babylon as *Hera* (Juno), which indicates her exalted position. NAAMAH, the daughter of Lamech, is probably NEMANO, a name of Minerva. See Plutarch de Iside et Osiride (c. 14).

Again, from Philo, “Æon and Protogonos begat mortal children ; they were called Phos, Pyr, and Phlox—light, fire, and flame.”

These, according to Bunsen, are URIM (lights), CHERUBIM (volcanoes), by their fierce and protracted eruptions excluding man from Paradise in North-east Asia about 11,000 years before Christ, and SERAPHIM (bright flames).

But the first-born of Æon and Protogonos were Genos and Genea. These, in Bunsen, are *Teraphim*, because Teraph means to pluck off, and plucking off suggests a leaf, and Homer compares a race of men to falling leaves, and a diet of fruits of trees was enjoined in the first instance upon mankind ; *Toledoth*, being feminine, corresponds with Genea.

The speculative and historical ideas which belong to his Kosmogony are summed up as follows :—

“ Out of the primitive deep, divided into the antithesis of idea and matter, proceeded the conscious God, who is likewise represented in a duality, as the antithesis of Being and Thought. The act of creation commenced with this divine self-consciousness, the emanation of the Logos, who was the prototype of Man.”

The great resource of those who cannot make facts bend to dates, is to make dates bend to facts. Of this faculty Baron Bunsen makes frequent and temerarious use, but no where more palpably than in the history of the antediluvian patriarchs. Assuming that history to be almost fable, with the faintest indication of facts, those very shadows of reality being adjusted to astronomical periods, Baron Bunsen deals

with both as suits his taste, and as the exigencies of his hypothesis demand. For instance, he makes the sum of the lives of these patriarchs from Cainan to Lamech downwards to be 4,878 years.

Kenan (as he spells it).....	910 years.
Mahalael	895 "
Jared	962 "
Hanokh	365 "
Methushelach	969 "
Lamekh	777 "

4,878

Assuming this collective sum of their ages to be correct, Bunsen makes it appear to be an astronomical arrangement in the following way:—

"The sum total, therefore, of the first six dates of the historical period of mankind, from Kenan to Lamekh inclusive, equals 4878, contains, in the first place, seven complete kosmic years (which reminds us of the seven days of creation.) Equal to $7 \times 618\frac{1}{2} = 4328$, with 550 years over, or eight cycles less fifty years."

To all this, the answer is not only manifold but triumphant.

1. As to the seven supposed Kosmic years of these men reminding us of "the seven days of creation," it is enough to say, that they remind us of the Seven Champions of Christendom, or the Seven Sleepers, or the Seven Wise Men of Greece, or any other seven down to the Irishman's seven senses, quite as naturally.

2. The attempted adjustment of the period of these patriarchs to so many Kosmic years, with a balance more or less, might be attempted with equal success to any other method of computation, olympiads, lustrums, &c. as more or less makes all the difference between any two sums. But the grand objection to Bunsen's calculation is—

3. That the 4,878 years assigned to the patriarchs, is the full sum of their respective lives, without making any deduction for the times during which they were in existence together. This extraordinary fallacy of making the long period of each life successive instead of contemporaneous may well awaken our surprise, but is a clue to much more in the chronology of our author as applied to Egypt. It seems an unaccountable oversight in the present case, but the fact is that hypothesis is not nice about facts.

The true sums, of course, are—

Cainan to birth of Mahalaleel	70 years.
Mahalaleel	65 "
Jared	162 "
Enoch	65 "
Methuselah	187 "
Lamech	777 "

1316

$$4878 - 1316 = 3562.$$

That is 3,562 years must be deducted from the period of 4,878, and the sum reduced to its correct figures 1316. Bunsen cannot object to this calculation, because the figures which he himself adduces are those of the fifth chapter of Genesis, from which we have only made those reductions which the historian prescribes.

The way in which the fifty years "less" are accounted for in the preceding Kosmical adjustment of dates, is another amusing sample of our author's method. His ingenuity is fertile in expedients, but they all assume blunders in the Sacred Writers with the same perfect non-chalance with which another man would crack filberts:—as he expresses it on the preceding page (398)—"merely a blunder."

Method I.—Noah is stated to have lived 350 years after the flood; suppose it only 300, and allow the overplus of 50 to belong to the eighth preceding cycle, and the feat is achieved. In consequence of the flood, our author complacently says, "a confusion took place."

Method II.—We might suppose that the "error" [not Bunsen's error, but the Sacred Writer's] of the fifty years originates in the numbers of the age of the six patriarchs. "The sum total may have consisted of 4,928 years instead of 4,878, or there is some more serious discrepancy at the bottom of it." That is, in short, it may be accounted for, or stated, or altered, or believed in this or some other way, without regard to any point but the critic's caprice.

Method III.—The 969 years of Methuselah end in the flood. "But the whole of this calculation is based on a misconception," and the 969 years now assigned to Methuselah are due "to an intentional alteration. The original number was probably higher. Suppose it was so by fifty-one years (50 solar ones) (1020), and we have the fifty years we want." Just so, say we; nothing is more easy.

The whole of the reasoning of the Baron, in dealing with the Genetic record, is of the same loose kind; his prepossessions, fancies, convictions, are to govern the interpretation of documents, and not the documents to shape his opinion or guide his judgment. "There were eight cycles before Noah [wanting, on his own showing, fifty years], beginning with Kain, the builder of cities and leader of the primeval migrations. There was one cycle for Noah and one for Shem; making the total of ten cycles, or 6,000 solar years, for primeval history, before the beginning of the Aramaic records respecting the migrations from the mountains of Arrapakhtis. The ten apparent links in the misunderstood patriarchal list may be a relic of the ancient decade of cycles. There are also ten epochs in the Chaldaean primeval history." This last sentence discloses the secret of the Author's learned legerdemain. Hebrew history must be conformed to the traditions of all the nations of the world, and Hebrew history must pay them the homage of adapting itself to their eccentricities. Unauthorized, unfounded, incredible traditions are everything, and Hebrew verities are nothing.

Another characteristic example of the Baron's facility of dealing with obstacles in his calculations, yet one of the same kind recently noticed, is the following:—"The sum of 1835 years, which is divided not quite

equally between Adam and Enoch, *corresponds within 20 years to three Kosmic years converted into lunar years.* In order to give three cycles historically, it should be 1855 years. The 20 years which are wanting may be accounted for by supposing that Enoch, the primeval man, had originally 925 instead of 905 assigned to him. These were necessarily to be reduced below 912, as soon as Seth was regarded as the son of Adam and father of Enoch; for the ages of man diminish down to 'Hanokh. The change of 925 into 905 required only the omission of the word or letter for twenty"—a piece of information, this last, which the Baron might have spared his readers.

The supposed necessity for the reduction of the higher figure to the lower fails him, when we recollect that directly after Enoch or 'Hanokh, the ages of the patriarchs bound suddenly up beyond their early limit.

The dates assigned to Adam and Enoch will not correspond with the three Kosmic years, except by an arbitrary addition of twenty years, so as to make 1835 become 1855. But what is further peculiar about the adoption of this period is, that Baron Bunsen identifies Adam and Enoch as the same person; and yet is contented to argue, for the sake of getting additional Kosmic ages, as though they were not one. Thus, on the hypothesis of their identity, the sum is about a thousand years; but, on the supposition of their separate existence, he gains nearly two thousand. Here they are regarded as two, but elsewhere as one. Whether the Baron is serious in claiming for them together the period of three Kosmic years, or whether he may be supposed to suggest the Kosmic year-division as that uppermost in the mind of the original historian, we shall not take upon us to say.

The theory of the identity of Adam and Enoch is based upon the view that the list of the Cainite family and of the Sethite family of the fourth and fifth chapters of Genesis, is not different, but the same. The proof is curious:—

ADAM signifies Man.

ENOCH signifies Man.

ELOHIM created Adam.

SETH was the father of Enos.

But Seth is Suth, who is Sot, who is Sothis, who is Saturn. Hence—

God created Adam;

Saturn created Enos.

That is, God, who is Saturn, and moreover is a phallic God, made Adam, who is Enos: Adam being, as the Bible declares him, the father of Seth, and Enos his son.

Cain of chapter iv. is Cainan of chapter v.

Enoch Cain's son, is Enoch Jared's son.

Hirad Enoch's son, is Jared Mahalaleel's son.

Mehujael Hirad's son, is Mahalaleel Cainan's son.

Methusael Mehujael's son, is Methuselah Enoch's son.

Lamech who is Methusael's son, is Lamech Methuselah's son.

By tossing the names of the second list backward and forward, as

a juggler tosses his balls, the names in the list are found to have a certain sort of resemblance for five or six descents, but with Lamech the father of Noah, and Lamech the polygamist, the resemblance ceases. The one Lamech was probably a murderer; perhaps one of the bloody Nephilim, that brought down vengeance on a guilty world. The other, a man of peace, a saint of God, and the father of a new race of mankind. No moral contrast can be greater; and no untruth more unlike truth.

The duration of the lives of Noah and Shem consists of purely astronomical periods, while the post-diluvian names which we might suppose indicated persons, are those of places or events. For instance,

Arphaxad is a residence in Arrapakhitis;

Selah is the migration pushing forwards;

Heber is the passage of the Tigris;

Peleg means a canal, or one in whose "days the earth was cut into canals"—the system of early canals perhaps that united the Tigris and Euphrates. Bunsen himself, however, can scarcely equal the simplicity wherewith the author of a paper in the last series of "Cambridge Essays" deals with this name. From his feats in canal making, Peleg "was hence surnamed a divider, or strictly in the modern English term, 'Navie.' We do not know whether this has ever been pointed out before."—"Cambridge Essays," Fourth Series, p. 137.

Serug is Osroene; while Nahor and Terah, "it is probable," are individual persons, and consequently historical.

The Flood is "a vast catastrophe, by the operation of water and fire, by which the Caspian Sea and Ural Lake were formed," producing a change in the primeval abode of man, and causing "a vast disturbance and movement amongst the populations,"—which continued its ravages and results for "many hundreds" of years.

Other matters are dealt with much in the same style, on the plea that "we must take our stand on the Egyptian monuments and records, including the language, and cannot make Biblical research the starting point"—that critics, like Bunsen, are constrained to protest against "dogmatising Bibliolatry, the superstitious use which Protestants make of their Bible, as a cloak for indolence and want of reflection."

The system of our Author resolves itself into sheer Naturalism, and nothing higher or better. With him man is but an accident—an evolution or emanation of the physical condition of the elements:—religion an invention; language an experiment. It evidently proceeds upon the idea that the earliest condition of the human race was that of a barbarian infancy, a *mutum et turpe pecus*, without articulate speech, without religion, without restraint of law or acquaintance with morals—a period of unlimited extent, during which "wild in woods the noble savage ran," painfully struggling through millennium after millennium of years into the possession of the most ordinary gifts of civilized man. Every monstrous dogma of polytheism in this system preceded the knowledge and worship of one true God—a sublime result only

attained after thousands of years of darkness and error. This is a kind of philosophy of the human race we had deemed long exploded amongst thinking men, since the patent facts of the case are against it. Civilized man may degenerate into a barbarian, but we cannot understand how savages of a low type—an Australian or a Bushman—can develop into a Moses, a Paul, a Plato. If ever possible, it could only be by force of a civilization conveyed to them *ab extra*, and never by a boiling Geyser of impulse gushing up amid them from within. In the facts as they have really happened, and in characteristics as they actually exist, we perceive not a necessity for prodigious and incredible cycles of time, but a call for Divine intervention. Polytheism is the corruption of an antecedent truth, not the dictate of an untaught devotional instinct—rude attempts at realising an Omnipresent Deity under many material forms—unavoidable and therefore innocent errors. The great lever that has raised the human race from the first has been RELIGION—and that religion a monotheism imparted from without. Not merely the precept of self-knowledge, but that of the knowledge of the only true God, has come to man from above: *Et cælo descendit—γῶθι [τὸν θεόν]*.

As we look back upon the dark and thorny wood from which we emerge now that our task is drawing to a close, we must avow our thankfulness that we have encountered no statement sufficient to shake the faith of any sane man in the truth of the Hebrew Scriptures. We have had evidence indeed presented to us, collected from diverse quarters, that the chronology of the earlier records of Genesis is imperfect, and that the patent facts of primeval history demand longer periods for the dispersion and multiplication of the human race; but we have also had, in the pertinacity of the Baron's dogmatizing and the ascertained weakness of his arguments, ample justification for denouncing his demand of extravagant periods of time for this process. No one, we surmise, in all England, except perhaps Mr. Rowland Williams, in that unhealthy nightmare of a book, "Essays and Reviews," takes Baron Bunsen's fancies for facts, or his Genesis read through neological spectacles as a correct picture of the Creation, and an esoteric revelation of truth. The credulity with which our Author listens to every authority, however fabulous—to every voice, however indistinct, provided it is not Biblical—to the neglect or contradiction of the plainest statements in the Bible, seems to us to find its parallel only in the conduct of those who, when they profess to believe in nothing, soon come to believe in anything. Of this habit of mind, Lord Herbert of Chesham with his vision, and the late Robert Owen with his slavish devotion to spirit-rapping, are notorious instances. Our conclusion, drawn from the study of the ancient Cosmogonic fables, is entirely at odds with Bunsen's. We have the greatest possible respect for Sanchoniatho, whom Philo translated and Eusebius and Porphyry commended, and whom, in modern times, Orelli and Movers, Ewald and Renan, have either edited or commented on: we are not prepared, with Schweuk, to treat with supercilious contempt the much

later Berosus of Babylon,* contemporary of the first Seleucids, especially since his chaff has been winnowed from the wheat in the critical sieve of a Niebuhr—but we must own, with all deference to these recorders of the ancient traditions of Phœnicia and the Doab, that we are not prepared, on their simple authority, to receive the surmises of philosophers and the fancies of poets respecting the *origines* of Matter and Time, in supercession of the grave, dignified, historical, every-way-worthy annals of the Jewish race. How can we allow for one moment the declaration, that the first men had sometimes wings, sometimes the feet of beasts, and sometimes the tails of fish, before the race fully asserted its characteristics—a striking resemblance to the theory of the *Vestiges*, and of the more recent *Origin of Species*—in the presence of that majestic utterance of a simple fact, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness?” What is it to us that KOLPIA and his wife BAAU gave birth to Æon and Protogonos—this tradition being a thinly disguised parody of *Kol-peh-jah, the voice of the mouth of JEHOVAH*, and *Bohu*, the original *Chaos*—when we encounter the satisfactory and sublime creation of Light, God’s mundane First-born, in the expression, “Let there be light, and there was light?” We have read some three hundred pages of oriental Kosmogonies in the volume before us—having been familiar with most of their details for years—and confess that they have had considerable effect in clearing our sky of any doubts we might otherwise have entertained of the divineness of the opening paragraphs of Genesis. For ourselves we must say, that, so far from dreading the juxtaposition and comparison of these Cosmogonic dreams and traditions with the account of Creation given in the earliest book of the Sacred Volume, we should prefer, as apologists, their appearing in the form of foot-notes to the Biblical text, as its highest attestation and commendation. For the most part they breathe a spirit of credulous folly—the earnestness that here and there ballasts their nonsense being their closest imitations of the Hebrew tradition. We should feel proud to point the eye of the caviller and the doubter to their very different characteristics, and say—

“Look on this picture—and on this.”

No more wholesome exercise could be given to the incipiently sceptical mind than a course of Pagan Kosmogonic absurdities, for it will send

* It is instructive to observe how indulgent authors can be to Pagan annalists, while they denounce in a merciless strain the credulity, ignorance, and blunders of the penmen of Scripture. Our Berosus, for instance, is accredited with “entire credibility” (p. 149); yet the same Berosus states of himself that he copied his histories from the Babylonian registers, which ran back to a period of 800,000 years. Now there is here either exaggeration in the chronology, or falsehood in the traditions, or mistake in the annalist: but no consideration is allowed to damage the credit of Berosus and his compeers who deal in statements as fabulous as their arithmetic is extravagant.

back the conscientious seeker for truth with an ever-fresh zest, and ever-higher appreciation, to the grandly simple and sublime narrative of the Sacred Oracles. Not that we overlook the fragmentary character of the first chapters of Genesis; not that we doubt in the slightest degree the existence of the distinction between the Jehovistic and Elohist documents out of which they are compiled; not that we deny their legendary and traditional complexion, and possibly the intermixture of allegory, in some measure with plain narrative; but assert, nevertheless, that they are intelligible, true, and inspired. Traditions they may well be without disparaging their genuineness, for the compiler, writing at the distance of some thousands of years, must have relied upon traditions. But traditions are true as well as false. Paul commends true traditions to the observance of the Thessalonians. (2 Thess. ii. 15.) The first family of man would communicate reports of their own creation, as far as they were revealed to them from without, or recognized by their consciousness, to their descendants; and when these were obscured or forgotten, the deep yearning of the human heart after a history of the origin of the universe would lead to the rehabilitation of the old stories, or the invention of new. Moses was divinely directed to the storehouse of the true tradition, by reason of which the Genesis of the Bible, amongst the Kosmogonic fables of the ancients, stands sublimely alone.

VI.

ON THE SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

"God setteth the solitary in families."—Ps. lxxviii. 6.

Love is our first lesson. The very first thing a little infant learns, is to love her who supplies its wants and soothes its pains. The love of the father never precedes this love;—how should it? His kind looks and endearments soon call forth reciprocal affections; but, under every sense of need, the infant instinctively turns to its mother. It can do without him;—it cannot do without her. And though individual character sometimes neutralizes class distinctions, so that here and there is found a mother less tender than a father, yet, as a rule, it is admitted that the masculine character is less endued with parental tenderness than the feminine; and, with regard to the irrational creation, the rule has no exceptions. The mother loves the child as part of herself, but with a love so purely unselfish, that, from the very first, she will sacrifice to it her own rest, comfort, and pleasure. The unselfish nature of

this love inevitably refines, purifies, and exalts her own character ; so that, though the average of single women may be capable of being very good mothers, she who is already a mother is something higher than they are, unless she is false to herself.

It is possible to predicate with precision the moral standard of a nation by the strength or weakness of this tie ; for mothers form their sons, and " by their fruits ye shall know them." " The first ten years of a man's life," says Dr. Cumming, " are in your keeping." Awful, yet happy responsibility ! The native Australians, who rank lowest in the scale of humanity, are the most deficient in parental affection. What a noble idea is given us of the country that could produce Cratesiclea, who, being told that Ptolemy demanded her as hostage for her son Cleomenes, cheerfully exclaimed—" Is this the thing which you have so hesitated to communicate ? Pray put me immediately on board a ship, and send this carcase of mine wherever you think it may be of most use to Sparta." And, seeing her son full of emotion as she was on the point of embarking, she put her arm about his neck, and whispered—" Oh ! let none see us weeping. This alone is in our power ; the rest is in the hands of God." It is no more surprising that a woman of this mould should be the mother of a hero, than that Julia, the daughter of Germanicus, should produce a Nero. And each was the type of her country. It is a happy sign for Italy, who once brought forth a Lucrezia Borgia and a Bianca Capello, that Garibaldi can now bid the women of the Peninsula and of Sicily take pattern by the ladies Cairoli, Martinez, Dinorchi, Sinori, Biancardi, Pallavicini, Speri, Pepoli, Salvi, who have shown themselves all the more true women in showing themselves true patriots.

Mother's love, then, is strongest and purest of all—the most unselfish and imperishable. The Almighty uses, as the strongest metaphor, the expression—" As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee." And the question is asked almost incredulously—" Can a mother forget her sucking child ?"

Next, then, to the infant's perception of its mother's love, comes its recognition of the love of its father. Now, this love is the type of the greatest love of all, which is the love of God ; for He pleases to call Himself our Father, and indeed is so—in whom we live, and move, and have our being. Unconscious at first of the love of our earthly father, we are still slower to recognize the love of our Father which is in heaven. The sense of a father's love is early coupled with that of his strength and power ; hence, our love for him is tempered with fear, but also with reliance. We know he can, and fear he will, chastise us for our misdeeds ; but we also repose in his power of defending us from evil. Now, the bond of filial love, which so distinguishes all but the inferior races of men, does not exist at all among the lower animals—at any rate, after they can feed themselves. Gratitude is unknown to them, as regards one another, for gratitude requires more power of memory than they possess. A dog will recognize last year's master sooner than be recognized by last year's puppy. In filial affection,

therefore, we take rank above the brutes ; but how weak a tie is filial affection among barbarous tribes ! Among the native Australians it cannot be said to exist at all ; and certainly parental affection has done little to call it forth. In Africa, a step higher in the scale of humanity, fathers continually sell their children into slavery, and sons are ready to cast forth their parents to perish, as soon as their support becomes burthensome. Robert Moffat, the missionary, gives an affecting instance of this. Seeing a wreath of smoke rising in a desert place covered with the footprints of lions, he approached the spot, and beheld a heart-rending object. "It was a venerable looking old woman," says he, "a living skeleton, sitting with her head leaning on her knees. She tried to rise, but, trembling with weakness, sank again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime, saying—'My mother, fear not. We are friends, and will do you no harm.' I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated—'Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation ?' To which she replied—'I am a woman ; I have been here four days ; my children have left me here to die.' 'Your children !' I interrupted. 'Yes,' raising her hands to her shrivelled bosom, 'my own children—three sons and two daughters : they are gone to yonder blue mountain, and have left me here to die.' 'And why did they leave you ?' I inquired. Spreading out her hands, 'I am old, you see, and no longer able to serve them. When they kill game, I am too feeble to assist in carrying home the flesh ; I am not able to gather wood to make fire ; and I cannot carry their children on my back, as I used to do.' This last sentence was more than I could bear ; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked that I was surprised she had escaped the lions. . . . She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and, raising it up as one would do loose linen, she added : 'I hear the lions ; but there is nothing on me that they would eat—there is no flesh for them to scent.'" As she was afraid of accompanying Moffat and his party (though, even had they been cannibals, one would wonder why she should fear them more than the lions), he gave her some food, made up her fire, and pursued his journey. Eventually, it appeared, that her sons, watching the travellers' caravan from the hills, and seeing it halt where they had left their mother, were impelled, by alarm or curiosity, to visit her after he had left her ; and were sufficiently impressed by their fears of the white man's power to punish, to take her home, and provide for her with more than usual care. On reasoning with the natives, however, says Moffat, on this cruel practice, they would only laugh.

Next in gradation to Heathens come Idolaters ; and here the classic scholar will instantly be prepared to quote the filial piety of Antigone, of Damo, of the sons of the priestess of Diana, of the sons who bore their father on their shoulders to the Olympic games, &c. Many instances of unnatural children, however, prove that the polished creeds

of Greece and Rome had very little influence in stemming the current of evil in the natural man ; though, in theory, the love of parents and offspring was inculcated by them, which is more than can be said of idolatries farther east.

It appears, then, that instinct, sentiment, and any religious creed short of that of the only true God, is insufficient either as a check or stimulus in the discharge of the obligations of parent and child. Some there have been who, from inherent nobility of character and long cultivated habits of unselfishness, have, like *Crotachis*, been capable of sublime devotion to their children and country ; but where, in classic annals, shall we find a *Hannah*, a *Nazmi*, a *Ruth* !

From the parental relation spring all the other relative connections of life ; and just in proportion as these are hallowed and blameless in their several degrees, is the welfare and worth of the whole. A little cluster of individuals, comprising virtuous and affectionate parents, children, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, make a family ; an aggregate of such families makes a nation : and as those families and their several members are felt to be on the whole truthful, honest, God-fearing, kindly affectioned, such will be the repute of the nation. Many of the crimes in Italian mediæval history resulted from the false position in which members of the same household stood to one another. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Trollope, "that in the whole story of *Luisa Strozzi* her husband is never once named." He evidently thought, and others thought, that he had very little to do with his wife's safety or reputation. Her brothers might look to her ; they were her natural protectors. That was in the old days of the Medici. The marriage-tie has been worn loosely among them ever since ; and it will be one of the tasks of the next Italian reformers to reinstate conjugal life in its just position.

"The fire of Italian hearths is going out rapidly," says Gallenga. "Living from home becomes a more and more universal practice. Fathers, mothers, whole families go to the cafés and restaurants for their breakfasts and other meals ; and bachelors leave their lodgings unshaven, if not unwashed, and never revisit them till bed-time. The barber, the boot-black, as well as the cook, are all ready to wait upon them out of doors. The fire, in short, is being put out in Italy ; and with it the feelings of home and domestic affection are becoming obsolete. The number of single men throughout Italy is quite appalling ; there is no country in which 'improvident marriage' is more carefully eschewed." Happily, this was before the famous Fifty-nine ; though only in Fifty-eight. It remains to be seen whether reformation will not follow in the footprints of revolution, and reformed religion be attended by its inseparable handmaids—reformed morals and manners.

O ye Continentals ! what know you of the charm, the virtue, of an English family breakfast ? When the brisk, cheerful father, clean shaved and brushed ; the complacent mother, in no untidy dishabille ; the young lads, "poking fun" at one another ; the blooming girls, in

fresh muslins and ribbons, with hair in shining coils and braids, drop in at the appointed hour, exchange blythe "good-morrows" or kind inquiries after last night's headache or toothache, join reverently in a brief act of social worship, and then gather round the ample table, covered with a fair white cloth, where good, wholesome, nutritious fare is spread in tempting order, crowned with the steaming urn ;—then, as the father skims his newspaper, and culls choice extracts for his family, or the mother breaks the seal of letters from this and that cherished relative, and communicates their interesting or entertaining contents, what subject-matter is afforded for family talk, such as the Italian, slinking off to his coffee-house, can never know !

Family habits and Protestantism seem to go together. In Spain, a diminutive cup of chocolate, brought into the bedroom, is the apology for a breakfast ; in Russia, the meal, as we have it, is unknown—each one eats something when he is hungry. Were eating and drinking the sole object to be attained by gathering round a table, one might indeed as well feed apart as in company ; but only consider what interchange of minds, what acquaintance with one another's hearts, what refuges from tired thought, what cheerfulness and sociability would be lost thereby !

" 'Tis sweet, 'mid noise of plates and dishes,
To speak one's sentiments and wishes,"

sang the author of "Boyle Farm ;" and certainly it is only when converse seasons the repast, that the feeding of men becomes more refined than that of brutes. Meal-times are often the only seasons when the man of business sees his family ; deprive him of them, and he becomes a joyless labourer for those whom he never hears or sees ; but give him their cheerful chat at breakfast and supper, how briskly he toils during the intervening hours !

In France and Italy, young men see nothing, know nothing of their sisters—consequently, care little or nothing for them ; in England, sisters are their brother's cherished friends and correspondents. The Dean of Carlisle says he has known young men at college wholly restrained from vice, simply by the hallowed and blessed influence of their sisters. We have known a brother in Australia write to his authoress-sister in England, whom he had not seen for twenty years—"You cannot tell what a calming, quieting effect your books have on me ; they seem to decolonize me, if I may coin a word." How touching a picture is given in the memoir of Frances and Elizabeth Bickersteth, of the suffering Fanny lying on her bed of pain, with her father and two brothers kneeling round her ! Such a scene would not occur in Italy or France. The young girls there are shut up within convent walls during the freshest, most charming period of their youth. Truly their brothers may say—"A garden inclosed is my sister ; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." Her thick-coming fancies die at their birth, unspoken to sympathizing young sister or brother, indulgent mother,

or sensible, intelligent father ; her desire for useful knowledge meets with no response. Instead of being wisely drawn out of self by the thousand harmless and useful outlets of English home-life, she is driven to self-contemplation, and vain, vague longings and repinings. Released by marriage from this joyless captivity, she frequently finds herself, like Madame Guyon, a mere boarder under the roof of her mother-in-law, the most disregarded person in the house, with no household cares, no servants under her control, no purse, no liberty to take exercise and find society abroad, save under humiliating restrictions and surveillance—in all respects, except in name, a child still. Or else it is the husband who becomes the cypher :—Madame receives on appointed evenings ; the Signora Rosaura, or the Signora Bianca, is at home to her male friends and perhaps one or two ladies, who retail all the small-talk of the day, interspersed with plenty of compliment to the hostess, whom, however, the gentlemen do not always sufficiently respect to abstain from smoking their cigars. In these circles, the master of the house is always absent ; he is paying his compliments to some other Signora Rosaura, or Signora Bianca ; an evening *tête-à-tête* with his wife would be insupportable to them both. Her mind is unfurnished ; they have no common objects of interest ; they could only talk over the vexed question of domestic expenses.

Gallenga thinks one reason of the want of domestic sociability in Italy is the dearness and scarcity of fuel. It is ridiculous, he says, to talk of the warmth of Italy, when every one who has lived there knows how much cold weather there is, with no sufficient appliances to meet it. People go about with little earthen fire-pots in their hands, but they know not the luxury of a snug fire-side. Hearts and hearths go together ; no warmth of domestic affection can stand an empty fire-place in mid-winter ; just as our mechanics, if they return home to a smoky chimney and a scolding wife, soon go off to the beer-shop, so the Italian flings on his cloak, and goes to the café. The hotel charge for a fire at Turin is five francs a-day.

Well, a remedy for this may be at hand. Capitalists may mine for coal, and railways will swiftly transport it, ere long, where it is wanted. But if every Italian had a roaring Christmas fire on his hearth this minute, it would not remedy the evils of his social system, which spring from his code of religion. It is the interest and the pleasure of the priesthood to check the free growth of the domestic affections. The Romish Church even forbids sisters to profess in the same convent. There must be many a priest who looks on at a cheerful family party with feelings akin to those of Milton's Satan when he beheld the endearments of Adam and Eve. With the free admission of a reformed Christianity, every social good will follow. Already the momentous political questions which affect the very life of Italian unity and liberty, have awakened a more earnest feeling among her people ; and given even the coffee-house gossips something better to talk of than the last opera or ballet. Evangelical Christianity, the smallest of all seeds, has been sown in good soil, and, if not crushed

underfoot, will grow to maturity till it overshadows the land. Under its genial shelter, should God so will it, all the household relations will thrive and prosper; husband and wife will no longer weary of one another, with high and holy themes to talk of, and a circle of blooming children gladdening their home, no longer sent off to convents—brothers and sisters, whose hours, whose meals, whose tasks and exercises are still together—will twine, as 'twere, in love, and under the fostering, sanctifying influence of the social affections, will become better citizens, better patriots, better Christians. Genius itself, never so untrammelled as when frankly owning the bonds of that Lawgiver whose service is perfect freedom, will shake off its lethargy, and rejoice itself and the world by the exercise of its powers in their freshest vitality.

Wilberforce and Hannah More would have rejoiced, could they have beheld the decline of card-playing and play-going in the present day. One reason is the great prevalence of Evangelical Christianity, which makes it a duty to abstain from them; another, for the neglect of the theatre, is the growing disinclination of men to quit their fire-sides; and they cling to those fire-sides because they are comfortable and happy. Men study their ease more than they did—perhaps more than they ought; but it leads to domesticity. On the Continent, if it is not the lady's night for receiving company, or if the gentleman does not join her circle, the invariable refuge is the theatre. An Englishman after working his brain harder, probably, for many hours than his grandfather used to do, enjoys his late dinner with his wife and grown-up children, and, if he carries home an unexpected guest, knows that it will be to a clean table-cloth, well-dressed meal, and smiling faces. But the guest's presence is not needed; alone with his family, enjoying his easy chair and slippers, conversation seldom flags, or is varied by snatches of thoughtful pleasing rest, that probably end in a little nap, from which he awakes refreshed to renew the dialogue with increased spirit, or read aloud, or to himself, (while various female handiworks are pursued by his companions,) or listen to music, or enjoy a game of chess. This man is as happy as it is possible for a man to be; the idea of turning out into the sloppy streets to see the best play that ever was acted, would be no temptation to him; the opportunity or necessity of going to Mrs. Such-a-one's evening party, where "Silent circles fan themselves and quake,"

"And powdered, pert proficients in the art
Of sounding an alarm assault the doors
Till the street rings,"

would be positively nauseous to him. Fanny and Emma are willing to deprecate how difficult it always is to get Papa out. And happily, our Fannys and Emmas are generally well content to stay at home with him. "Girls will be girls," and a moderate participation in the innocent pleasures of society at home and abroad is what no

kind and sensible parent will deny them merely on the score of being too elderly and fond of ease himself to require or quite to like it. It is an undeniable fact, however,—and let those take consolation from it who most feel they need it,—that the young ladies who go out most are not those who always secure the best husbands, or even any husbands at all; nay, that the girls who are most admired and popular, are not those who are either the handsomest or the most expensively dressed. Unlimited credit at the milliner's and jeweller's, the most untiring of chaperons, will not carry the grand point. So certain is this, that many mammas and daughters, when they see that some unpretending little body, of whom it has been frequently affirmed that "there is nothing in her," wins a prize in the matrimonial lottery that beauty, style, position, fashion, fortune, failed to secure, they are obliged, for want of a better solution, reluctantly to observe that "marriages are made in heaven." Generally, a better solution *might* be found in the sweetness, unassuming manners, and intrinsic worth of the party who, perhaps, has been seen more than once in the soft, sober light of home, where shaded lamps cast a mild radiance so much more becoming than the ball-room chandeliers. But, say that marriages *are* made in heaven, that predestination inevitably brings the parties together who are to run in couples; well then, a truce with any more anxiety, manœuvring, and competition. The race is not to the swift, nor the apple to the fair. Pursue, oh ye daughters! the even tenor of your ways; knowing that the happy time will come, if it is to come; and if it is not, that no amount of going out and flitting restlessly from one watering-place to another will alter the case.

While the bachelors in Italy have been so much on the increase, the desire of parents to marry their daughters has been by no means lessened. Thus, the striving,—the desiring comes from the wrong side, which is anything but dignified. Among uncivilised tribes, and in early states of society, the wife has often been purchased, or, at all events, a very handsome compensation has been offered parents for parting with their daughters. She has not been treated like a bale of unsaleable goods, but as something which one party was eager to have, and the other reluctant to lose. Undoubtedly, this was in a great measure from her known power of doing work, which had a value equivalent to money; whereas, the parents now get rid of an expense, and the husband too often incurs a needlessly heavy one. It is greatly to the detriment of the social affections that an expensive outfit seems more and more in request, so that the aim sometimes defeats its own end, and terminates in having no outfit at all. This evil needs to be attacked at the very root by parents; with them it rests to bring up their children with reasonable expectations, and to adapt their habits to their means. A boy or girl who is placed at a school, where the table is better than at home, is, of course, discontented with the domestic providings. A small shopkeeper's daughter, who should learn to play the harp, except for the purpose of instruction, would, of course, repine at her lot in a home where a harp could not be played.

Who would fit up an expensive steam apparatus with no specific object ! Yet it is equal folly to provide the young with accomplishments unsuitable to their position in life, which they will be hardly able to practise. A sense of their acquirements being thrown away is painful to many young people, and destroys social happiness. On the other hand, there is hardly any accomplishment which, if the proper end is kept in view, may not subserve and increase domestic happiness. In the young ladies of the present time is continually found an extraordinary craving for change of scene ; one is dying to go to Italy, another to go to Egypt, another to Tasmania. Before steamboats and railroads made time and space so insignificant, these cases would simply have been counted madness, or downright folly ; but now parents harass themselves to gratify the wish for what is not impossible, but only excessively expensive and inconvenient. Could not these restless young ladies turn their energies to better account ? If they are tired of crochet and Berlin work, are there no hungry to feed, no naked to clothe, no children to teach, no sick to be visited ? A utilitarian, seeing a rapid stream racing to the ocean, exclaims—"What a fine water power is here wasted !" Eternity is the ocean : shall not these rapid streams be turned to account ?—these fast young ladies kept moving to some purpose ? Without copying Miss Marsh, Mrs. Bayly, and Mrs. Wightman, they might find some corresponding sphere of usefulness. England, with all thy faults, I love thee still ; and the women, young and old, rich and poor, of England cannot, after all, be matched. What household servants they make !—what devoted, pure-minded governesses !—what wives !—what mothers !—what sisters !

The single lady of a certain age is a personage scarcely at all seen, at any rate in her proper position, except in England. In Roman Catholic countries, she takes refuge in a convent ; she is hardly considered respectable ; whereas here, she is respectability itself ! The old maid of old novels and plays, indeed, prim, censorious, and spiteful, is disappearing. In her place we have a most cheerful, contented, benevolent, and popular lady, seldom behind the fashion or behind the news and literature of the day—beloved by nephews and nieces, married brothers, sisters, and cousins ; a tower of strength in times of sickness and family troubles ; a favourite visitor, yet not always visiting nor yet staying too long ; sometimes, on the contrary, having a snug little home of her own, where pet nieces and nephews spend a few days most delightfully ; a guardian angel to the poor ; a valuable auxiliary to the clergyman and clergyman's wife ; in high esteem and respect among the tradespeople ; a famous letter-writer, and the fabricator of most beautiful fancy work ! Of this genus, we are privileged to know several specimens, some of whom, we are bold to hope, will bridle when they read this little account, and say with a pleased, half-doubtful look—"Well, I'm sure ; this can't be *me* !" Yes, it is *you*, aunt Kate and aunt Maria, and ever so many aunts with pretty names who have been pretty young women in your time, and who now have

something than beauty dearer. You are the salt of the country; as long as you are the objects and subjects of such warm and kindly feeling, you greatly contribute to the support of the social affections.

We meant to say something about the baneful custom across the Atlantic, of living in boarding-houses for the first few years of married life, so sadly detrimental to the social affections. But we will not prick holes in our neighbours' coats. The evil won't spread. The Englishman's home is his castle; for that home he fights, works, and prays. He won't go into a boarding-house, trust him for that!

A. M.

VII.

HOME EVANGELIZATION.*

TRAVELLING one day with a gentleman from Africa, our conversation turned on the inhospitable character of the climate on the banks of the Niger. "Great changes have taken place there," said our friend, "since the time of the unfortunate Expedition." For "many years, in cultivating the higher grounds, we suffered from the malaria of the swamps below, but a gentleman from Glasgow got possession of one of those swamps, cut what he called a main drain, running into the river, and then by a process of angular drainage leading into the principal cutting, he so drained the soil that he could plant and sow the swamp; and now, while he has abundant returns, our crops on the higher grounds have all improved."

Now, what was done for the material swamp of Africa must be done for the moral swamps of England. The churches of the little hills of Zion have long suffered from the malaria arising from the pestilence of sin which has abounded in our densely-packed cities and towns, and although much has been done to improve them, there are yet many swamps which need to be drained, many wastes to be reclaimed, and much land to possess. It is our purpose, therefore, in this and other papers, to go fully into the subject of our Moral Wastes, and show how they may be reclaimed.

* Our Moral Wastes, and How to Reclaim Them. By J. H. Wilson. Partridge and Co.

Scottish Home Mission Reports. By the Church of Scotland, and Free Church of Scotland.

Reports of the Congregational Union of Scotland, Mission Churches of the United Presbyterian Church, &c.

The City; Its Sins and Sorrows. By the Rev. Thos. Guthrie, D.D., Edinburgh.

Beginning, then, with London, we find from Mr. Wilson's "Moral Wastes, and How to Reclaim Them," that if we were to analyse the population of the Metropolis, and compare the number of its individuals of each class with an ordinary-sized town, with a population say of 10,000, we should find in this vast Metropolis "as many persons as would fill two towns with Jews; ten towns with persons who work on the Sabbath; fourteen towns with habitual gin-drinkers; more than ten towns with persons who are every year found intoxicated in the streets; five towns with fallen women; one with children trained in crime; one with thieves and receivers of stolen goods; half a town with Italians; four towns with Germans; two towns with French; while there are as many Irish as would fill the city of Dublin; and more Roman Catholics than would fill the City of Rome."

Vanderkiste, in his "Ten Years Among the Dens of London," presents us with a classification quite as startling as this; but, after all, these are but approximations to the truth, and to be used rather as stimuli to Christian effort, than as facts for logical argument. There is not much, however, to relieve one's mind in the study of the hard figures of the Census Returns; for there we have the appalling fact staring us in the general results, that out of a population of 2,800,000 people, 370,000 only were in church and chapel on the Census Sunday, and rather more than 1,000,000 absent of those who, had there been any inclination for the worship of God, and church and chapel accommodation for them, might have been in attendance on the means of grace on that day. Such was the moral condition of London, in so far as it can be judged by the Census Returns in 1851; but what are we to say to the evidence adduced before the Committee of the House of Lords, which made inquiry as to the attendance during the year 1859, from which it appeared that in Southwark 68 per cent. of the adult population were absentees, while on the north side of the river, in the parish of Shoreditch, only one in every seven inhabitants capable of attending were found in any place of worship; or, as we have more than once heard it put—If you had asked every adult person you met in Shoreditch on the Census Sunday, What place of worship did you go to to-day? the answer in seven cases out of every ten would have been—"Nowhere."

Leaving London with this comprehensive view of its moral swamps, we shall run down to the country, and see how the state of things stands there. Birmingham has about a quarter of a million of people, and provides accommodation for 28·7 per cent. of the adults, but only 18½ per cent. were in attendance on the Census Sunday; Manchester, with three hundred thousand souls, had room for 31·6 per cent, but only 21½ availed themselves of the accommodation; Liverpool was quite as bad as Manchester; Edinburgh and Glasgow from 15 to 20 per cent. better in attendance; but in all these large towns, there were moral swamps of a local character which the Census Returns could scarcely note. Well might Horace Mann, in view

of those facts, say:—"Church and Chapel accommodation does not seem to be so much needed as church and chapel inclination; for it is clearly shown that the people will not come to you, and therefore *you must go to them.*" This is emphatically "the age of great cities;" and great cities are great centres of power for good or evil, capable of being made great blessings, when, like the Church at Thessalonica, the Word "sounds out" from them to "all the region round about;" or, like the Church of Philippi—with its Bishops and Deacons, its Elders and Evangelists, its Teachers and its Helps, every member a light, and shining in the family circle, the workshop, the market—"here, there, everywhere," amidst a wicked and perverse generation.

"But we must remember," says an able writer on this subject, "that, with our rapid increase in numerical strength, the intensity of social life, all the moral forces of good and evil, grow in like proportion; the great stream of human interests, feelings, passions, flows with a deeper, stronger, fiercer current; the wheels of human life move more impetuously. Every additional thousand of the population, like each fresh plate on the galvanic pile, increases the force of the electric current. Opportunities and temptations, impulses to good and seductions to evil, avenues of usefulness and byways and pitfalls of ruin, incitements to noble deeds and fierce stimulants to vice and crime, associations for holy effort and organized systems of corruption, grow and multiply in very proportion to the expansion of the population itself; and thus a great city becomes, day by day, to our rising youth, a grander arena of honourable effort or a more perilous battle-ground of temptation. Surely, if anywhere on earth, the Church of God has a work to do in purifying the fountains of the world's life, and battling against the sins and sorrows of men, it is emphatically here."

Now, in the spirit of this philosophy we would seek to elevate our great cities and towns, that they may be not only the glory of our fatherland, but, if we may use the hackneyed saying in a sense of happy stimulus, "the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world." Let us look, then, at London from this point of view. An acute writer on the "Census and its Lessons," says, the account in round numbers stands thus:—"More than TEN MILLIONS are supposed to be able to attend public worship in England and Wales at the same time, rather more than FIVE MILLIONS were actually present on any one occasion during the Census Sunday; more than TWELVE MILLIONS are supposed capable of attending at least once during the day, rather more than seven millions out of this possible twelve millions were actually present; this leaves FIVE MILLIONS, many of whom (say one million) may occasionally attend. This would leave four millions who totally neglect public worship; seven millions of general and one million of occasional attendants. Now there are two ways of looking at these facts, viz., at the bright side and at the dark side. The general method seems to be to notice the enormous mass of absentees, and to consider what Christianity has

NOT DONE ; the equally useful and necessary method is, to look at the still greater mass of attendants—about double—and consider what Christianity HAS DONE, and to draw thence encouragement ; not considering those *without* as *lost*, for they were never possessed, but looking at those within as *gained* ; for they are, by profession at least, on the side of Christianity.” Here, then, lies our hope. Those within must be brought into contact with those without. The leaven of the Gospel must be put into the heart of that dead, inert, and vicious mass of humanity around us, before the lump can be leavened. And we are no alarmists. If we have in London the concentrated essence of evil, we have also in London the concentrated essence of good—the best and the worst of everything being to be found in the Metropolis. Our City Mission, with its 400 missionaries, in daily contact with the lowest grades of society ; our 1,500 Ragged Schools and Reformatories, preventing crime and reclaiming young criminals ; our 600 Christian Instruction Societies, with their 30,000 visitors ; our 500 Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope, with their 40,000 members ; our 150 Bible-women ; our 1,000 Mothers’ Meetings ; our Special Services in the Theatres and in St. James’s Hall ; our Sunday Schools ; our Open-air Sermons, all the public parks being now available for this blessed work, and our 750 Protestant churches ; to say nothing of the counteracting and elevating influences of our moral and religious Literature and Benevolent Institutions—constitute a power for good which no other great city but London can be said to contain.

But the great object we aim at is to induce the Church of Christ to undertake this mission of regenerating the lapsed masses—not as a united body, in which to gain a certain amount of union we must hold in abeyance a certain amount of principle on which we may agree to differ, but to the extent of that agreement lose motive power, but rather to work denominationally ; each denomination, like every regiment of the British army, being unique in itself, and yet all interested in driving out the enemy, and all earnestly bent on that conquest which will promote the honour of our Master’s crown. Denominationalism, thus understood, is a competitive force, and becomes a blessing, not a curse, while all who “hold the Head” “mind the same things,” and “walk by the same rule.”

Assuming, then, that this principle is conceded, the next point we insist on is individual effort.

At a meeting held at Maidstone, a short time ago, Mr. Samuel Morley, on this topic, said—“I am afraid we are doing by proxy many things which we ought to do ourselves. We have been compounding by our subscriptions, when we ought, in addition, to have been consecrating personal service for the advancement of Christianity at home. I hold very strong convictions on this point, because I believe, with Dr. Bonar, that every Christian has a work to do which no other Christian can do for him, and which, if not done by himself, will not be done at all. This is a solemn consideration, involving high responsibility, and therefore the question—What can I do ?—is

the most important Christians can individually ask themselves in the present day. And to show what might be done in London, if our Church members were thus actively engaged, let us suppose our Christians all at work—as our Wesleyan brethren would say—‘at it, all at it, and always at it.’ Well, then, there are, say, 700 Evangelical churches in London: they are surrounded by moral wastes. Let each church take a portion, and cultivate that portion. If every member would charge himself with the visitation of one family, and confine his benevolent efforts to this family, working with them in his own way and at his convenience; if every Christian lady would, in like manner, take two families, and visit them regularly, and on no account suffer herself to be diverted from this work, how soon would London be reclaimed? If we have 250,000 members in our 700 Protestant churches, and of these 100,000 have leisure enough for this duty; then, say that each sister takes the spiritual superintendence of only eight persons, while every Christian brother takes the care of four, and persuades them to attend the means of grace, *half a million of the neglected and neglecting masses might soon be found, Sunday after Sunday, in the house of God.* Nor is this a mere theory; in another field of labour it is a great fact, for it has been already exemplified. Look at Scotland, for instance, where 2,500 ladies connected with the Free Church are thus engaged, while many of her elders, deacons, and Sunday-school teachers spend much of their time in lay preaching, visiting from house to house, and in leading the thoughtless and careless multitude to a knowledge of the truth. There is every reason to believe that there is now a greatly increased attendance in Scotland, while the moral condition of the country is year by year improving. In Holland and Germany, a church formed of six members by the Rev. Mr. Oncken, in Hamburg, twenty-two years ago, has grown into some 20,000 professing Christians, every member having been admitted under an express obligation to seek the salvation of perishing souls within the reach of his influence. In England, too, this kind of work is now in hopeful progress; and with such facts as are to be found in the ‘Missing Link,’ ‘English Hearts and English Hands,’ ‘Haste to the Rescue,’ ‘Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them,’ we have good reason to hope that an ‘inner mission’ has begun, and that the problem, how to apply the remedy in this department of Christian effort, will yet be solved.”

But the most effectual means of cultivating the moral waste and draining the moral swamp, in as far as the use of moral and material machinery is concerned, is the Territorial Mission Scheme now in operation in Scotland. Originating with the late Dr. Chalmer’s, it has been gradually extending itself until now we can judge of it not as a theory, but as an accomplished fact. The scheme is simply this:—

“Chalk me out,” said the Doctor, “a district in a destitute locality; build me there a plain and comfortable church, place a devoted minister there with a true missionary spirit; surround him

with a volunteer staff of elders from the nearest churches; tell him he is not to fill the church anyhow and everyhow, but out of the unexcavated heathen around him, and by God's blessing the district will be reclaimed."

There are from fifty to sixty of these churches now in full operation in Scotland, and for the most part they are now self-supporting. The Free Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the Independents, and even the Old Church of Scotland has established Mission Churches on this territorial principle; and with what success, let the following facts, which we gather from the most recent reports of the Scottish Missions, testify:—

"In the Wynd Church there have been crowded meetings nightly for months, with most gratifying results. It is a Free Church, built for the people of the district, who are of the lowest class; and there has been a fresh congregation gathered from amongst them, and about 300 communicants added within the last three or four years. Last month, about 150 communicants were added to the roll. This year, they have had crowded prayer-meetings every night; they have four Sabbath Services, two being reserved for men in their working clothes. In February last, a Medical Mission was opened, bringing hundreds of the poor every week within reach of good, both to their bodies and their souls. The year before the church was built, two shillings only were collected; but during the first years of the fully equipped Mission, the people raised by weekly offering and small sums paid as seat-rents, £250. There are now eight territorial Mission Churches in Glasgow, attended by 4,000 persons, and having a membership of 1,340 souls. The United Presbyterian Church has been equally successful in this field of effort; and the Church of Scotland, chiefly through the Rev. Norman McLeod, has not been far behind in the enterprise. Altogether there are, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, thirty territorial Missions, with 15,000 persons in connection with them, raising annually, for the support of the means of grace among themselves, not less than from £5,000 to £6,000. In the other towns in Scotland, there are twenty Missions, with an attendance of from 9,000 to 10,000 people, raising annually from £4,000 to £5,000; thus making a total of fifty Mission Churches, with from 25,000 to 30,000 people, all reclaimed from the courts, alleys, and hedges, where crime and vice were seething like a pestilence, sin abounding where grace doth now much more abound.

Of Aberdeen, it is stated that since the Mission had been instituted in 1848, they had increased, from a handful of people, assembled in a small room of a miserable house in a wretched locality, to having a Chapel for Sunday Services, which is now so well attended that they have been obliged to build a larger one, where there is now a church of 150 members; rooms for scientific and other lectures every Tuesday and Friday evening; two day and evening schools, where 230 children are taught the elements of education at a fee of 1d. a week; a penny bank, which has saved up from 4,500 depositors,

£3,500, and repaid the deposits every six months; a temperance society, which has enrolled about 1,000 members; a Bible and Tract society, the members of which, by subscriptions of a halfpenny and a penny a week, have purchased 450 Bibles, and 50,000 tracts and magazines. They have Sunday Schools with 280 children, a library and newspapers for the people of the district, and a Band of Hope for the young. In consequence of the gradual and quiet operation of all this moral machinery the social condition of the people has been so much improved that the local authorities have cheerfully testified to the happy change. The Queen has taken a special interest in the Mission, by every year receiving reports of its progress, and has graciously signified her desire to encourage it as a model institution by giving £20 to the first little chapel, £25 to the penny school, and £50 to the new chapel fund. The secret of this success lay in one word—self-reliance—the constant aim being to teach the people how to help themselves.

In London, this principle has also been in operation, although it has not been known under the same name. For some years past, the Church assembling in Union Chapel has carried on a Mission in one of the most destitute localities of London—sustaining a minister, supplying an efficient staff to work the schools and to conduct the weekly meetings; and so successful has the effort been that there is every prospect of a self-sustaining Church being ultimately established there. Now what has been done by the Church in Union Chapel, may be done by other Christian congregations in the Metropolis. Let each Church charge itself with the responsibility of working some portion or other of the field that now invites their culture, and they will find that while they are thus blessing others, they will themselves be blessed.

VIII.

THE STORY OF THE CALIPH HAKEM, THE DIVINITY OF THE DRUSES.

THE atrocities recently perpetrated by the Druses in Syria, which have justly excited the indignation of Christendom, and compelled the interference of the great Powers of the West, are scarcely to be wondered at when we consider the nature of the Druse religion, and the infamous career of him to whom they look up as their Messiah, the last and greatest impersonation of the deity upon earth. Hakem-B'emr-Allah, one of the Fatimite caliphs of Cairo, who was born about 1004 of the Christian era, and succeeded to the caliphate in the eleventh year of his age, is regarded by the Druses as their divinity. His reign was disgraced by cruelty, caprice, and profanity, chequered by occasional fits of generosity, and acts of summary justice. No fewer than 18,000 persons were put to death during his reign, and he was a fierce persecutor of the Christians and Jews. Thirty thousand

churches and monasteries are said to have been destroyed by his orders in Syria and Egypt, and the Jewish synagogues shared the same fate. The Christians were obliged to wear round their necks crosses five pounds in weight, and the Jews blocks of wood in the form of the head of the golden calf, in ridicule of their worship of that idol in the desert ; and on these crosses and blocks of wood, the name of the caliph was stamped in lead. Ass-drivers of the Moslem religion were forbidden to lend out their animals to Christians—a most severe regulation, as asses in Cairo were then, and still continue to be, what hackney coaches are in the cities of Europe. The boatmen of the Nile were also prohibited from carrying Jews and Christians, and all these tyrannical ordinances were published throughout Cairo by sound of bell. When Hakem was about thirty years old, a man named Darazi—who has given his name to the Druses—composed a book, in which he asserted that the soul of Adam had passed into Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomet, and that the soul of Ali had passed through the ancestors of Hakem, and had finally lodged in the body of that prince. This adulation recommended him to the notice of Hakem, who raised him to high rank, and entrusted him with the conduct of the most important affairs, so that the viziers, commanders of troops, and other officers in the service of the caliph, were obliged to pay their court to him, and could obtain no favour except through his instrumentality. Hakem's object in thus exalting Darazi, was to accustom the people to blind submission to him, and thus to prepare them for the reception of the monstrous doctrines contained in his book. Darazi at length ventured to read this book publicly in the great mosque at Cairo, but the people were so shocked at its impiety, that he only escaped being torn to pieces by a precipitate flight. Hakem did not publicly take part with Darazi, but sent him secretly as a sort of missionary into Syria, supplying him with money, and enjoining him to promulgate his doctrines among the mountains of the Lebanon, where he would find a rude and illiterate race, who would be easily induced to embrace the new faith. Darazi accordingly spent some time in Syria, distributing money among the inhabitants, reading his book to them, inculcating the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, inviting them to acknowledge Hakem as their God, and abandoning to them the life and property of those who should refuse to embrace these doctrines. But the person who was most active in reducing to a regular system the doctrines of the Druse religion in the days of Hakem, was a Persian or Egyptian of the name of Hamza. He offered Hakem to the worship of mankind, but did not forget, at the same time, to represent himself as his vicegerent, the instrument through whom his orders were to pass, his will to be manifested, and his vengeance to be executed. A learned Orientalist gives the following account of this impostor—the Mohammed of the Druses. “He fixed his dwelling in the suburbs of Cairo, and invited the people to adopt the doctrines of Darazi. He sent a number of missionaries into various parts of Egypt and Syria, who taught a licentious doctrine, permitting incestuous alliances with sisters, daughters, and mothers, and suppressed all the external observances of religion, such as fasting, prayer, and pilgrimage. They made

a great number of proselytes ; and Hakem took a lively interest in Hadi (Hamza), and used to ask him the news of the sect, and their numbers ; he even ceased to say the prayer and the litany in the mosques on the Fridays during Ramadan, and at the two festivals with which the fasting and sacrifices terminate. During several years he suppressed the pilgrimage to Mecca, on the pretext of the incursions of the Arabs ; and at the same time ceased to send, according to custom, the cloth which covers the Caaba. All this excited the horror of the Moslems, who saw that this prince seemed to renounce the religion of Mohammed. Thus was formed the sect of Darazis, which became celebrated among men ; the places where they are in the greatest number are Wadi'-eltin, Tyre, Sidon, the mountains of Beyrout, and the neighbouring places of Syria."

Hakem's pretension to divine attributes, and virtual denial of the doctrines of Islamism, were carried to extreme and impious lengths. Speaking of the Nile, the great source of the riches of Egypt, he used to say, "The Nile is mine ; I made it ;" and one of his parasites, having entered the mosque at Mecca, struck the black stone—the object of every Moslem's veneration—with his lance, exclaiming at the same time, "Infatuated people ! why do you worship and kiss that which can neither be useful to you, nor hurt you, while you neglect the being who is in Egypt—the giver of life and death."

Hakem exercised a strict supervision over the women of his capital, on the pretext of the immorality of the sex, and his tyranny and cruelty to them was ultimately the cause of his assassination. They were forbidden to appear upon the terraces of their houses ; and, in order to prevent them from going abroad, the shoemakers were ordered not to make shoes for them. About seven years before his death he was guilty of an act of unparalleled atrocity towards them. He was one day passing certain baths, and was disturbed by a noise proceeding from the interior. On being told that it arose from the presence of women, he commanded the entrance to be walled up, so that all within perished. Hakem was in the habit of receiving all petitions during his daily and nightly rides through Cairo. Sometimes he received in this way biting insults and sarcasms, which his cruel and capricious conduct had provoked. On one occasion, the women of Cairo, to avenge themselves for the state of seclusion and degradation to which he had reduced them, dressed up a figure of a woman, holding in her hand a paper filled with gross insults on the character and conduct of Sitt-el-Mulk, Hakem's sister, who was unmarried. They then placed this figure at the corner of a road by which Hakem was to pass. When he saw the figure, he took it for a female who had contravened his orders for the seclusion of women, and, bursting into rage, ordered his guards to cut her in pieces. On approaching to execute his orders, they at once discovered the cheat, and, taking the paper from her hand, carried it to Hakem, who was so enraged that he ordered the commanders of his troops to sack and burn Misr, or Old Cairo, where the effigy had been placed, and exterminate all the inhabitants. These savage orders were obeyed. The town was set on fire in several places, but the inhabitants, driven to despair, stood upon their defence, and

for three days maintained the conflict against Hakem's mercenaries. On the fourth day, the Turkish soldiers, moved by the sufferings of the townspeople, separated themselves from the other mercenary troops, and sided with the citizens, so that the caliph was reluctantly compelled not only to forego the completion of his vengeance, but also to declare with an oath that he had given no authority for what had been done. But before this took place, a third of the town had been burned, the half of it pillaged, and the wives and daughters of many of the citizens had been captured and dishonoured by the savage and licentious soldiery of the despot.

This, however, was destined to be the last crime of Hakem's blood-stained reign. When peace was restored, he did not fail to reproach his sister with having been the cause of the insult he had received, expressed his determination to investigate her conduct, and even went the length of threatening her with death. She felt conscious that from this hour her life hung by a thread, and determined to anticipate the blow which she feared, by procuring the assassination of Hakem. For this purpose, she entered into a plot with Ebn Dawas, a man of power and influence, who, like herself, was obnoxious to Hakem. She visited him in the dead of night; and, after binding him by an oath of secrecy, represented to him the danger which they both ran from the madness of her brother, who wished to pass for God; and insisted that the only way to prevent a revolt, which would involve the ruin of the royal family, was to put Hakem to death, and place his son on the throne. She further bribed Ebn Dawas by the offer of making him general-in-chief and tutor of the young prince. When they had at last agreed, Ebn Dawas summoned two of his most trusty servants, to whom the princess gave a thousand pieces of gold and two daggers, directing them, at the same time, to waylay Hakem on the morrow in a valley to which he was in the habit of repairing with only a single attendant. Next day, accordingly, Hakem had no sooner entered the valley than he was attacked by the assassins, thrown down, his arms cut off, and his belly ripped open. His body was then taken to the palace of his sister, who caused it to be interred; and afterwards—having distributed money among the troops, and gained over the chief men—proclaimed Hakem's son Caliph in his room. The appearance of Hakem has been thus described by a trustworthy historian:—"The aspect of this Prince was awful as that of a lion. His eyes were large and dark blue. No one could bear his look, and his voice was strong and terrible. His character was caprice and inconstancy joined to cruelty, and impiety joined to superstition: he is said to have paid especial reverence to the planet Saturn, and to have had conferences with Satan."

Such is a brief sketch of the life and death of the divinity of the Druses—a blood-stained, capricious, impious monster, whose career furnishes them with examples of almost every folly, excess, and crime that can disgrace humanity. The relentless cruelty which they have shown during the recent massacres, is but the natural result of their false and impious creed—but an imitation of the intolerant and persecuting spirit displayed by their deity, more than eight centuries ago, in Egypt and Syria.

Brief Notices.

SERMONS Preached in Marlborough Chapel, London, by I. Gage Pigg, B.A. Second Edition, cr. 8vo, cloth. Ward and Co. Paternoster-row.

If we concede to the author of this superior volume his doubtful axiom, that "sermon literature is seldom attractive," it must be under the mental reservation that the fault lies less with the religious public than with the writers themselves, who so often give us sermons in plenty, but minus the proper literature of the Christian Pulpit. We could point to recent publications, emanating from all communions, in which it would be vain to look for a single argumentative passage, or for sound Biblical criticism upon the meaning of a doubtful text; and as for anything like an attempt to discuss a principle in ethics, or moral philosophy, which must always underlie a successful development of Evangelical truth, we might as well look for a new colour in the rainbow. Instead of these obvious requisites in Christian teaching, the authors appear to be satisfied with vague generalities, or they give their theology a neutral or negative form; and yet, when they have assumed all their premises, can scarcely land themselves, or their readers, in anything like a satisfactory conclusion as to what religion really is. But sermon literature, really worthy of the name, will always find acceptance with the British people, as it has always done.

We think that Mr. Pigg's experience confutes his own theory; as these sermons, some of them published more than once, have already attracted considerable notice; and, in their present form, are sure to attract still more. The discourses are thirteen in number; and having been

preached in the ordinary course of ministerial duty, and published as a tribute of respect to his congregation, are to be regarded in the light of pulpit addresses, rather than as profound or polemical discourses. They are not theological dissertations, neither are they wearisome essays, like some of Dr. Blair's, putting ethics in the place of Christianity; but they are plain, vigorous, hortatory exhibitions of evangelical truth, admirably adapted to the every-day life and business of men. The author candidly acknowledges that "had he been able, when he commenced his course, to foresee for it so extended a circulation, the selection and treatment of topics might have been different, especially with regard to completeness of doctrinal statements;" but the volume, it seems, was published, in the first instance, in numbers, "and did not, even in the writer's mind, present itself as a whole, until the last sermon had been printed."

For ourselves, we might have preferred a more frequent discussion of subjects purely theological; but we think that, under the circumstances, he acted wisely in selecting such as would give scope to those vivid addresses to the mind and conscience in which his strength mainly lies. He has successfully shown with what advantage the cardinal truths of the Gospel may be wrought into the staple and groundwork of public discourses, in the way of perpetual implication and earnest appeal. The eloquence of real feeling, pervaded by high intelligence, and by a kindling sympathy with all the stir and conflict of human life, reveals itself in every page.

The sermon on SLIGHT SERVICES, which was preached on behalf of the Sunday Schools, and printed at the request of the teachers, attracts attention to the author, as possessing a wide command of simple, apt, and energetic illustration. The sermons on "Belshazzar," on "Reconciliation to God," on "Past Sins Possessed," and on the "Beginning of Miracles at the Marriage Festival in Cana of Galilee," admirably exhibit his graphic power, and his pictorial skill in grouping, and taking advantage of every shade of circumstance calculated to bring a subject home to the popular mind. The sermon on "The Glory that Excelleth," is of a high class, and aims at showing that while Judaism was *made glorious*, Christianity is essentially so; and that this glory is not transitory but immortal. It is one of the ablest and most eloquent in the volume—partaking somewhat more of the character of sermon literature; and, if sufficient space had been given to the Sacrifice of Christ, as fulfilling the adumbrations of the law, and to the work of the Holy Spirit, as establishing the reign of grace in the soul, it would be a standard discourse upon the subject. The last is on "The Family of God," and is in every way worthy the reputation of the author.

The volume can scarcely fail to be popular with the rising ministry; but we entreat them closely to study its component qualities, before they begin to imitate. They will see that Mr. Pigg is profuse in illustration, pressing all the varieties and details of daily life into his service with unsparing prodigality; and some unpractised minds may be ready to imagine that nothing is easier to acquire than such a style of address. But a little experience will convince to the contrary, and a careful study of Mr. Pigg's pages will show that he must have acquired a mastery of his subjects, with a corresponding skill in the mode of treatment, before he could originate, or venture upon, his bold though familiar exhortations.

Such efforts as these, unless governed by substantive thought, and pervaded by a correct taste, would be very absurd in inferior hands. Let them remember, above all, that no variety of appeal, and no decorative eloquence, can avail in the absence of sound Christian views, and a clear exhibition of those essential doctrines which lie at the basis of all acceptable religion—

"This away,
They are but gilded loam and painted
clay."

We thank the author for this improved and superior edition of his volume; and can assure him, should his health and strength be equal to the task, that any addition to our sermon literature from his able pen, will be gladly welcomed by his brethren in the ministry, and by the public at large. It will be a great service to the cause of that Truth which lies so near his own heart.

EVENTIDE: A DEVOTIONAL DIARY FOR THE CLOSE OF THE DAY. By Mary Ann Kelly, Author of "Visiting my Relations," the "Real and the Beau Ideal," &c. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1860.

It may be true, as the Author of this volume says, that "there is too much attention in the present day given to doctrine and too little to practice in the religious world;" but we are inclined to think that there is a good deal of unmeaning cant in this outcry against doctrine. Does not the practice of religion imply belief in its facts and teachings? Does not the life correspond with the faith? Given:—a man's doctrinal belief, and it will not be difficult to pronounce upon his practice. The Apostle James says, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." Did he mean to affirm, that his works had no reference to principles, or that his principles were not based on certain im-

mutable truths? On the contrary, he asserts in the most emphatic terms, that the absence of works implies the absence of faith; in other words, there is no practical piety, because there is no belief in the truth of God. This is the teaching of all Scripture; and we may rest assured that just in proportion as we let go our grasp of the sublime and essential verities of the Christian Faith will our religion become an emasculated, enfeebled, worthless thing, like a tree without fruit and without life, or only with so much life as to expend itself in a profusion of leaf.

We can believe that our Author's "personal teaching, through a long and deep experience in the ways of God, has been so continuously of a spiritual and practical kind, that she could only follow it as her guide in attempting to influence other minds;" but then such experience should have given her a deeper insight into the truth as it is revealed, and qualified her for the more successful exposition of that truth. Through no other medium, we presume, than that of truth could she hope to act on the minds of others; and yet of this truth, in some of its highest forms and expressions, she seems often to lose sight. We select two of her Devotional Meditations as a specimen of what we mean:—

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Isaiah ix. 6.

"Great is the mystery of godliness; and hence the prayer of the Apostle for his disciples, 'That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him.' And again, speaking of the 'mystery which had been hid from ages and from generations,' he tells us in concise but unmistakable terms, what this mystery is; 'Christ in you the hope of glory.' Here, then, is the holy birth spoken of

by the Prophet; here is the divine Child upon whose shoulder the government of the believer's soul is to be laid. Here is the Wonderful, Counsellor, the Guide, the Comforter, the Shepherd of the Soul! Divine and all-consoling mystery! Doth God, indeed, dwell with men? Yes: 'if any man keep my words, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'

We now take the second:—

"'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.'—Galatians vi. 14.

"Dwell on the spiritual meaning of these remarkable words, and try to experience deeply and inwardly their life-giving power. Know the Cross which crucified the will and the wishes, which are one with the world. Feel it in that which limits and opposes the wild and wandering nature of self. Watch in all things for the presence of this Cross to inclination, for life and salvation are iff its reproofs and checks, just as death to all goodness and truth are in the wide gate and broad path of self-indulgence. Oh, it is precious to feel the *contrariety* of the cross of Christ; to be bounded by it at every turn; to be called back at every wandering; to be gathered, and girded, and strengthened, instead of running to waste and evaporating in dreams and emptiness, consolidating nothing, building nothing, but working a work of errors, and lying down in confusion and grief!"

In the first of these extracts, the personal Christ is confounded with the truth which makes Him known; and in the second, the Cross, which is the Apostle's comprehensive term for the Saviour's whole work of mediation, is interpreted as denoting nothing more than the trials and difficulties of life. These are but examples out of many of a similar character with which the volume abounds. Now, such a mode of dealing with Scripture is at once unwarranted and unwarrantable. It is contrary to

every known canon of interpretation, and makes the Sacred Writers express what was infinitely remote from their thoughts—what never was present to their minds, just because the Spirit of Truth never brought it within the range of either their mental or moral vision.

We regret this ; for the volume has in it much holy sentiment, and many lessons of practical importance. Scared by the idea of being too doctrinal, the Author has apparently aimed at shunning doctrine altogether ; and in seeking to be practical, she has endangered the very foundation of our Christian ethics. The world's most practical Teacher was the expositor of the most profound spiritual truth. What is the Sermon on the Mount but the inculcation of the purest virtue founded on the most vital truth ? And did not His Apostle, who enforced "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report" as being of all things the most fitting and of the greatest moral force, excel all others in his statement and defence of doctrine ? We have no fear of being too practical ; but if our practice is not based on the principles of Revealed Truth, its thin and feeble gauze will fail to hide the moral deformities of our character.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE. By Catherine Sinclair. Ninth Edition. London : Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1860.

A WORK, which has reached its ninth impression, is no longer subject to the laws of criticism. The public have so distinctly and repeatedly pronounced their estimate of it, as to outweigh our critical authority. Nor can we wonder that it has attained so favourable a judgment. It is one of those books which speak so directly to the human sympathies and affections as

to ensure for it a very wide and ready acceptance. It is, moreover, a work of experience as well as of reflection. It has been Miss Sinclair's "sacred, melancholy, and yet most consolatory duty to attend many of her early Christian friends and dearest relations in their last stage through life ;" and therefore she desires to give to others the benefit of her own experience. Let not our readers, however, suppose that in her pages they have nothing to anticipate but a "deep shade of gloom in thoughts, originated beside the silence and darkness of approaching dissolution ;" far otherwise, she tells us, has been her own consciousness, for "she has witnessed only so calm, so solemn, and so trusting a confidence in the pardoning mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, that there was left for her but the heart-breaking resignation of every earthly hope, soothed by words of cheering consolation from those whom even she must hear and see no more on earth." And certainly the impression thus produced on her own mind, she has happily transferred to her written and printed pages ; and her sweetly subdued tones will find an echo in the hearts of thousands many.

There are several passages in the volume which we should like to bring at once under the eye of our readers, did not our space forbid us. But from the chapter entitled—*The Duty of Leaving a Final Testimony*, for the benefit of others—we must give one short extract. Here it is :—

"Men who have derided the strictness of a Christian's general habits, and would not attend to admonitions from the living, will listen to the final words of an expiring friend as of one almost returned from the grave. The best and wisest of mortal men have not as much authority in what they say as the dying obtain, because their last words bear the stamp of undoubted certainty, and therefore carry a weight of conviction which no other circumstances could afford.

'They breathe the truth who breathe their words in pain.'

"What a treasury of comfort has been found on such an occasion among weeping relatives in a few last sentences of cheerful and affectionate farewell from a beloved friend, before her going to that world where we all wish finally to be assembled! Under ordinary circumstances, those very words might perhaps have been passed over as insignificant; but the lowest whisper of a sick-bed has more eloquence than the loudest thunders of oratory.

"Words of admonition, after the lips that uttered them are sealed in death, acquire almost the sacredness of inspiration, seeing that the Christian friends who so lately taught us how to live, have now shown us how to die; while we, in the anguish of our riven hearts, are ready to exclaim, 'Oh! wait thy heaven, till we have learned the way.'

"We may and must believe that the dying man is what he seems, for in such circumstances few could wear a mask, and certainly not the Christian, who feels himself already in the very ante-chamber of heaven, and nearly in the visible presence of his all-seeing God. It was at such a moment of departing life that the excellent Dr. R——, hearing one of his attendants say, 'I believe at this instant he enjoys the vision of God,' exclaimed with a dying effort, 'Yes!' A believer speaking thus with the consciousness that he hovers between both worlds, already seems elevated above the earth, as if he had almost winged his way to heaven. Like the splendid picture of our Lord's Transfiguration, the dying man seems mentally raised above this visible scene, while he leaves his last blessing and his parting prayer among survivors.

'Oh! who can stay the soaring might
Of spirits, weaned from earthly joys!

Strange and mournful it is, when we listen to the last accents of a voice never more to be heard in the world throughout all future ages! An eloquent Author has beautifully observed, that 'on the approach of death sometimes the spirit seems to perforate the shut gates of sense with sudden light, and to gush

with lustre to the eye, and love and reason to the speech, as if to make it evident that death may be nativity; as if the traveller, who had fallen asleep with the fatigues of the way, conscious that he drew near his journey's end, and, warned by the happy note of arrival, looked out refreshed and eager through the morning air for the fields and streams of his new abode.'

This single quotation will convey to our readers a very correct idea of the style, spirit, and material of this admirable little volume; and we can assure them that they may with the utmost confidence commit themselves to the conduct of the guide who here proffers them her hand, and promises to go with them side by side through the great journey of life, till the spirit reaches her Father's loved abode, enters into everlasting rest, and finds herself at home among the redeemed and the glorified.

A MAY GARLAND; or, Wayside Flowers, Gathered in the Spring of Life. By Julia S. Blott. London: W. Kent and Co. Paternoster-row; Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street. 1860.

POEMS. By Morgan de Pembroke. London: A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate Without. 1860.

THE OLIVE-BRANCH; or, Poems on Peace, Liberty, Friendship, &c. By William Stokes, Manchester. London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars. 1860.

ENOCH: A Poem. In Three Books. By Robert Stafford, M.A. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts, Paternoster-row. 1860.

IF, indeed, the fair author of the "May Garland" did "feel the stirring of a gift divine," and if within her bosom glowed unearthly fire, lit by no skill of her own, we do not wonder that she called for a lyre, on which to utter her "soft and holy song." The volume is not without merit; but many of these May flowers were gathered too soon. They should have

been allowed to hold longer communion with the light; and their tints would have been all the richer, and their fragrance all the sweeter. We are afraid that this "Garland" will wither too soon, and disappoint the fair one that weaved it.

The "Poems" by Morgan de Pembroke are certainly not entitled to that name; and the manuscript had better been laid aside for years, till tested by a ripper judgment.

And so we might say of the "Olive Branch." The thoughts and sentiments of the little volume are enlightened and Christian, but they lack the fire and force of true poetry. The author is a genuine follower of the Prince of Peace, and is evidently attached to the principles of freedom, but certainly he can lay no claim to poetic genius, and instead of trying the eagle's flight, he had better walk the solid earth to converse with men in humble form.

Of "Enoch" we can speak in more laudatory words. It is the production of a man of education and of power, and in the threefold character of the man, the saint, and the prophet, the author has given us a noble delineation of that earliest Seer.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE. With Illustrations. By Joseph A. Meen, of the Sunday School Union. London: Sunday School Union, Old Bailey.

BIBLE MONTHS; OR, THE SEASONS IN PALESTINE, AS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE. By William H. Groser, F.G.S. London: Sunday School Union, Old Bailey. 1880.

Of both of these useful little volumes we can speak in terms of high commendation. The Author of the first says truly, that "Sacred Geography has a charm of its own, for while it embraces all that may be advanced in behalf of that which is more general, it is invested with a special

interest;" that "the scenes and incidents of Scripture are worthy of the most careful study and attention;" that "the more complete our knowledge of the countries in which these scenes occurred, and the habits which characterised the people, the clearer will be our conception of the Sacred Records, and the greater our interest therein;" and therefore, we recommend every Teacher of the young, whether in our Day or Sunday Schools, to make himself familiar with the Geography of the Holy Land, and to impart this knowledge to those committed to his charge.

Intimately connected with the Geography of Palestine, is the Physical History of that Land of lands. After describing the physical features of the country, with its diversities of climate, the Author devotes a chapter to each month of the year, and in a very pleasing style and manner describes the phenomena peculiar to each month. He has, in the prosecution of his task, faithfully availed himself of the labours and researches of those who have preceded him in this department of human inquiry; and we have not the shadow of a doubt that his little volume will "prove useful to those who have not access to more elaborate works of Biblical Illustration."

It would be mere matter of form to wish for these works a very wide circulation, for of this they are certain.

HANDBOOK OF THE CONSTITUTION. Being a short Account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Laws of England. By Alfred P. Hemsman, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1880.

The Author divides his work into two parts. In the first division he traces the rise and progress of the laws of England, from the period of the ancient Britons up to the accession of the House of Hanover, and during its occupancy of the throne to the

latest legislative enactments. In the second part he treats of the Legislature, of the Executive Power, and then of the General Principles of Law. He "pretends to nothing deep or original," but only "professes to give a brief and simple account of the various forms of government which have prevailed in this country from the earliest times down to the present," and to furnish a sketch of the Constitution as it now exists. This, too, he has done in a very satisfactory manner, and his work will be found a very useful compendium of the laws of England. His work has our cordial recommendation.

SLAVERY DOOMED; or, The Contest between Free and Slave Labour in the United States. By Frederick Milnes Edge. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65 Cornhill. 1860.

RUNNING A THOUSAND MILES FOR FREEDOM; or, The Escape of William and Ellen Craft from Slavery. London: William Tweedie, Strand. 1860.

THE author of the first of these volumes tells us, that he "has enjoyed peculiar advantages for the study of the important issues now agitating the United States;" that a residence of five years in that country gave him "the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with many of the leaders of opinion in the American Republic;" and that with this knowledge of the country and its products, its people and institutions, he deems himself qualified to speak upon "a subject which is fraught with so much importance to the manufactures and commerce of the world at large, and widening the distances of a race which the white man has held in bondage in defiance of the Almighty's laws and the dictates of political economy." And certainly there is a great deal of valuable information to be gleaned from his pages, tending to set the question of free and slave labour in its

true light. He believes that the Free State Party has now a majority sufficient to elect a Chief Magistrate of the Republic; that the hour for the downfall of the slave-holding oligarchs, who are still supreme in the Capitol, is drawing nigh; for the free men of the Northern States are preparing to declare that, come what will, SLAVERY shall be restrained; that "the result of the contest next November will be the election of an anti-slavery extension President, and the annihilation of Southern terrorism;" that to "question this result would be to doubt in God and civilization;" that the consequence to England will be a serious diminution in the supply of cotton; that we should therefore endeavour to turn our West Indian and other colonies into cotton-growing plantations, hold out the hand of deliverance and help to the freed coloured population, offer them a home in our own possessions, and employ their skill and labour.

But we must refer to the work itself. It is a genuine production, and of great practical value.

We cannot say this of the story of Craft. We once heard its recital; and as we then thought, we think still, that it partakes rather too much of the marvellous. We rejoice, however, that he and his wife are on English soil, and are breathing the free atmosphere of our free country.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF VEGETARIAN COOKERY; Founded on Chemical Analysis, and embracing the most Approved Methods of the Art. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1860.

The professed object of this little book is, to show how great a variety, and what numerous changes of palatable and nutritious preparations, may be made without using the flesh of animals; and how "many of its combinations are intended for those who wish to make a trial of vege-

tarian diet, rather than for those who have already adopted it." We are no vegetarians ourselves, though we like to see a good supply of vegetables on the table; and we believe, with the Author, that the more highly-flavoured and the more stimulating we render our food, the greater will be the variety and the more frequent the changes which our vitiated taste will crave and demand; whereas the simpler and more natural our diet, the more enjoyment and the sounder health shall we possess. We are of opinion, that in our ever-varying climate, and amid the daily tear and wear of our physical nature, a certain portion of animal food is indispensable, but at the same time it cannot be denied that this article of food is out of proportion to the vegetable portion of our diet. Read this book, and then decide.

BIBLE DIFFICULTIES EXPLAINED. By the Rev. J. Grigg Hewlett, D.D. London: H. I. Tressidder, Ave Maria Lane. 1860.

It appears that the author of this little work has had frequent application made to him to remove some of those Scripture difficulties and apparent contradictions, which are supposed so often to embarrass and perplex the minds of young persons who are seeking after the truth, of which perplexity the infidel not unfrequently takes advantage. Some of these inquiries have been presented to him by the members of his own Bible class at different periods, while others have been sent to him by the readers of the "Bible Class Magazine;" and though some of the replies have already appeared in that periodical, he has been induced to collect and publish them in this more compact and permanent form, in the hope that they may prove helpful and acceptable to the readers of Scripture in general; and to those who have no other medium through which to pur-

sue their inquiries, the work will be found of considerable service.

We do not, by any means, profess to agree with the author in some of his solutions of these difficulties: while in attempting to remove one difficulty he has, in some instances, created another equally perplexing, and calling for explanation. For example:—to the inquiry—Does the passage in John iii. 5, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," form the doctrine of baptismal regeneration?—if not, what is the meaning of being born of water?—he replies, "When a Gentile embraced the Jewish faith, he was publicly baptised;"—that "the same ceremony of baptism was observed by those who were converted by the ministry of John the Baptist;" "hence the phrase *born of water*, had its origin and signification." From which he goes on to say, that "Christ clearly teaches the necessity of being renewed by the Spirit, that the human heart may partake of spiritual blessings, and see the kingdom of God; and the necessity of baptism, or being born of water, that the renewed man may be introduced to the outward privileges of the Church, or enter the kingdom of God." Now, we ask, is no man admissible to the Church, or in a condition to enter the kingdom of God, till he has undergone the external rite of baptism? When he has submitted to the rite, can he be said to be born of water? Is not the birth the product of the Spirit; and if the man is born of the Spirit, how can he be born a second time of water? Does not the text under review put the being born of water before the being born of the Spirit? And if the water is to be taken in the sense of any outward rite or observance, how can the water be said to act where the Spirit acts, and to produce the same effect? We are quite satisfied that our Lord's words to Nicodemus have no reference whatever to any external

application, but to an internal influence, brought by the Spirit to operate in the heart to the production of a new and heaven-born life.

Again :—In reference to the words, "neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man ; for this cause ought the woman to have power on her head, because of the angels ;"—his explanation is, "that angels, the good spirits of heaven, are present to witness the devotions of God's people ; and that as they worship God with all the outward signs of humility and subjection—the seraphim veiling their faces with their wings—so it became the human race to adore God with external signs of humiliation, which shall be exponents of the inward prostration of the soul before Him, lest these witnessing spirits should be shocked by the appearance of irreverence in the service of the Most High." Than this, we believe, nothing was more remote from the Apostle's mind. What he is teaching is the law of subordination as it reigns throughout the entire universe of God ; and this is the only key to the interpretation of this otherwise difficult and perplexing text.

Other instances might be adduced, but these are quite sufficient to show that difficulties are much more easily stated than removed, and that what is an apparent answer, renders the text more perplexing than before. The only true way of studying Scripture is to sit down and inquire what is the idea or sense which was present to the mind of the writer or speaker, and which he wishes to convey to the minds of others ? The answer to this will interpret and explain the most difficult passage in the Bible.

LIFE IN ISRAEL. By Maria T. Richards. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1880.

EVERYTHING affecting Palestine and her people is possessed of rich and

marvellous interest. There is no other land whose associations are so hallowed, and there is no nation whose history is so replete with vital influence, or which bears so immediately and directly on the development of humanity and the destiny of the world. Hence the number of works which have of late years issued from the English press on the Holy Land. The present volume, however, differs wholly from the works of Robinson, Stanley, and others, and confines itself rather to the record of national and religious life as it revealed itself in the chosen people of God. The Author is quite right when she says : "A careful study of the history and character of this people is one of the most valuable helps to a right understanding and appreciation of the Bible ; the diligent student of the sacred Scripture will always be interested in whatever pertains to the Jews ; and conversely, he who has intelligently contemplated the various points of interest centreing in this wonderful people, will rarely fail to become intellectually, at least, a lover of the Bible. But it is to be feared that in the mind of the young, the various scenes and words of Scripture history are too often but a series of statistical facts and isolated abstractions ; thus, although well known and unquestionably believed to have occurred in the far distant ages of the past, they are not vividly conceived with the various details of local scenery, passing circumstances, national customs, individual characteristics, and the varying shades of thought and feeling which would clothe them with a life-like reality, and give them an abiding place among the most cherished treasures of the intellect and a permanent hold upon the warmest affections of the heart."

The aim of the Author is, therefore, to invest with a new interest the reading of the Bible ; and for this end, she avails herself of all the now accumulated stores of sacred and profane history, setting forth character and deeds in their true light, and

falling back on imagination, not with the view of tinting and colouring either their characters or their deeds, but only of clothing them in a drapery suited to the more reformed taste of the present age. And in this she has succeeded admirably. Beginning with the encampment of the Hebrews at Elim, with its numerous palm trees towering to the clouds, and whose gushing water springs "fall like sweetest music on the ear of the weary traveller, telling of cooling rest and refreshment, and renewed life," she traces the history onward and downward till the day when, under the decree of Cyrus, the chosen tribes returned from the land of their captivity and oppression, rebuilt their city and temple, and their hearts were anew consecrated to their fathers' God as their God, and Father, and King.

To our youthful readers, and to all instructors of the young, the volume will be found a very acceptable help in the study and comprehension of a history whose interest can never be exhausted till all the purposes of Heaven are accomplished in the final freedom and universal happiness of our race.

THE SURE FOUNDATION; OR, PAST AND FUTURE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, with a Supplementary chapter on Some of the Essays already Published. By W. C. Westlake. London: O. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate-street Without. 1860.

It will be remembered that some time ago a prize of one hundred guineas was offered for the best Essay on the decline and impaired influence of the Society of Friends, as a Witnessing and Religious Body in England, by a gentleman of their own community. For this prize there were not fewer than one hundred and fifty competitors, while the adjudication was committed to three eminent writers, not one of whom belonged to the Society, nor agreed with its fundamental views.

This certainly was rather a singular arrangement, and the Author of the present work—himself a Friend—thinks that great injustice has been done to the Body, not only by the writers of the first and second prize essays, but by some eight or ten others, who, since the adjudication took place, have given their thoughts and reasonings upon the subject to the world. As the donor of the one hundred guineas offered the prize for discovering the failings of the Society without any reference to its excellences, Mr. Westlake thinks that the essayists have, without exception, taken a one-sided view of the subject. Hence the publication of his own work, in which he proposes to place Quakerism in a true light, and so convey a more just idea to the minds of those who are comparatively ignorant of its distinctive principles and practice.

The Author is far from thinking that Quakerism has lost its vital power, and in speaking of the mission which it has yet to accomplish, he tells us that there are three primary truths for which it has specially to contend. These are—

"1st. That the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the Church, and in the believer, is the source of all spiritual vitality.

"2nd. That every type of the old dispensation of Mount Sinai represents a doctrine (not another type) under the new dispensation of Mount Calvary.

"3rd. That no intermediate helps, either of men, places, or things, are requisite for divine worship under the Gospel. That each individual soul may draw nigh unto the Father through Christ, and needs no intervening medium, for the Spirit itself helpeth our infirmities, and maketh intercession for us; and that in silent worship would every Christian see most fully realized the words of John—"Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

The first of these truths, he tells us, must be undimly upheld by the Friends, though it need no longer be the battle-ground of Quakerism.

The second is probably of more importance now than ever it was, and the whole energies of Quakerism must be put forth in its support. The third strikes at the root of all ecclesiastical intolerance and hierarchical pretensions; and of this the Friends must also continue the firm and unwavering defenders. And in order that Quakerism may fulfil its mission, he continues:

"It is of extreme importance that an equal value should no longer be placed upon those inward principles which are unchangeable, and upon outward practices which will vary from age to age. The more the Society binds itself to principles and the less it binds itself to practices, the more it grows from the centre outwards and the less it tries to build from the circumference inwards, the greater must its expansive strength become."

We would advise such of our readers as have perused the prize essays, or any of the others, and who wish to know the actual state of the Society of Friends, or to become more intimately acquainted with their doctrines and principles, to obtain the present volume. And, so far as the controversy is concerned, it is but fair to hear both sides.

CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS, ADDITIONAL AND SUPPLEMENTARY, ON THE NEW TESTAMENT: Being a Supplemental Volume to the Ninth Edition of the Greek Testament with English Notes, in Two Volumes octavo. By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D., Vicar of Bosbrooke, and Canon of Peterborough. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Co. 1860.

THE reason for the publication of this volume arises out of the fact that its learned Author having crowded into the ninth edition of his Greek Testament as many notes and critical annotations as could well be included within the compass of two good-sized octavo volumes, still found remaining such a body of material as must be thrown aside altogether, or issued

in a separate form, or increase his volumes to most unwieldy and inconvenient dimensions. The plan originally laid down by the Author in his own mind, was to allot, as nearly as possible, the same space to the critical as to the philological and exegetical departments of the work. But this he found impracticable from the limits of his book; but this supplemental volume goes far to carry out his original idea, "containing, as it does, nearly the advantages contemplated in the originally proposed separate critical edition, and being alike calculated to form what should present the fruits of a *Nova Recensio* of the text, propounded in such critical annotations as should be essential to the justifying of the course taken in laying down that text." The plan, our Author "flatters himself, has been in the present work competently carried into effect, and on so ample a scale that, taken in conjunction with the series of critical notes which are contained in the ninth edition of his Greek Testament, it may go far to accomplish all that is really necessary," and even "contribute materially to the settling of much in the criticism of the New Testament that has hitherto been left undecided."

Of such critical investigation into the actual state of the Sacred Text there can be but one opinion. The more searching the inquiry into the purity and integrity of that Text, still more satisfactory are the results. Nothing has yet been discovered or published to disturb our repose in the divinity and the uncorruptness of the Sacred Writings; nothing to impair our belief in a single essential truth or doctrine. Instead, therefore, of deprecating such investigation and inquiry, we owe a debt of deep and lasting obligation to those scholars who, with indomitable patience and perseverance, devote their time and energy to such laborious researches. They have rendered invaluable service to the cause of Biblical Criticism, and rendered the work of future exposi-

tors so much the more easy and delightful. But notwithstanding all that has been done, more still remains to be accomplished. The spirit of investigation is being daily roused into higher activity in every department of human inquiry, nor have we yet reached the goal of sacred criticism. The field is illimitable, and ripe and rich are the fruits yet to be gathered; and if the first fruits be an earnest of the final harvest, then we have every ground for hope and joy. We wait with calm confidence the enunciation of each successive critical judgment, and, like the precious ore which has been seven times subjected to the crucible and the flame, the truth of God will be found to come forth not only uninjured, but with the impress of its own divinity more visibly and more legibly upon it.

We would suggest to Dr. Bloomfield and other editors of the Greek Testament, the propriety of confining the foot notes to the text exclusively to what is philological and exegetical, and throwing all the critical matter, so far as it affects the reading of the text, to the end of each book. This would greatly simplify their plan, though it would necessarily increase the size of their works. But surely it would be better to issue the Greek Testament in this form than to publish supplemental volumes. As to expense, the result would be the same, while the convenience and the facility of reference would be undeniable. Moreover, many of the readings depend on such slender authority, and are in themselves of such trifling moment, that they might very well be entirely passed over, and the space which is devoted to exegesis should be faithfully reserved for the elucidation of what is acknowledgedly difficult and obscure.

This additional volume will very much enhance the Author's work; and for its publication he is entitled to the gratitude of every student of the Written Word.

THE TWO THOUSAND CONFESSORS OF SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO. By Thomas Coleman, Author of the "Memorials of the Independent Churches in Northamptonshire," etc. etc. London: John Snow. 1860.

THE events of 1662, go to make up one of the most impressive and startling chapters in our English history. There were giants in the land in those days—more lofty in mind, and loftier still in moral stature. They were heroic men; and, like all true heroes, were in advance of their age, and stood far above their generation. The principles which they had embraced, they held with the most tenacious grasp; and for these principles they nobly struggled, and as nobly suffered. Never was a severer battle fought for freedom of conscience, and never did man lay a more costly sacrifice on the altar of God's truth. They counted not their lives dear unto themselves, and they were therefore prepared to die rather than be traitors to conscience, to truth, and to Christ.

The men of whom we are speaking were ministers of Christ's Holy Gospel, and served at the altar of the Established Church; and to prevent them, in common with all the episcopal clergy, from ministering in any other place, or in any other mode, than in the Church as by law established and according to her prescribed ritual, there was passed "the Act of Uniformity," which every clergyman was required to subscribe under the severest pains and penalties. Two thousand refused to sign, and thus in one single day the Church of England lost her life and strength and glory. They were ejected from their livings and followed by the most cruel persecutions. Yet they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and counted all things but loss for conscience and for truth.

It is to this period of our national history that Mr. Coleman has turned his mind and directed his investigations, and has produced a little volume worthy of the great subject of which

it treats. The Author has a conscious sympathy with his theme. His work is no hard, cold steel-pen production, but that of a man who knows how to appreciate the force of principle, and to take a corresponding estimate of those sacrifices and sufferings, to which attachment to principle so often tends. Few of our historians have done justice to these confessors, and therefore we are glad to find their names and their deeds thus written on a separate and independent page. No Englishman should be ignorant of this chapter in our national history.

MARY BUNYAN: — THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER. A Tale. By Sallie Rochester Ford. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1860.

THERE is an undefinable charm in the very name of Bunyan. The moment it falls upon the ear, it seems to recal the whole of his wonderful allegory, and make its successive scenes pass, as in panorama, before the eye of the mind. His great dream has enchanted young and old—the lettered and the unlettered—and held enchained their inmost thought and feeling. Here we have the dreamer himself at his own fire-side and in the bosom of his family. If there be no home-life, there can be no life anywhere else. Bunyan had a wife and family, in whom his affections were centred, and over whom he shed the light and the glow of his own renewed and happy heart. His first-born daughter—the subject of the present tale—was blind; but, notwithstanding her blindness—rather all the more because of it—was the object of her father's fondest love; and with him, from the tender age of twelve, she seems to have had the most profound sympathy in his sufferings and imprisonment as a teacher of Christianity. In fact, the story of the daughter is throughout interwoven with that of the father, so that the

life of the Great Dreamer is reproduced with peculiar freshness and power.

At an early age, Mary became the subject of spiritual life, and the life of God in her revealed itself in great strength of principle and nobleness of character. She held the truth with a grasp and a tenacity which lifted her above outward circumstances and influences, and inspired her with all the fortitude of Christian heroism. Still hers was a loving nature, and her affections were placed on a young man, who, like her father, was a faithful witness for the truth; but who did not, like her father, escape the fatal stroke of cruel persecution. The life of the father was spared, but the life of the lover was taken. Bunyan glorified God in his ministry; young Dormer glorified Him in martyrdom. It was a severe trial for the loving pair thus to part; but both of them were brought to the most profound submission and acquiescence, and only bade each other a temporary farewell, for certain was their hope of meeting in that higher world where neither life nor death can sever hearts of love.

Miss Ford has told her tale with great heart and with equal effect; and in reading her story, the memory will linger upon scenes and events which stand out in perfect contrast with this age of enlightened inquiry and unconfined freedom.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. THOMAS COKE, D.C.L. By J. W. Etheridge, M.A., Doctor in Philosophy of the University of Heidelberg, &c.: with a Portrait. London: John Mason, City Road. 1860.

THE life of a man, of whom it could be said, that "as a minister of Christ, in zeal, in labours, and in services, he was the greatest man of the last century," must have in it the elements of intense interest. And certainly this memoir of Dr. Coke, "of blessed mind and soul, of the third

branch of Oxonian Methodists, a gentleman, a scholar, and a bishop," of the American Episcopal Methodist Communion, will be read with no ordinary degree of pleasure by all the lovers of sacred biography. A graduate of Oxford University, and in the possession of Episcopal ordination, he attains a cure of souls, but he is yet comparatively ignorant of the life of God in his own soul. In the prosecution of his studies, and in preparation for the pulpit, he becomes the subject of deeper and more serious thought, till he is forced away from every ground of dependence or of hope but that which is presented in the Cross of Christ;—then he began to live another life—his ministry took on an entirely new type. Many of his parishioners disliked the change which had taken place in his character and ministry, and branded him with the name of Methodist. The name and the order were new to him. He began to think—to inquire. In seeking to solve the question—what is Methodism?—he became a convert to its tenets, and left the Established Church to embrace and propagate them. A new career now opened before him. In England and in Ireland his labours were on the model of the great Apostle of the nations. Those labours extended to Scotland, to France, to Holland, to the Norman Isles; and nine times he crossed the Atlantic, to preach in the New World, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." It was during one of these visits that he was raised to the episcopate in the American Methodist Church, and in that church held the first influence till the end of his days. His latter years were spent in England, and he went down to the grave full of labour, and rich in honour as the Apostle of Methodism.

This is not the first memoir which has been published of Dr. Coke; but it takes the precedence of all others, and has our hearty commendation.

TRAVELS NOT FAR FROM HOME: with a Preface which ought to be Read. By Aubin St. Helier, M.A. London: Jas. Blackwood.

IF distance lends a charm, it should never be at the expense of home. The sunniest spot on earth to man is his own fire-side; and next to the love of family and friends, is that of country. Thousands are ignorant, not only of the history of their own country, but even of its scenery. As soon as the bright days of July or August come, off they go to France to Switzerland, or to Rome, if not to the Desert and to Egypt, and leave behind them countries quite as rich and as diversified as any of which they are in quest. In proof of this, our Author has published a volume to prove that "*Travels not far from Home*," are quite as interesting as those in more distant lands, and that his own enthusiasm has been called forth by objects which others have passed by with scarcely an attentive glance. Conceiving that objections will be taken to such a work, he meets the objector on his own ground; and in the Preface, which he tells us ought to be read, he says:—

"When every one in these days can travel almost as far from it as they like, it seems almost superfluous to be sending forth a book into the world with such unpretending contents as the name would of necessity imply. Since most people have the opportunity of going over the same ground without very much trouble or extraordinary expense, no one will feel the slightest interest in hearing what any body else has done; and this is just the point to which I will bring an argument to bear. Perhaps you yourself have at this very moment a novel in your hand, and the above is the objection which you feel disposed to make. But let me just ask you, if you have ever looked at that identical book in the same light? Very likely not. Why, a novel is itself a *travel not far from home*; a travel pursued by one or more heroes, in whose progress your interest is called

forth. Is it not a journey through existence—a journey in which you are engaged? And are there not incidents in it which are occurring to yourself, in common with everybody else, every week, every day, every hour of your life? Do you pass over an account of an evening party because you have been at one the night before? or do you skip the circumstances of a morning call because you have just returned from making one yourself? The idea, perhaps, had never before struck you."

It is true that some of the ground occupied by the Author has been often touched, but with Mr. Helier as their companion in travel, our readers will find that he has invested some of the most familiar spots with fresh and even increased interest. His is not a work of mere topographical description, but of lively and ever-varying incident, which makes it a very readable and pleasant volume.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE: being a General Survey of the Basin of that River and of its Head Streams; with the History of Nilotic Discovery. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. London: Jas. Madden, Leadenhall-street. 1860.

It appears that some thirteen years ago Dr. Beke wrote a Paper on "The Nile and its Tributaries," which was read before the members of the Royal Geographical Society, and then printed in the seventeenth volume of their Journal, when "looking to the amount and character of the information actually collected, our knowledge of the basin of the Upper Nile was almost as extensive and accurate as at the present day;" so that the work which he now submits to the public is, in fact, based on his former Essay, and on various subsequent Papers which he has written, while the recent return to England of Capts. Burton and Speke from their remarkable journey into Central Africa, with the intelligence which they have communicated, has so established the sound-

ness of our Author's hypothesis as to entitle it to be recognised as the true theory of "The Sources of the Nile" in the Mountains of the Moon.

After tracing the earlier and later Nilotic discoveries, he devotes the concluding chapter of his work to "The True Nile and its Sources," in which he says:—

"There are two rules for determining which of the various head-streams of a river is entitled to be regarded as its upper course, and consequently to bear the name borne by the united stream lower down. The one rule is theoretical or natural, the other is practical or conventional. By the former, the greater length, and size, and the general direction of the valley or basin of the river, are the main considerations. By the latter, it is the first acquaintance which the inhabitants or discoverers of the valley of the main stream may make with one of its branches (or the converse) that causes the name of the former to be carried over to the latter.

"In the case of the great river of Africa it fortunately happens, that through the far greater portion of its course, both rules are applicable; the direct and main stream having been the first known and first explored. Herodotus, and all writers anterior to Ptolemy, concur in describing the Nile as coming from the west; and the first explorers on record, namely, Nero's two centurions, passing by the mouths of the Astabozas or Atbara, the Astapus or Abai, and the Astasobas or Sobat—all three affluents of the Nile on its right or eastern bank—penetrated up the main-stream in a direction always tending towards the west, as far as the ninth parallel of north latitude, the river there still coming from the west or south-west. Thus far, it is manifest, theory and practice went hand-in-hand."

But, notwithstanding all that has been effected by past research and discovery, the great secret still remains to be found out. According to our Author—

"This alone is certain—that *all* the

head-streams of the Nile must be thoroughly explored before it would be in our power to finally and irrevocably decide which among them is entitled to the designation of *the source* of the Nile."

The work before us embodies a vast amount of information; and to those who are interested in such investigations, and to all our readers, we can honestly recommend it as the production of an enlightened and honest mind.

THE FABLES OF BABRIUS. In Two Parts. Translated into English Verse from the Text of Sir G. C. Lewis. By the Rev. James Davies, M.A., sometime Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Lock, Ward, and Co.

MOST of our readers, we presume, will be surprised and startled to be told that it is not to *Æsop* but to *BABRIUS* that they owe the collection of Fables which so charmed their youth. But such is the fact. Sir G. C. Lewis, the present Home Secretary of England, has placed this beyond all controversy, by showing that "in any wise the Fables of *Babrius* may claim to be the basis, or stock material of all that comes down to our day under the name and credit of *Æsop*." But of what country and of what age was this *Babrius*? By some authorities he was said to have been a Roman, but this is rejected by Sir G. C. Lewis, who observes, that if he was a Roman, he was marvellously at home in Greek language and literature, and certainly was not desirous

of passing for anything but a Greek. Moreover, "his knowledge of natural history, political institutions, mythology, and geography is all essentially Greek;" nor can it fail to be observed, that "he nowhere mentions Italy or Rome, or the lands to the west of the Mediterranean." As to the time in which he lived, it appears that no traces of his Fables have been found earlier than the age of the Emperor Julian, by whom *Babrius* is quoted, so that the probability is that he lived between the close of the first century of the Christian Era and the time of Julian.

Mr. Davies, in translating these Fables into English verse, acknowledges to having received very important aid from "the distinguished Scholar and Statesman who, among other titles, may claim that of being the English Editor of *Babrius*;" and his aim, he tells us, "has been to produce a version, which, while literal, should preserve, as far as lay in his power, the elegance and terseness of the original." In this, he has admirably succeeded; and to his difficult and preserving efforts, the English public owe a debt of gratitude for a work which can instruct and profit as well as amuse and delight.

Of the Fables themselves we need say nothing, only that "the *epimyth* or moral constantly differs from that of the parallel prosaic fable which has come down to us." If the value of a sermon lies in its application, this is emphatically true of the Fable. "Strifes about a shadow come to nought;" but here are lessons of practical wisdom and of universal application.

THE ECLECTIC.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

I.

THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.*

THAT every trace of the primitive language is irrecoverably lost, is a conclusion which we are unwillingly forced to admit; and equally undeniable is it that the existing diversity of language is the effect of a fearful discord in the inner life and consciousness of man. "Truly," says Schlegel, "as long as the internal harmony of the soul was undisturbed and unbroken, and the light of the mind was unclouded by sin, language could be nought else than the simple and beautiful copy or expression of internal serenity; and consequently there could be but one speech. But after the internal word, which had been communicated by God to man, had become obscured;—after man's connection with his Creator had been broken, even outward language necessarily fell into disorder and confusion. . . . Once fallen away from his God, man fell more and more into a state of internal conflict and confusion; and thus there sprang up a multitude of languages, alien one from the other, and varying with every climate, in proportion as mankind became morally disunited, geographically divided and dispersed." And yet this "apparent chaos of different languages may be classed into kindred families, which, though separated by the distance of half the globe, seem still very closely allied. Of these different families of tongues, the first and most eminent are those which by their internal beauty and the noble spirit breathing through them, and apparent in their whole construction, denote for the most part a higher origin and a divine inspiration; and, much as all these languages differ from each

* The Hebrew Language : Its History and Characteristics ; including Improved Renderings of Select Passages in our Authorized Translation of the Old Testament. By Henry Craik. London : Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row, 1860.

other, they appear after all to be merely branches of one common stem."

Schlegel thinks that the various dialects and modes of speech diffused over the habitable globe, may be looked upon under the general image of a pyramid of languages of three degrees, separated the one from the other by a very simple principle of division:—that the broad basis of this pyramid would be formed by those languages whose roots and primitive words, like the Chinese, are mostly monosyllabic, which are the most considerable in number, and the most widely spread, and whose simple sounds constitute the language of infant life;—that the body of the pyramid would be made up of the Indo-Germanic languages, all of which are connected with each other by strong and manifold ties of affinity;—and that the summit or apex of the pyramid would be formed by the Semitic languages—the Hebrew and the Arabic, together with their kindred dialects. He conceives that "the general characteristic of the Semitic tongues is, their peculiar fitness for prophetic inspiration, and for profound symbolic import." This, he maintains, is their special character, and thus the Hebrew language was eminently adapted to the high spiritual destination of the Hebrew people, and was a fit organ of the prophetic revelation and promises imparted to that nation; from which it follows, that the Hebrew language can never be regarded as the basis of the pyramid, or the root whence all other languages have sprung, as was once believed and asserted. The language of the first man,—the language which God himself had taught him, may have been neither the Hebrew nor the Indian, nor in fact any of the other known or existing languages of the earth.

After these remarks, it is not needful that we should go into the controverted question, whether the original language was that which continued in the family of Eber, the great grandson of Shem, and the ancestor of Abraham; or whether the Hebrew language was the vernacular tongue of the Canaanites, and that Abraham derived it from them. In denying to the Hebrew the dignity and the pre-eminence of the first language, we by no means set aside its high antiquity. From this antiquity it continued to emerge till it took on the character of a written language; and it is at this very period that it becomes of the most interest to the Biblical Student. Though there were in all probability written documents prior to the time of Moses, yet with him begins the only true era of Hebrew literature; and in his Five Books we have the earliest development of the language. For how much of this development the language is indebted to the sojourn of the chosen nation in Egypt it is impossible to say;

but with the founder of the Theocracy—as the historical relations of the case might lead us to expect—began an entirely new literary epoch; and to those historical relations there came to be added the bolder strains of poetry, in the form of sacred song. After the time of Moses, and after the settlement of the people in Canaan, it is not improbable that different dialects obtained in different localities, and that the outward history of the nation had an immediate bearing on the development of their language, and the formation of their literature. Nor this only:—from the death of Josiah, we know that the Hebrews were continually exposed to invasions from Babylon, from which time the purity of the mother-tongue began to be disturbed and mixed, which continually increased, until during the time of the captivity this mother-tongue ceased to be the language of the people:—not that it died out. Though it ceased to be even a written language, there yet existed the old Hebrew documents, and those had to be studied in connection with the worship and religious rites of the people. But it was not till the tenth century of our Christian Era that the study of the Hebrew tongue was revived; and with the revival of philological studies among the Jews, an equal attention to the claims of their language, in its genius and structure, began to reveal itself in our Christian schools, and among philologists of the first class. In more recent times, no little effort has been made to create another epoch in the study of Hebrew, nor has the effort been without its fruits. Much is being done in our own age, and everything promises a corresponding progress in this department of Oriental Literature. After showing that during the long and dreary period of the Dark Ages almost every species of solid learning was neglected throughout Christendom, and that Hebrew found scarcely a single student, Mr. Craik says:—

“In the twelfth century, Raymond, a monk of the Dominican order, attempted to revive the study of Hebrew in the Church; and in the thirteenth, Pope Clement the Fifth published a decree requiring that in every university in Christendom there should be appointed six professors of Hebrew and the cognate dialects; but for the space of two centuries it was found impossible to provide a single professor in any University with the exception of Oxford. In 1506, at the early dawn of the Reformation, John Reuchlin compiled the first dictionary and grammar of any real value, excepting such as had at an earlier period been composed by the Jewish grammarians. This eminent scholar may be regarded as the founder of Hebrew philology and lexicography among Christians. Immediately afterwards, the general revival of learning gave a new impulse to the study of the ancient Scriptures. From the time of Reuchlin, the names of the distinguished Hebraists appear either as contemporaries

or in rapid succession in the pages of literary history. Among these the two Buxtorfs, father and son, deserve to occupy a very prominent place. Luther's eminence as a Reformer has almost cast into the shade his high attainments as a scholar; otherwise his name would legitimately occupy a distinguished position among those who devoted themselves to the study of the Hebrew Bible. He himself tells us, that limited as was the measure of his attainments in the knowledge of the sacred language, he would not have exchanged what he did possess for all the treasures of the universe.

"Among the other eminent men of learning who devoted themselves to this study may be enumerated the following:—Fabricius Capito, Conrad Pellican, Sebastian Munster, John Forster, Avenarius, Schlinder, Marcus de Calasio, Neumann, Löscher, Bohleius and Cocceius. But time would fail to recal the names and achievements of those who, about the time of the great Reformation, and after that memorable deliverance, devoted the energies of their minds to the pursuit of sacred studies. . . . Coming down to a later period, the early part of the eighteenth century, we reach the period at which Albert Schultens was raised up to give a fresh impetus to the study of the Old Testament. When that very distinguished scholar began to devote the powers of his penetrating genius and the resources of his capacious mind to the promotion of sacred learning, he found that very much remained to be accomplished in order to the complete elucidation of the sacred tongue. . . . Previously to the period at which he flourished, the kindred Oriental dialects had begun to be cultivated in Europe; and those who had devoted themselves to such studies found that thence fresh aid was to be derived for the elucidation of the ancient Hebrew. Schultens took up this discovery with earnestness, assiduity, and zeal. He studied—and with almost unparalleled success—the cognate languages. In an incredibly short space of time, he obtained an extraordinary knowledge of the Arabic, and then applied his knowledge of that language to determining the signification of those terms, the exact import of which had previously been unascertained. But while he gave just prominence to the cognate dialects, and particularly to the Arabic, as important helps, he did not discard the aid of those other sources of information which the providence of God had left open. . . . His writings manifest a devout reverence for the Divine Oracles, an earnest love of truth, a power of penetrating perception, soundness of judgment, large mental resources, and a fine enthusiasm for sacred learning, that must have exerted a powerful corresponding influence upon young and ardent minds. His "*Origines Hebrææ*," his "*Vetus et Regia Via Hebraizandi*," with his "*Philological Commentaries on Job and the Book of Proverbs*," remain as monuments of his diligence, piety, and unrivalled erudition."

But Schultens only led the way for those who were to follow him in the same bright track. Even Gesenius himself, the greatest of our modern lexicographers, may have reached his present proud

position only by carrying out and developing the principles which his distinguished predecessor had promulgated and defended. In his well known Lexicon, we have the ripest fruit of the labours bestowed by ancient and modern philologists in the investigation and elucidation of the Hebrew language. As a linguist, Gesenius is truly eminent, but as a theologian and an expositor of Revealed Truth, he is not to be trusted. His learning is undeniable, but his divinity is of the most doubtful character. After entering his caveat against the theology of this distinguished scholar, and in closing his remarks on the state of the Hebrew language and literature, Mr. Craik asks—

“Ought not the past history and present position of Hebrew philology to excite lively gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, not only for the bestowment but for the preservation of the Sacred Volume? Had the knowledge of Hebrew been once entirely lost—and such *might* have been the case—it could never, except by miracle, have been restored. So far from having been lost, we may affirm, without fear of contradiction, that at no period since it ceased to be a spoken language, has it been more scientifically studied than during the last and the present centuries. It may be safely affirmed that Hebrew has been more thoroughly investigated, since the early part of the eighteenth century, than it had ever been for at least two thousand years before. It carries along with it the venerable dignity of age, while it retains the vigour and the energy of youth.”

Did not our space forbid us, we should like to pass under review what Mr. Craik calls the leading characteristics of the Hebrew language, and then to point out the advantages connected with the study of this ancient tongue; but these both must give place to his “Specimens of Amended Translation.” That the translation of many passages might be improved, is a fact of which the proof is undeniable; and that in the hands of certain men the rendering would be truly felicitous, is equally incontrovertible. Judging from the few specimens which he has supplied, Mr. Craik himself might be safely trusted. To take only one example—the beautiful passage in Job, in which the patriarch expresses his calm belief in the personal Redeemer;—it is thus rendered:—

“Oh! that even now my words were recorded!
 Oh! that they were inscribed in a memorial!
 That with an iron pen and lead
 They were graven in the rock for ever!
 Surely I do know my Redeemer, the Living One;
 And He, the Last, will arise over the dust.
 And tho’ after my skin this body be consumed,
 Yet in my flesh shall I see God,
 Whom I shall see for myself [or, appearing on my behalf,]
 And my eyes shall behold Him, and not as a stranger.
 For this my heart languishes within me.”

This, it will be confessed, is a decided improvement upon our common version ; but we are not certain that even in this translation, Mr. Craik has done full justice to the passage. Would not the word Vindicator be better and more appropriate in this connection than the word Redeemer? Is "the Last" to be taken as a personal designation, or a mere adjective of time, pointing forward to the great day of Christ's second advent? Did Job mean to say, that in his flesh he should see God, or that God in his nature he should see? In giving expression to this, his strong belief, did his heart languish within him? Is not the idea rather that, in giving utterance to his feelings, his inmost thoughts had reached their consummation? The emphasis of the whole passage would thus be heightened and intensified; and would embody the sublimest truth, while it expressed the deepest emotions of the soul.

From the subject of amended translations, the transition is natural and easy to the revision of our English Bible. The Author undertakes to prove that "while our English Version is probably the very best of all modern translations, yet there are to be found in it hundreds of passages in which the sense of the original is rendered *obscurely*, or *unintelligibly*, or in which *the meaning* is entirely misrepresented;"—that "no intelligent reader of the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures can attempt, honestly and fully, to expound the meaning of the Scriptures in public, without being under the necessity of frequently correcting our Translation, in order more accurately to bring out the sense;"—and "that the question relative to the matter at issue ought not to be looked at, or decided, under the influence of feeling or predilection, but, like all similar questions, must be determined according to the facts of the case." It is easy to *put* the question—Are we, or are we not to have a new translation of the Scriptures? Or, to put it in a less startling and less objectionable form—Shall we, or shall we not, have a faithful revision of our present Authorized Version? But it is a question beset with the most serious difficulties, and on which the first and ripest scholars are still divided. While there are those who feel persuaded that such a revision ought to come, and will come;—men who believe that "if a few attempts were to be made, and they were to meet with encouragement and sympathy, such a stimulus would be given to Biblical studies, that a very few years would elapse before England might be provided with a company of wise and cunning craftsmen, into whose hands she might hopefully confide her jewel of most precious price;"—there are others—and these neither the few nor the vulgar—who are seriously impressed with the idea that to attempt any such translation or revision would indeed be "to

loosen from its moorings the whole religious life of the English people." We find no fault with Mr. Craik when he says—

"There are many who seem to take little or no interest in the matter, and there are not a few others whose opinions appear to have been formed without any careful inquiry into the facts of the case, or any thoughtful consideration of the reasons that may be urged on both sides of the question at issue. The far larger number of those who reverence and prize their Bibles are so ill-informed respecting the grounds on which a revision is considered desirable, that they are not at present in a position to give any opinion which ought to weigh with others; while often those who are the least instructed, are, at the same time, the most obstinately attached to the sentiments which they have been led to adopt."

Granted:—but still these facts do not lessen, far less remove the difficulties which surround the question. Men of the highest culture and of the widest information—men distinguished equally for their learning and their piety—shrink from such a task, and are afraid to commit it into the hands of others. It is in men of the highest attainments that we find the deepest humility. The ignorant would intrude where angels would retire; and from the ground where angels would linger and adore, the lovers of speculation and change would remove to a still greater distance. The question is not whether any advantage might accrue from a new translation or a careful revision of our present Version; but whether the advantage would counterbalance the risk—and a prodigious risk it is—of any such proposed alteration?

The subject is one of incalculable importance, not so much in reference to the history of the Hebrew language, as to its bearing on the true interpretation of Scripture. Biblical Criticism and Exegesis are far from being a neglected study in England; but then the critic and the expositor, if he would successfully prosecute his work, must have no imperfect knowledge of the languages in which the Sacred Books were originally written. The Bible is its own interpreter. Though no Scripture is of any private interpretation or self-solution—that is to say, while no one passage can be understood or explained without a reference to the contents of the Book as a whole, yet, when taken in connection with other texts, and placed under this concentrated light, the meaning comes out with a clearness and a fullness hitherto unknown; for it may be that a different translation of the passage itself will reveal a depth and degree of truth never before perceived, or even thought of.

Of this fact our English Bible supplies not a few examples. We confess that our Author puts forth a strong plea for the

revision of our Authorized Version ; and we are one with him in the opinion, that by such a revision “ many passages which are to mere English readers obscure, would become plain ; others, which convey no meaning, would be rendered in intelligible language ; and many, which at present convey a wrong impression of the sense, would be found to express the meaning with accuracy and clearness : ” but our deep and growing conviction is, that we are not yet in a position even to contemplate such an undertaking. Without depreciating the learning of our country—while in this respect we might take the priority and the precedence of every other nation—our erudition and our riper scholarship have never been so devoted to the critical investigation of the Sacred Writings, as to hold out the hope of any immediate or more successful issue. And if in Biblical learning and Oriental scholarship men were sufficiently advanced to attempt an Authorized Revision of the Scriptures, it is still a question whether, in making the effort, we might not go to excess, and thus defeat the very end which we had in view. We are jealous of the integrity of our existing Version. With all its imperfections and errors, it is yet a full and sufficient expression of Revealed Truth. Let what revision soever be attempted—let what new and improved translations soever be introduced—let what modes and facilities of expression soever be insured—we are persuaded that no new doctrine would emerge into the light, no additional truth be evolved, no unheard-of utterance be drawn from the Eternal Oracle.

We are not objecting to a revision, or even to an improved translation of the Sacred Books, for this might be a positive boon ; but to insure such an end, men of learning and of all Christian Communions must give themselves to the profounder study, and in some instances, to the exclusive study of the Inspired Writings ; and ever bearing in mind that they are dealing with a Revelation from God to man, to sacrifice every prejudice and every predilection in the earnest effort to reach and make known the mind of the Spirit in every individual sentence of His Word.

It is not so much a new translation or even a revised version that we need, as sounder and more correct principles of interpretation. We are free to admit, that at the Reformation more life was communicated to Scripture Exegesis ; that Luther's translation of the Bible into the language of his nation, gave a mighty impulse to the practical interpretation and understanding of the Sacred Volume ; that the Commentaries of Calvin constituted an epoch in that age of stirring events, and that not a few followed in his track with brilliant success ; but Sacred Hermeneutics have not held that place in the Church to which they are entitled, to maintain the Church's life and action. The readings and the

findings of the private Christian are often in advance of the expositions and instructions of the public teacher. The public instructor often narrows the field of knowledge by confining himself to a certain number of given truths ; forgetting that truth is a unity, and that this unity can only be realized in presenting the truth in its sublime integrity or completeness. To insure this, no mode is so effectual or so certain as the exegetical or expository style of teaching. Not only is it best adapted to elucidate the text, but it gives a breadth and a depth to the words of Scripture hitherto unperceived and unthought of. The harmony of Revelation strikes the mind with all the force of a new discovery. What before appeared enigmatical and difficult of solution, appears plain and obvious ; and what was obscure and hidden, now stands out in the clearest light. To this fact Mr. Craik gives his full and hearty assent :—

“ Let it be firmly maintained that a lowly heart, and a dependent, prayerful frame of spirit, are of infinitely more importance for enabling the reader to profit by the perusal of the Scriptures, than the possession of the profoundest learning, apart from spirituality of mind and rectitude of purpose ; and that a prayerful reading of the English Translation will secure, for the humble and unlettered disciple, a higher degree of attainment in Divine knowledge, than can be acquired through the aid of unsanctified learning, however profound or extensive. In short, let those who cannot read the original languages of Scripture, and are not so situated as to be able to acquire them, be satisfied and thankful that they can read, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God ; and let them prize the privilege of a translated Bible as one of their choicest blessings.”

Moreover, our Author is forced to admit—and who is not ?—“ that the Authorized Version is on the whole *admirably* executed ; that it is perfectly adequate for the instruction of the believing reader in all the leading essential verities of our Holy Faith ; that it furnishes a far more faithful representation of the Hebrew original than either the Greek Septuagint or the Latin Vulgate ; and that, in fine, when regarded as a whole, it may be looked upon as superior to any other English Translation.” We are, therefore, inclined to think that what we might gain in accuracy in a new translation, we should more than lose in strength and beauty. There are thousands of texts which would have not half their value or significance, if they were rendered in other than strong Anglo-Saxon words. As a mere literary production, the Bible is the most perfect repository of our mother tongue. Nowhere else is our language so pure, rich, and full—a fact which endears it no less to the man of letters than to the most illiterate

and untaught. This of itself is a sufficient reason why we should pause before we even contemplate so serious a change as that which is involved in a new translation of the Bible. The change would produce such a revulsion as would be detrimental to the interests of true piety. The very language or words of the Book, are, in the popular mind, inseparable from its truths. And to whomsoever the work might be committed, it would never be so well done. In confirmation of this, we have but to refer to the labours of those who have gone before us. We know of very few new translations, even of isolated texts or passages, which we could substitute for the reading of our present Version.

The whole subject challenges the closest inquiry; and we accept the work of Mr. Craik as a very valuable contribution to the future settlement of the point at issue.

II.

THE NEOLOGICAL TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.

"HAVE you seen your uncle's Letters on Inspiration, which, I believe, are to be published?" wrote Dr. Arnold to Mr. Justice Coleridge, regarding "The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," left for posthumous publication by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions—the greatest, perhaps, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility." And again, referring to the modern modifications made upon the doctrine of Inspiration:—"We know that the Catholics look with as great horror on the consequences of denying the infallibility of the Church, as you can do on those of denying the entire inspiration of the Scriptures; and that, to come nearer to the point, the inspiration of the Scriptures in points of physical science were once insisted on as strictly as it is now maintained with regard to matter of history. Now, it may be correct to deny their inspiration in one and not in the other; but I think it is hard to ascribe the one opinion to anything morally faulty more than the other." These passages plainly imply, if they do not directly proclaim, the mission of the Progressive School of Modern Theology; and latitudinarian as Dr. Arnold was, we can scarcely doubt that, had he lived, he would have formed an associate in that ecclesiastical phalanx—the authors of "Essays and Reviews"—where the successors and continuators both of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Dr. Arnold are found. Be that as it may, the statement is made here,

which is repeated *ad nauseam* elsewhere, that just as the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility formed the grand discovery of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, so the falsehood of the doctrine of the infallibility of the Sacred Scriptures is the destined discovery of the new Reformation of the nineteenth century. The demolition of this ecclesiastical idol—Bibliolatry, as they love to style it—does not necessarily, however, involve the destruction of that systematic theology, Lutheran and Calvinistic, which dates its origin from the birth of Protestantism. It is quite true that hosts of ecclesiastical radicals are prepared to raze the Churches of Christendom to their very foundations—erase every article from the Christian creed—trample down every barrier to communion—extend universal toleration to the national community, and hold out the right hand of fellowship to all and sundry without exception, in accordance with their cosmopolitan “schemes of comprehension.” But if we may place any reliance upon their published professions, there is a large class of orthodox Christians who reject *simpliciter* the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures—lately retracted even by Gaussen himself—assert the fact of Theopneustic revelation, but refuse assent to modern theories, sanctioned neither by the Scriptures nor the creed of Christendom, and desiderate a doctrinal expression of their sentiments consistent with the conclusions of Biblical criticism. No doubt that class is divisible into numerous parties, ranging between the literal and latitudinarian interpreters of Divine revelation; and we envy no doctor or assembly of divines the performance of the task of settling a standard of belief acceptable even to the acknowledged champions of evangelical orthodoxy. The former class are thorough ecclesiastical revolutionists, and are appropriately styled Neologians *in malam partem*; whereas, although the latter are strictly and etymologically speaking, propagators of Neology, we apply the term *in bonam partem*, and baptize them Constitutional Ecclesiastical Reformers, and Reforming Theologians. Let us survey their respective camps.

No phrase could be more happily descriptive of the present transition period than “the age of criticism,” for the most rigid sticklers after orthodoxy must admit the clamant necessity both of destructive and constructive criticism. The ecclesiastical problem of the age—the nature and extent of Divine Inspiration—for it is the point on which hinges the authority of Divine Revelation—is approached alike by friends and foes in every conceivable form. Excluding all consideration of the defences, questionable and unquestionable, of this doctrine, time would fail us even to point out the covert and open attacks to which it is perpetually subjected. All the world knows that Samuel Taylor Coleridge took the shoes from off his feet when he trod and broke the holy ground in his “Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,” and reverentially proceeded to hurl away what, according to his “private judgment,” he considered the superstitious rubbish which had accumulated during the course of several millenniums, and unveil the primitive Word, stamped and authenticated

with, "Thus saith the Lord." That sacred residuum, however, was soon ruthlessly snatched by numerous hosts both of lay and clerical opponents, subjected to critical and analytical experiments; and the report has been lately issued by Macnaught, with the evident approval of a large portion of the English clergy, that it has completely evaporated during the Straussian process. And although the Cambridge Essayists and Oxford Reviewers have prudently eschewed the direct discussion of this testing topic, we much mistake the tone and tenor of their joint productions, if they do not laugh in their sleeves at the results of destructive criticism. That F. Newman, Greg, Mackay, Carlyle, Strauss, Comte, Parker, and Emerson, not to mention the minor prophets of modernity, reduce the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to the low level of national literatures, and trace their common source to the productive genius of humanity, is well known. And the announcement of the foundation of a Cosmopolitan Pantheon for the reception of the statues of Confucius, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus Christ, Mahomet, and Joe Smith, and dedicated "*aux Grands Hommes*," will scarcely excite the horror, much less awaken the astonishment, of our liberal and tolerant age. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*

That ecclesiastical reformation is necessary, will be readily acknowledged by men of all phases of religious opinion, and is implied in the very titles of the volumes daily issuing from the public press, not only in Britain, but also on the continents of Europe and America. Witness "*The Eclipse of Faith*," and "*The Restoration of Belief*," titles which might form appropriate captions to the current and corresponding series of contemporary religious publications. Associations have been formed, and demands are daily made, for the revision of the Liturgy, and even of the Articles in the Church of England. Proposals and overtures for the revision and curtailment of the Confession of Faith, drawn up by the Westminster Assembly of Divines, have been made to the Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies of the Churches of Scotland. Nay, the 23rd chapter of the Confession of Faith, relating to the authority of the civil magistrate, has already been subjected to excision by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and a declaratory enactment regarding the same subject inserted into the authorized standards of the Free Church of Scotland. The Congregational Churches, it is almost unnecessary to state, rejoice in emancipation from the yoke of the Protestant Confessional—the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. The sanction of Evangelical Christendom, we make bold to say, has been obtained for the revision of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and only awaits the appointment of a suitable and select Committee for carrying the Herculean task into execution. The Psalms of David, owing to their non-adaptation to the Christian Dispensation, have fallen into almost general desuetude, and been superseded by a Christian Hymnology accommodated to the spiritual progress of humanity, more especially amongst the unendowed Churches of Christendom. And, finally, without alluding in detail

to modern pulpit eloquence and oratory, and the current doctrinal presentation of popular Protestantism, no one can fail to notice that our theological professors and Protestant preachers have imbibed the cautious spirit of Butler, displayed in the following passage, in which the fact of the Atonement of Christ is asserted, but all knowledge of the *rationale* or philosophy of this fundamental doctrine of Christianity is disclaimed:—

“How and in what particular way it (the Atonement of Christ) had this efficacy (for obtaining pardon of sin), there are not wanting persons who have endeavoured to explain; but I do not find that the Scripture has explained it. We seem to be very much in the dark concerning the *manner* in which the ancients understood atonement to be made—*i. e.* pardon to be obtained by sacrifices; and if the Scripture has, as surely it has, left this matter of the satisfaction of Christ mysterious—left somewhat in it unrevealed—all conjectures about it must be, if not evidently absurd, yet at least uncertain. Nor has any one reason to complain for want of further information, unless he can show his claim to it.” (Butler’s “Analogy of Religion: On the Appointment of a Mediator and Redeemer.”)

Take the most cursory glance at the volumes, speeches, essays, and articles which have been suggested by the Tricentenary of the Reformation in the sixteenth century; and the rapid survey will at once strengthen the conviction that religious intelligence has made a gigantic stride during the course of the three last centuries, and lend confirmation to our assertion of the necessity of a modification of the Creed stereotyped at that eventful period. Most undoubtedly “these are the days of advance—the days of the men of mind.” The praises not only of the Reformers, but of the precursors of the Reformers, are duly celebrated; but the most remarkable feature of the Reformation commemoration is the cautious, calm, and calculating discrimination exemplified in at once awarding due honour to the leaders of the Reformation, and pointing out the characteristic defects both of the men and the movement which they inaugurated. Not long ago the bare insinuation that “the work of God”—“the glorious Reformation”—was marred by any of those defects common to political and ecclesiastical occurrences, or that John Calvin was implicated in the judicial murder of Michael Servetus, would have been followed with the charge of infidelity. Now, thanks to Rilliet’s narrative, extracted from the archives of Geneva—Calvin’s letters, edited by Jules Bonnet, and the Baconian spirit of the age, Protestant professors, belonging to the strictest sects of the Protestants, can stand up in the metropolis of Scotland, the very stronghold of Calvinism, and expose the errors of the age of the Reformation—the credulity, over-legislation, inquisitorial discipline, misinterpretation and misapplication of Scripture, indifference to social refinement and art, exhibited by the reforming divines of three centuries ago. Yes, Protestant Doctors, who claim to be the successors of the Scottish Worthies, and do not blush to declare that they do not confess by the Confession of Faith, are lauded to the

echo while they brand the reformers with being "opinionatively proud, imperiously insolent, contemptuous, impatient of contradiction or dissent towards their brethren;" and importing Church establishments, not a little of the doctrines of the priesthood, and of the mysterious and mystical power of the Sacraments, into Protestantism; and multiplying the articles to be confessed, in order to ministerial and Christian communion and fellowship, to a most exorbitant length. The very foundations of Protestantism—viz. the Bible—the Rule of Faith, and the right of private judgment—are subjected to inspection and examination by Protestant dignitaries, and pronounced safe and very good, in theory, amidst shouts of applause. We say, in *theory*; for how have these Protestant Canons operated in *practice* during the course of the three last centuries? Review either the ecclesiastical polities or theological systems of modern Christendom, commencing with high-flying Anglicanism and closing with low and licentious Mormonism—their number is legion, in the stead of the one holy catholic and apostolic Church of Protestantism; and "The Annual Register" bears testimony that the process of ecclesiastical disintegration is carried on in an increasing ratio. Query:—Given 42 per cent. of the population of Britain dissociated from the Church in 1851, what length of time must elapse before the accelerated course of arithmetical or geometrical progression ends in the complete dissolution of ecclesiastical organizations? The solution of that problem did not probably come within the range of the objects proposed by "The Anti-State-Church Association;" but if you apply the Protestant dictum of the right of private judgment stringently, the question starts itself for discussion:—Is there any legitimate resting-place between Popish infallibility and Protestant individuality? And if there is not—as, according to the received theory, which embodies the soul of Protestantism, there is not—ecclesiastical authority must fall to the ground, creeds and confessions be swept away, and the fullest, freest liberty of thought, speech, and action, consistent with the preservation of social order, be accorded to each individual of the universal family of humanity. New wine must be put into new bottles.

We have thus, preliminary to our principal design, simply scanned the *summa fastigia rerum* of revolutionary and reformatory Neology, i.e. Neology Proper, and ecclesiastical reformation; presented the aspect which the present transition period of modern Christendom assumes to an unprejudiced spectator (as every impartial critic ought to be); and as we have no intention of trespassing upon the patience of our readers by adding another to the thousand and one modern theories of inspiration, or extracting the "Essence of Christianity," for the chimerical purpose of restoring ecclesiastical unity and uniformity, we shall now proceed to trace some of the prominent causes and probable consequences of these contemporary ecclesiastical movements.

Strange as it may sound in the ears of some ecclesiastical parties, first and foremost amongst the causes of modern Neology, we assign

THE PROGRESSION OF IDEAS, to use a general term, inclusive of science, art, literature, and philosophy as well as theology. That Protestants should have fallen into the habit of dating all modern religious movements from the period of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, is easily accounted for, perceptible as is only "darkness visible" in the immediate background, and thoroughly unobjectionable where reference is made to that section only of universal history. The common method both of writing and studying ecclesiastical history favours the practice; for the dominant sects of modern Christendom ignore the ecclesiastical history recorded in the "Acts of the Apostles," and select their types and models not from the Primitive Christian Church, but from the Churches of the Reformation. The Popish controversy at once fosters and counteracts the inveterate habit: fosters it when the Protestant boasts of the "glorious Reformation" from Popish ignorance and superstition, and counteracts it when the disputant is driven from post to pillar, from century to century, in the course either of Popish or Puseyite discussion, to the original foundations of Christianity. But whenever we attempt to vindicate the ways of God to man, we must neither restrict our attention to the epoch of the Reformation nor the era of Christianity, but mount at once to the commencement of the race, start from the cradle of humanity at creation, watch his chequered career during infancy, youthhood, and adolescence, survey the course of universal history during the lapse of time, and only conclude the consideration of the Divine method of government and education by including in our estimate the future, final, and universal consummation—a course which we are led to pursue by studying our modern Christologies and historiologies (if we may be allowed to coin an abbreviated synonyme for the circumlocutory phraseology of "Philosophy of History"). Take up, then, any well digested history of science or philosophy, philosophy of history or religion, all of them "provisional" in our estimation, *e.g.* the works of Whewell, Schlegel, Dove, and Morell: the fundamental law of progress which pervades the universe lies at the basis of one and all without exception; and nothing is more prominently exhibited by their respective authors than the progression of ideas, to which we have assigned the first and foremost place in the causes of modern Neology and ecclesiastical innovation. Professing, however, as do three classes of theorists, to furnish the only correct explanation of the periodic evolution of ideas, we must take our choice amongst these competitors for public acceptance. The first, Newman's Theory of Development, may be compared to the stem of a tree which buds blossoms, bears apples of Sodom, and develops into rottenness and corruption. The second, Comte's Theory, to those parasitic plants, woodbines, and ivies which suck out the sap and decorate the trunk during the period of decadence. And the third, Dove's Theory of Human Progression, to a noble stock, which attains its full and fruitful maturity during the course of gradual and harmonious development. The worship of Mary, springs as spontaneously from the soil of the

human heart as the adoration of Jesus, according to Newman's retrogressive and Romanistic system. The beginning, middle, and end of Comte's positive philosophy, is prostration; first, during the Fetichistic period, before a black stone; secondly, during the Polytheistic period, in presence of all the deities crowding the National Pantheon; and thirdly, during the Monotheistic period, before the

"Father of all; in every age,
In every clime adored
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

whilst the children of humanity bow before "the one only living and true God" during the Patriarchal and Jewish, as well as during the Christian Dispensation, in accordance with Dove's Christian Philosophy of History and Religion. Be it understood, however, that though we have selected Dove's Theory of Human Progression as a type of a Christian philosophy of history, we do not deem it unexceptionable, a remark which we are inclined to extend to the traditional treatment of the subject—the connection and relations of the Old and New Testament—Croly's three Cycles of Revelation, as well as our popular Christologies. Their errors are too numerous to be specified in this place, and they are specially defective on account of excluding all consideration of that influence which contemporary nationalities exercised over the Christian institutes and institutions. The only attempt that has fallen under our notice to supply this desideratum, is the Essay of Dr. Temple on the "Education of Humanity"—an essay, however, which only furnishes a few hints and suggestions. Notwithstanding the obvious defects which characterise our modern Christologies, no student of Sacred Scripture can be at a loss to discover the struggle of ecclesiastical centralization and localization, familism with nationalism, multitudinism with individualism, and the introduction of Neological views (as they would be termed;) first, when Patriarchism gave way to Judaism, and secondly, when Judaism was superseded by Christianity, not to mention various other subordinate transition periods. Perpetual contact with Oriental and Occidental, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman nationalities, subjected Jewish institutions; *e.g.* more especially during the latter period of national existence, to a gradual process of friction and fractionalization. Popular reactionary schools arose;—indeed, the dominant Jewish sects at the advent of Christ—Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes—find their counterparts in the three modern schools to which we have already referred. Nor did the mythologies of these nations escape the result of that destructive operation; for "the stone cut out of the mountain without hands," ground them to powder, and they were swept to the four winds of heaven. "The people which sat in darkness saw great light." The eclipse of Faith preceded the restoration of Belief.

So much for the philosophy of Neology, if we may be allowed to dignify our observations with that honorary title. The operation of the fundamental law of progress is exemplified in the evolution of the sciences at successive stages of the life of humanity, as may be observed by a perusal of Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences." Accordingly, when we trace the origin of our modern sciences since the revival of literature, we find that their discoveries exerted a powerful influence on Biblical criticism and interpretation as well as dogmatic theology; and, without professing to adhere to strict chronological order, we instance the study of the science of HISTORY, inclusive of Archæology, as a second prolific source of modern Neology. That the life-period of nations corresponds to all the diversities of the individual term of existence upon earth, is divisible into the stages of infancy, youthhood, and adolescence, and is distinguishable by peculiar political and ecclesiastical institutions—in a word, that empires rise, decline, and fall, fulfil their respective missions according to Divine appointment, are facts and doctrines which obtained early recognition; and the series of epochs—golden, silvern, brazen, and iron—based upon ruins, remains, and reliquary inscriptions, into which the historic life of humanity has been divided by the archæologist, bears attestation to their general correctness. Judging from the incidental allusions made to the subject both by the earlier and later penmen of Scripture, and especially by Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles (Ἐθνῶν), who declared "the mystery hid from ages" (τὸ μυστήριον τὸ ἀποκεκρυμένον ἀπὸ τῶν αἰώνων), and that Christ came in "the fulness of times" (πληρωμα τῶν καιρῶν), not only were the successive æons or periods pre-arranged, but the very sites and scenes of the various empires were prescribed by Him who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." So far, at least, there appeared to be a general concurrence between the Scriptural and the extra-Scriptural authors. But when the extant national records of antiquity were submitted to modern critical inspection, according to the scientific method of "Comparative History," immediate sentence of condemnation was passed upon the blended mass of fact and fiction—traditional, legendary, and mythological lore—by indignant scepticism. Far from making any exception in favour of the Jewish Scriptures, rampant disbelief gloried not only in classifying them with the sacred writings of heathendom, but, in proportion to the superiority which they claimed, in assigning them a position of inferiority in comparison with the classic literatures of antiquity. Now, when we remind our readers of the fact, cognisable to the veriest tyro in Biblical criticism, that our theological doctors differ in their interpretations regarding the earliest paragraphs of the Mosaic record; that the utmost diversity exists amongst evangelical critics regarding the fact of the fall of humanity, which necessitated the remedial scheme of Christianity; that one styles the record a literal historical narrative, while others do not hesitate to designate it

either a fable, an allegory, or an Oriental apologue—can we, after all, express astonishment that Scepticism should rank both the Old and New Testaments, containing as they do the records of endless anomalies, supernatural incidents and occurrences, in the same category with the legendary literatures of antiquity? Take the historical and miraculous evidences of Christianity conjointly, and will they bear the stress which was laid upon them by the reforming divines of the sixteenth century? We trow not. Accordingly they assume a subordinate rank, and the internal and experimental evidences are most prominently exhibited in our modern polemical discussions. The very fact, moreover, that no attestation whatever of the supernatural incidents which are questioned by modern Scepticism has as yet been furnished by archæology (a fact of which sceptics are not slow in reminding us), should at least, in the meantime, enforce the commendable practice. The solution of all the problems started for discussion does not of course fall within the compass of a brief article. Sufficient for us that we point out their actual existence, their nature and their difficulty, the risk of opinionative divergence, and the consequent necessity for the exercise of critical skill and Christian subtlety—a duty which we persist in performing by naming a third source of Neological ideas, viz. the Science of ETHNOLOGY.

Closely connected as is the science of ethnology with comparative history, the remarks which we have already made on historiology are equally applicable to its illustration and exposition. Given:—The language, literature, laws, institutions, manners, and customs of the races of humanity, both in antiquity and modernity—Have they sprung from one or divers centres of distribution, according to the opposite theories of the unity and diversity of the races of mankind? That is the question forced upon the attention of the ethnologist, the details of which may be found in any of the popular treatises upon that subject—*e.g.* "Prichard's Physical History of the Races of Mankind." The conclusions of this latter theory would undoubtedly clash (notwithstanding the expression of Hugh Miller's opinion to the contrary) with the facts recorded in Sacred Scripture. But we consider ourselves at full liberty to ignore a novel hypothesis unnecessarily framed to account for mere external and epidermal diversities of the human *physique*, explicable by the well-known operation of chemical and climatical agencies. And, according to either theory, the standard of rectitude established by Paul vindicates the justice and equity of the Universal Governor of the nations in the day of judgment—"For when the Gentiles (*ἔθνη*) which have not the law do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law to themselves; for not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified." The human or Divine origin of political and ecclesiastical institutes and institutions—the laws, moral, judicial, and ceremonial, peculiar to ancient and modern races of humanity—is, as must be admitted on all hands, *a nodus vindice dignus*. The origin of sacrifices—*e.g.*—a topic which lies in the heart of Christianity, notwithstanding the traditional

tomes which profess to trace them to divine appointment—is still a moot point amongst modern divines. Nay, the origin of language itself, which strictly includes the former, considered as a mode of expressing the religious sentiments of the race, still remains *sub lite* amongst linguists and philologists. To cite only a single instance illustrative of the influence exercised by ethnological studies in the progress of Biblical criticism, we may mention that Hengstenberg, whose works are employed as text-books in our evangelical schools of theology, traces both Egyptian references and affinities in the Mosaic, judicial, and sacrificial institutions, as well as in the Sumptuary laws of the Jewish nation, and in the Urim and Thummim, Cherubim and Sphinxes, Azazel, the Red Heifer, and the distinction of foods, vestments, &c.; some of which are styled less conspicuous and more doubtful, but others undeniable and incontrovertible. The various modes of accounting for these institutional affinities we must leave unnoticed, and proceed to advert to the cognate science of PHILOLOGY as a fourth cause of modern Neology.

The grammatical structure and affinities of ancient and modern languages furnish one of the strongest arguments in favour of the unity of the human species; but, at the same time, one of the most potent causes of those diversities of opinion which prevail regarding the interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures, embodying the extant primitive Hebrew, and involving collation with oriental and occidental literature. Co-extensive as is the science of “comparative philology” with universal literature, the modern doctor who professes to act in the capacity of a sacred interpreter, must lay, or at least would require to lay claim to the possession of universal genius. The *apparatus criticus* indispensable for the adequate performance of the duties of a Scriptural interpreter bulks larger every year, in exact proportion to the intellectual progress of humanity. Not only must he be familiar with the collation of MSS. bearing the hieroglyphic remains of oriental and occidental literature—he must also be thoroughly conversant with the latest discoveries, historical, ethnographical, topographical, geographical, physical, scientific, philological, and philosophical, as well as in the presentation of systematic theology. Where is the clergyman or layman intellectually and spiritually armed *cap-à-pie* for the execution of the task? Echo answers—“Where?” Practical commentaries, critical and hermeneutical manuals, representing every phase of religious opinion, are pouring from the press in Britain, Europe, and America; and yet, startling as the fact sounds when enunciated, the Christian Church in the 19th century cannot point the student of the Sacred Scriptures to a recognized principle of Biblical interpretation! Why did “the Restoration of Belief” come to such an abrupt termination? Hear the confessions of Isaac Taylor himself:—“Better than an attempt to refute, one by one, the captious and nugatory objections that have lately been urged in justification of disbelief would be, as I think, *the establishing of an intelligible and defensible principle of Biblical interpretation, from a misapprehension of which,*

such objections, one and all, derive the semblance of importance which they may possess." Unless we mistake the drift of this passage, the recognised and redoubted champion of orthodoxy has proclaimed the close of the age of destructive criticism, and the immediate and imminent necessity of constructive criticism, for the accomplishment of "the Restoration of Belief." Philology, we need scarcely repeat, has proved a powerful ally alike to the adherents of orthodoxy and heterodoxy; and is destined to play a more important part in the future critical exposition of the Old and New Testament. Not a classical or sacred MS. can be subjected to collation, not a single claim to criticism or interpretation, without the aid of philology. All the *questiones vezatæ*—and their number is legion—which crowd the sacred page, from Genesis to Revelation, must be laid before the critical tribunal of the philologist. To select an example from the very first page of the Mosaic record, does "Yom" (day) bear the signification of a single day of twenty-four hours' duration, or a cyclic æon?—or, again, from the last verse of the Revelation of St. John—What is the precise definition of *Χάρις*, or *Χριστός*, according to the *usus loquendi* both of classical and Hebrew literature? The harmony of Genesis and Geology depends upon the decision of the former, and the Trinitarian controversy upon the solution of the latter question. One and all must submit to the critical judgment of the philologist.

We mention next the science of ASTRONOMY as a fifth cause of the existence of Neological sentiments. But this we must reserve for another article.

III.

ZINZENDORF.—CHAPTER III.

A BRIEF SKETCH FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MORAVIANS.

THE sixteenth of June was the appointed day for the removal to Marienborn. Little preparation was necessary; the Countess and the children rode in a peasant's waggon; the men of the party walked through the woods to their destination. Benigna and her brother carried the lamb in their laps by turns, while the mother spoke to them of the Good Shepherd who carries the lambs in His bosom.

Meanwhile, Zinzendorf conversed with his friends on the proceedings of the committee appointed to inquire into the habits and doctrine of the United Brethren, and told them how, fearing evil consequences from it, his plan had been to send them to different places, that so they might enjoy liberty of conscience; but that the Lord had wonderfully turned the whole matter into a blessing. The committee had found nothing to complain of but a few unessential points, and thus, though

nothing was opposed to their enemies but the shield of faith, their weapons were blunted on it.

"Moreover," said the Count, "a correspondent informed me yesterday, that our friend Löscher, at Dresden, publicly delivered from the pulpit his testimony in favour of Herrnhut. This will be a blow to our opponents, though it need not puff us up. He openly upheld Herrnhut as a model for the imitation of his congregation. Certainly that is no great compliment, for all the world knows what abuses reign there. Oh, that the Lord would but vouchsafe our country better rulers! I believe they will find themselves mistaken, however, if they think to destroy the Lord's work in Herrnhut. They imagine that its rise or fall depends upon Zinzendorf, but they greatly err. It has weathered very different storms from the gale now blowing over it from Dresden, which will only scatter the seed. And see! there lies our harvest before us! Does it not look promising?"

He stopped short, and gazed with admiration on the scene before him. On the summit of the hill, with its towers and battlements clearly defined against the deep blue sky, stood the Ronneburg. Surrounded by valleys and villages, it seemed to rise perpendicularly into the air from the deep vale below.

The encircling hills crowned with beech woods, and the entire landscape, lay so peacefully in the early summer sunshine, that the hearts of the gazers felt strengthened for their work in contemplating the beauty and greatness of the work of the Creator.

"This is a real 'watch-tower,'" said Zinzendorf pleasantly, "on which to wait and look for the day. But what think you, Erdmuth? Shall you be able to walk up the hill? The road seems too bad for a waggon to ascend."

"It will probably not be the steepest we shall have to climb," was the answer; "and besides, I am not alone — companionship always gives confidence."

The Ronneburg rabble had planted themselves outside the gate, that his lordship might have a good view of them. It happened to be the Jews' Sabbath.

The Count approached the group with that winning kindness of manner peculiar to him. He asked of them a welcome, and promised to care for their spiritual and temporal welfare to the utmost of his power. His quick discernment enabled him at once to perceive something that pleased him in the countenance of Rabbi Abraham, who stood with the others, his head respectfully uncovered. He put out his hand and took the old man's, saying:—"Grey hairs are a crown of honour—I see you must have had much experience of life, both outward and inward—your eye tells me so. Let us be friends, then, in the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob."

The old man appeared transfixed at being thus addressed. He attempted to speak, but was too much overcome to articulate, and two big tears which rolled down his furrowed cheeks, evinced his emotion.

"All is well, father," said the Count: "I see we understand one another."

And the Count was a particularly cheerful man. The beam of his blue eye was so bright, and his smile so sweet, that when he spoke on his favourite theme he drew all hearts irresistibly towards him. Neither he nor the Countess burthened their servants with many orders; they only beheld in them assistants in doing the Lord's work, though all the Countess's arrangements were made with a regard to method and order.

Zinzendorf's soul always remained that of a child, playful and cheerful in the midst of his most serious labours. Without such characters and privileges, the household could never have existed a week. The Ronneburg at that time was no fit habitation for such guests:—not a window or a door that closed properly; rats and mice running wild over the place, in spite of "his Imperial Highness's privileged rat-catcher;" the lovely prospect from the windows barely compensated for the soiled walls and ceilings of the rooms, with their old, tattered hangings. There was plenty of space, it is true; but the scanty furniture of the large, bare rooms, looked as if it had been picked up at various pawnbrokers' shops.

While his companions were arranging their apartments, the Count went over the whole building, in order to obtain a general knowledge of its occupants. This was no easy matter; partly on account of the remote and concealed localities of some of the dwellings, and partly on account of the absence of their inhabitants. From the tinker to the tramp, nearly the whole colony turned out every morning, and did not return till evening. Some remained away altogether, till they came back to be nursed in sickness, or to spend what they had earned in idleness.

Saturday was the day for a general muster, and the Count thus obtained at once some idea of his field of labour. Instead of being discouraged, he only felt the more ready to put his hand to the plough. He spoke kindly to all, and smoothed down their fierce, angry spirits. He told them he was banished from his country for his faith's sake; that this faith was the most precious treasure he possessed, and that he hoped to impart it to them also. They listened with something like respect and interest, and promised to attend his administration of Divine service on the morrow.

While the castle resounded, this evening, like a hive full of angry bees, in the lower apartments, and the Jews sang their inharmonious hymns, the little band of exiles drew strength and comfort from the precious words of Him in whom all the promises are *yea and amen*. Zinzendorf encouraged his brethren in the new and arduous work which lay before them, and the first night descended peacefully on God's children in the Ronneburg.

The next day was the Sabbath, and the exiles awoke to praise the Lord with heart and mind.

The Countess's apartments were towards the east; she and her children stood gazing from a window on the valleys beneath. What a prospect lay before them! The hills, from which the mist was

slowly rolling upwards, like incense from the altar of sacrifice ; the forest trees, waving in the sun's roseate beams ; while from a chorus of birds uprose the lark, leading the band with a joyous hallelujah. The children looked on with delight ; a tear sprang into Benigna's large blue eye ; she joined her hands, and they all three simultaneously broke forth into the beautiful morning hymn, commencing—

“ What secret hand at morning light
By stealth unseals mine eye—
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ? ”

The village bells struck up just as they left off singing, and the Sabbath peal of joy seemed to say to the listeners—“ When they call upon me, I will answer them.”

“ How kind the Saviour is—how good to those who love Him ! ” softly murmured little Benigna. “ Oh, mamma ! I often feel I cannot find words to express how I love Him ! But then, again, come times when all is cold and dark, and I weep because I cannot find Him.”

“ My child,” said the tender mother, “ this is an experience common to all God's children. Our life is a battle, and few are the hours of victory ; but we should carefully profit by those few. They should give us food for the time of dearth, and help us over the narrow bridge to where the Saviour stands with open arms ready to receive us. But, that we may not think too much of our feelings, let us begin to work for Him ; for He gives the comfort of His presence to those who labour in His service. He says :—‘ Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto *Me*. ’ And you as well as I, my children, have a work to do here. You have seen the children of the poor people about us. Some of them hardly have rags to cover them, and they all look wild and neglected. Be diligent, and ask Gertrude to let you make them some clothing. You, Benigna, can work for the little girls ; and you, Christian, can turn your attention to the boys. Perhaps the Lord may enable you to devise some way of being beneficial to them.”

The children promised to do their best, and discussed their little plans with the seriousness that belonged to their education.

The hour for Divine service arrived. A large hall, with a vaulted roof like that of a chapel, and painted windows, through which the sun streamed brightly, had been selected by the Count for public worship ; and thither he now summoned the inhabitants of the Ronneburg. Many came out of curiosity ; some with a real desire for good to their souls. They had endeavoured to give their poor garments as much of a Sunday look as possible ; but many possessed but one suit, which was certainly not a holiday one. So they came as they could ; the women and children placing themselves on one side, the men on the other.

The service commenced with a hymn. Few of the poor people could

join in it, but the beautiful singing made a deep impression on them, and brought tears into many eyes.

Zinzendorf then opened the Bible, and read the Gospel for the day, which was the parable of the lost sheep. He expounded it in his own simple and most touching manner, applying it to the present occasion, and speaking to them of the compassionate love of the Saviour, who was seeking for them all, if they would but let themselves be found by Him.

"We have a Saviour," he said, "who is meek and lowly of heart ; he that believes in Him, then, cannot remain hard, and cold, and proud. Nothing separates us from Christ but unbelief. We will not believe He is *what* he is, and therefore we remain in darkness and death ; and Satan triumphs over our infinite loss. But if we will once believe that He came for us, died for us, cares for us, loves us, then our hearts will flow out towards this meek and lowly Lamb of God."

In this spirit Zinzendorf continued to speak for some time, concluding with an earnest, hearty prayer for the souls of all present.

It was the Count's practice to endeavour to deepen any good impression that might have been made during Divine service ; therefore he assembled about him the heads of families, and proposed to them to instruct their children in the Word of God, and in various kinds of useful knowledge. The quiet ones accepted the offer thankfully, but the wild ones declared that "his lordship was most kind, but that it would do those young vagabonds far more good to give them a good thrashing."

"Meddle not with what does not concern thee." This proverb is used by the world to intimidate those who undertake any great, and, according to their ideas, useless labour ; and it requires health and strength from above to rise superior to the scorn conveyed therein. The pilgrim congregation at the Ronneburg experienced trials of this kind, as much from the poor whom they wished to help, as from the rich who stood by and looked on ; for it may well be imagined that the scenes now enacting at the Ronneburg had no lack of scornful spectators. The rich and great, who had expected entertainment and amusement in the society of the banished Count, thought it very odd that he should choose the Ronneburg for his residence, and still more extraordinary that he should preach to the rabble up there, and act schoolmaster to the children. The nobility were wroth with him, for they declared his goings on a crime against his compeers and his station in life ; and yet when this man entered their society, and took his place amongst them, the unaffected dignity and winning sweetness of his demeanour charmed all hearts, and many of the hardest and most sceptical melted under the influence of his fervent piety, and the deepest reverence and respect succeeded to scorn and derision. Thus not unfrequently members of the aristocracy were seen at the Ronneburg, anxious to join in the Sunday services, and to listen to the simple setting forth of the Lamb of God as the Saviour of the world. But it was principally the meek and lowly who sought fellowship with the brethren, and who, attracted by the visible joy in the Lord which

they all seemed to possess in such an eminent degree, would come a whole day's journey for the privilege of a few hours' spiritual refreshment. "Look up, and behold, the fields are white unto the harvest!" might Zinzendorff have said in the Saviour's words and spirit, when early on the Sabbath morning, young and old, men and women, would be seen ascending the hill leading to the Ronneburg. Soon the chapel was too small to contain their numbers, and the upper yard, which was walled off, was converted into a place for worship. By far the larger proportion of these visitors remained after the morning service, encamping in groups either in the lower court-yard, or in the adjacent wood, where they conversed together on things pertaining to the Kingdom, and mutually shared each other's humble provisions. One of these guests, who appeared regularly, particularly attracted the Count's attention. He was a young man of about two and twenty, short and slight in figure, always very neat and clean in his address, and always the first to arrive with his companion, an aged white-haired man, to whom he paid the utmost care and attention. They used to take their place on a projection from the wall, from whence they could obtain a good view of the preacher; and when the hymns were sung, the young man's rich melodious voice was heard above the others: added to this, he had in his countenance a something which the Count always designated as the "spiritual look;" it was the expression of an earnest soul seeking peace. The Count had several times tried to accost the stranger, but the young man, with evident timidity, had always avoided him. One Sunday, however, after service, he walked about among the scattered groups, and discovered the old man sitting against a tree. He had finished his frugal meal, and was looking with an aspect of peaceful devotion into the valley beneath, where the ripe corn, gently agitated by the warm south wind, undulated like the surface of a stream.

"Where is your companion, father?" inquired the Count; "how is it he has left you?"

"May it please your lordship," said the old man, "my young comrade is within there, with the old Hebrew whom we call Rabbi Abraham. God knows what attraction there is between them, I can't make it out; they seek each other's company, and eat together of the same loaf, though one is a good Christian, and the other an unbelieving Jew."

"And where does the young man come from? Is he a relation of yours?"

"I would he were, your honour," exclaimed the other in a melancholy tone. "I would gladly go to my grave this day if he were mine. I have a son, but he left me, and now I and my old woman are left alone in our old age—and yet no, not alone, for the Lord of my life is with me; His word is my rod and my staff, which upholds me until my hour for departure shall arrive. About my young companion, I know very little, except that he has studied for the ministry, and that his heart and mind are occupied with spiritual things. He belongs to

my people, and we recognised each other as servants of the same Master. The Lord's children have no home here ; they live in exile, as his honour the Count does also."

"And how did you find each other ?" continued the Count.

"Very simply, your honour ; just as children of one family find each other out. The Lord brought us together. You must know, my name is Philip Doere ; I come from Himbach down there, and my cottage is outside the village, and has the best fountain of water just before it of all the country round. A few weeks ago I was standing after my day's work outside my door, and thinking about many things—the sort of thoughts that we old people have—when I saw the young gentleman coming along the road, tired and dusty. He stopped at the fountain, and asked me for a cup to drink out of. I reached one off the kitchen shelf, and, while filling it for him, the idea came into my head to prove what manner of spirit he was of, so I said—' Drink, sir ; the water of this fountain is clear and wholesome, and yet we must say of it, Whosoever shall drink thereof, shall thirst again ; but our Lord says, Whosoever shall drink of the water which I shall give him, shall thirst no more.' ' Truly,' he replied, looking me in the face, ' the Lord's word is the fountain of eternal life.' ' Well,' says I, ' if that is your mind, come in, for night is drawing on ; a piece of bread I can always find to share with one who loves my Lord.' So the stranger gave me his hand, and entered my house ; and since then he comes every Saturday night, and lodges with us, and takes me to the service in the morning. I know nothing more of him ; you must ask him more yourself. You will find him with the old Hebrew ; and if you will do me a favour, bring him out—I don't like to have him in there ; his words only fall by the way-side."

The Count approached the dwelling of the old Rabbi. The door was only partially closed, and he could hear voices inside. The stranger was conversing with the Rabbi in Hebrew. The old man spoke fluently, and as though it were his mother tongue ; the young one with less ease, and with frequent corrections from the other, who nevertheless understood him perfectly. The Count had never thought the Hebrew tongue so full of melody—its peculiar rising and falling accent seemed to his ear like the song of Moses—" My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass ; because I will publish the name of the Lord, ascribe ye greatness unto our God."

The Count now entered the dwelling with a greeting. At a small neatly-covered table, sat the Rabbi and his guest. The latter rose with evident timidity in his manner, but the Jew remained seated, and with his head covered.

" You are heartily welcome, my lord Count ; forgive me if I remain by the custom of my forefathers, and entreat you, without rising, to share my frugal meal. If you feel no disgust at the coarse fare of a poor Jew, partake of my loaf with us ;"—and with these words the

Rabbi handed to the Count with one hand the brown loaf, and with the other the large salt cellar.

"I accept your invitation as heartily as it is given," replied the Count, and cut a slice of bread for himself; "but, Rabbi Abraham, if your hospitality is so unbounded, is it never abused?"

"Never, my Lord," said the Jew; "I will never refrain from giving as long as my hand has aught to bestow; I have done so from my youth; I should never have cared for an apple then, that I could not have shared with one who had none. Thus was I taught by the law, and by Rabbi Ben-Joel my master; may God receive him in Paradise! And this custom has brought me a rich reward. It is now about thirty years ago, I was sitting with my own people at this table, and it was Schabbes.* While we were eating, in walked a stranger and asked for alms. I said to him, 'Friend, my law forbids me to touch money on this day; but art thou hungry? then sit down and partake of what God gives.' The stranger sat down in silence and ate like a hungry man; from time to time he looked uneasily at the door, and appeared to listen, but never opened his lips to speak. When he had finished eating, I said to him, 'Friend, if thy hunger is satisfied, God bless thy food to thee; I and mine will now return thanks to Him for our meat and drink.' We rose up, the stranger with us, and I repeated the Schma Israel.† He thanked me briefly and departed. Not long after that, I was passing through the Alfenauer forest, when a fellow got hold of me, and after a few words, threw me to the ground. I begged for my life, but the robber was angry at finding so little worth having about me, and threatened me with his knife. I entreated for a few moments for prayer. He granted them; and as I lay on my knees and commended my body and soul to the Lord of my life, up came another one. As soon as he saw me, he raised me up and said, 'Rabbi Abraham, dost thou not know me?' I knew him not. 'One who gave me meat and drink when I was famishing shall not die,' said he; he drew his companion away, and slipped a dollar into my hand."

The Count listened in silence, but though the old Jew's story interested him greatly, still he seemed more attracted by the countenance of the young man. No son could have listened with more tender sympathy to a beloved father, than the youth had listened to the old man's story. The Count saw a tear glisten in his eye, and from that hour he loved him, and felt that his prayer for that soul had been heard.

The three remained together till Rabbi Abraham had returned thanks; then Zinzendorf took the stranger away with him. And as they walked together under the trees, their hearts opened and warmed toward each other. The master had found the right pupil.

* The Jews' Sabbath.

† Schma Israel, or as the Jews pronounce it, *Schmaeol*, is the usual grace pronounced at meals by the Jews, commencing with the 4th verse of the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord."

And who was the young man? Johann Kaspar Horst was his name, in after years pastor at Lindheim—a man full of love to his Saviour, and whose memory is blessed to this day. At that time, when Zinzendorf first made his acquaintance, he was a candidate of Theology, and preparing himself to be a missionary to the Jews. He spoke Hebrew perfectly, and was learned in the Talmud. In social intercourse he was very timid, and always had a low opinion of his own merits; but in the pulpit he was full of fire, and without fear of man.

IV.

MICHAEL ANGELO.*

ADDISON remarks that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows "whether the writer be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor," and other particulars of a like important nature. And though this curiosity may be open to caricature, it is a strong form of human sympathy. It is a matter of indifference to us who made the furniture of our rooms, and the dishes from which we eat; but we long to know something of the history of those with whose minds we have communed in the pages of books, and from whose genius emanated the works of art which decorate our walls. Of such men there is always something to be told. Old things must have passed away for ever, before the natural history of mankind can be considered as sealed and completed.

In the great era of modern transition—the marvellous epoch of the Renaissance which followed the Dark Ages, succeeding the downfall of the Western Empire—the coeval development of Literature and the Fine Arts was as rapid as it was local. After ten centuries of sterility and ignorance, the abundance and spontaneity of genius and life, in the contemporary history of Italy, were such as to be unprecedented in former ages of the world. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio lived and wrote, whilst Giotto, Gaddi, Cimabue, and Guido da Siena, painted, Pic de la Mirandola, Ficino,

* I. Michael Ange, Poète. (Première Traduction complète des ses Poésies. A. Lannau Rolland. Paris, 1860.

II. The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. By John Harford. London, 1858. (2 vols.)

III. Michel Ange. D'après de Nouveaux Documents. Ch. Clement. 1859.

IV. Michael Angelo (considered as a Philosophic Poet. John R. Taylor. 1852.

V. Le Vite de piu eccellenti Pittori. Di Giorgio Vasari. Vol. XII. Florence.

VI. Trollope's Decade of Italian Women. Vittoria Colonna. 1859.

and the Medicis, taught or governed, whilst Ghirlandajo, L. da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, enriched the world with their inventions. There can be no more striking instance of the versatility of talent, solidity of acquirement, and unexampled activity, which distinguished this period, than is afforded in the biography of Michael Angelo. A Saul amongst his brethren in an age of intellectual giants, his was the rare union between reason and imagination; and his extraordinary powers of designing were regulated by study and method. He united the architect, painter, sculptor, poet, and philosopher, in one man; whilst his writings are interesting as revealing the secrets of his mind, and providing the key of investigation to his glorious creations. This versatility of genius was a peculiar characteristic of the 15th and 16th centuries. Amongst the "vulgar errors" and "popular fallacies" which Sir Thomas Browne and Charles Lamb should have exposed, and which have grown into obstinate retention in modern times, may be ranked the old saying, that unity, and even narrowness of purpose, are necessary to ensure success. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, were striking contradictions of the oft-repeated aphorism—

"One science only will one genius fit,
So wide is art, so narrow human wit."

Mr. Helps, in his "Essay on Recreation," does well to remind us of a wise saying of Schiller's, who (perceiving the pre-eminence of the ancients, because they could do many things,) remarked, that modern men are "units of great nations," but no longer great units in themselves. An immoderate fear of sciolism injures the cause of general cultivation. Education too often becomes like a high-leveller, which, while it raises some minds, correspondingly depresses the energies of others. Many an intellect would expand from within, like a flower, if it were not deformed by unnatural pressure from without. According to Vasari and his modern biographers, the childhood of this great "unit" (Michael Angelo Buonarroti) was distinguished by the inevitable persecutions which all geniuses are fated to endure. Who ever heard of a painter, from Rembrandt and Murillo to Sir Joshua Reynolds or Delacroix, attaining to perfection in after life, who did not exasperate his masters, excite the indignation of his parents, cover the walls with "extraordinary silhouettes," and undergo the traditionary martyrdom?

The Fates, however, conspired to favour the artistic predilections of our young prodigy. He was put out to nurse to the wife of a statuary, and in early youth was fortunate in obtaining the patronage of Lorenzo de Medicis, and in becoming a pupil of Domenichino Ghirlandajo, who cried out on seeing his drawings, "This child knows more than all of us!"

The ancient schools of Italian art, before the time of Michael Angelo (speaking generally), may be divided into the religious and

dramatic—the purist and the naturalist. Of the first, were Orcagna, Fra Angelico, and Perugino, men who united tender delicacy of colouring with a certain affectation of drawing, and that peculiar spirit of adoration which distinguished some Roman Catholic artists previous to the Reformation. In accordance with the manner of that society of artists in the Middle Ages, who never painted anything without invoking a blessing, Angelico had a prejudice against retouching his paintings, which he said he designed with the assistance of Divinity. Of the dramatic or natural school, were Giotto, Pisano, and Massacio, who introduced a new era into art, breaking loose from servile imitation, into a grander style of composition. But Art was destined to reach its rarest culmination during the lives of Raphael and M. Angelo, when it should unite attention to matter, mind, and spirit.

Unequalled by the marvellous age of Pericles, or by our wonderful Elizabethan era, this century of the Renaissance remains the most extraordinary that the world has ever seen. Yet, like the age of the Cæsars, and the era of Louis XIV. its artistic brilliancy was only equalled by its moral disorder, and the perfection of its power was as the “efflorescence of corruption.”

Born in March 1474, and dying in February 1563, M. Angelo saw thirteen Popes on the throne of St. Peter's, and outlived the most celebrated of his contemporaries. At the Court of Lorenzo, he shared the educational advantages of the future Leo X. and profited by the society of the most remarkable men of the times. Amongst these may be mentioned Politian, the profound scholar and the accomplished poet; Pic de la Mirandola, the precocious philosopher and learned mathematician; Marsiglio Ficino, the head of the Platonic Academy; and Savonarola, the precursor of Luther, whose influence over the mind of Buonarroti never ceased till the day of his death.

On the death of the Duke, in 1492, Michael Angelo suffered acutely, and remained for many days (as Condivi tells us) unable to look at his work. Throughout his long career he showed how faithfully he preserved the memory of his benefactor, and was often led into painful alternatives through the jarring of this gratitude with his republican convictions.

Pietro (the unworthy successor of his noble father) was anxious to retain the services of the painter, and boasted the possession of two marvels—Michael Angelo, and a Spanish valet celebrated for the agility of his movements. The insufferable arrogance of this patron chafed the proud spirit of the painter. One cold morning in winter, seeing the court of his palace covered with snow, Pietro exclaimed, “There is marble ready! Make me a colossal statue before the sun gains power.” The angry blood rushed to the forehead of M. Angelo, and no sooner was the statue completed than he quitted the palace on foot, and hastened to demand hospitality at the neighbouring convent—“Santo Spirito.” Nor was this event without importance in his life, for at this hospital he was able to pursue his anatomical studies, and acquired from the greatest of all teachers

(Nature) that profound knowledge of the wonders of the human form which ever afterwards distinguished his works.

Meanwhile Jerome Savonarola was fulminating his thunders against the usurpers, whilst all Tuscany was agitated by a fever of excitement. Michael Angelo being willing neither to oppose the reformer nor to support him at the expense of his former friends, and finding it difficult to maintain neutrality, quitted Florence, to sojourn in Venice and Bologna.

On his return to Florence, in 1495, he was suddenly called into the notice of the great by the ruse of the "Sleeping Cupid," which was buried in the ground to acquire the appearance of age, and afterwards sold to the Cardinal di Riario as a veritable antique. It would be unfair to attribute this fraud to M. Angelo, whose character proves him to have been above such charlatan devices. The true author of the imposition was Balthasar, a Milanese gentleman, to whom M. Angelo had sold his work.

Being summoned to Rome by this event, the young artist remained there for five years, from 1496 to 1501. His first work during that time, was the celebrated group of the "Pieta," now to be seen at St. Peter's. Although this statue contains his first expression of abstract and ideal beauty, it retains more signs of the tender grace of his earlier Florentine teaching, and less of power and grandeur than any of his after works. The Virgin is characterized by that youthful and austere beauty which M. Angelo delighted to ascribe to women. The mingled expression of suffering and peace on the body of the dead Christ, the irreproachable beauty of the contours, and the exquisite finish of every anatomical detail, contrast singularly with the intellectual power and energetic haste of his later designs, when (sharing in the impatience and fever which is too often the accompaniment of rare genius) he would seldom finish what he had undertaken, and would rise in the middle of the night to dash about the marble as if he were beside himself.

After the expulsion of the Medicis, and the death of the fiery Dominican, Florence was delivered from her more violent struggles, and M. Angelo returned in peace. His next undertaking was the colossal "David," completed from a block of marble which had been abandoned by Fiésole, and considered hopeless by L. da Vinci. The Herculean strength and majesty of this statue excited much admiration. The great drama of M. Angelo's career commenced in reality soon afterwards, in his trial of skill with Leonardo. We may well imagine how the two rivals commenced their different cartoons,—Leonardo with that patient skill and slow manipulation which distinguished his method, and M. Angelo with the fiery ardour and enthusiastic vivacity of youth. The loss of these paintings is for ever to be deplored. That of Leonardo represented a contest of cavalry at the siege of Pisa, whilst M. Angelo (confining himself to the study of the human form) depicted a group of soldiers bathing in the Arno, and rushing to make ready at the battle-cry. The group of Buonarroti was preferred.

Soon after this, we have a singular proof of the peculiarity of M. Angelo's genius. All at once his hand abandoned the pencil. He shut himself up with the Bible and Dante, writing poetry in solitude, and collecting materials to keep alive the flame of his genius. After this prudent *délassement*, he set to work with renewed energy on the magnificent mausoleum of Julius II. There can be no doubt that the patronage of successive Popes rather warped than developed the true bent of M. Angelo's genius. Seven or eight years of his valuable life were wasted in working the marble of stone quarries, whilst still more time was lost owing to the whims and vagaries of Pontiffs.

Julius II. (like other impatient people) found it put him out of breath to ride more than one hobby at a time. He would have changed his tiara for a new toy; but when the Church of St. Peter's was in the ascendant, it followed that the mausoleum must be forgotten, and policy suggested the snubbing of M. Angelo. The painter, however, was not of a disposition to bear impertinence; and at the first appearance of coldness, he abandoned his work and repaired to Florence.

This would not do. The artist must be cajoled back. The Pope satisfied his dignity by boxing the ears of a bishop, and all went on as it did before.

But another fracas was near at hand. Through the envious intrigues of Bramante, M. Angelo was engaged to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. In vain he represented that his art was sculpture, and proposed Raphael in his stead. The Pope was inflexible, and in May, 1508, the ceiling was commenced. Being ignorant of fresco painting, M. Angelo at first engaged mediocre artists to assist him with his work; but one day in a fit of irritation he drove them away, and erased all they had accomplished. Another difficulty was caused by the scaffolding. Hitherto the rude plan had been adopted of nailing a beam from timber to timber, which, being pulled down after the painting was completed, left the unsightly marks of the nails' indentures in the plaster. This did not satisfy M. Angelo. His ready wit designed a scaffolding, which should meet every necessity, and which is the model of those used with but slight alteration at the present day. Meanwhile, he shut himself up alone in the chapel, exciting the curiosity of the Pope, and disputing angrily with his messengers. Julius was in a fever of excitement. The man who had boasted that he "was lord and master of human cattle," had at last found one not so ready to bend to the yoke.

"When will you have done?" roared the Pope's legates.

"When it is convenient," quietly replied the painter.

At last they tore down the scaffolding, and amidst a clamour of admiration, the Dante of painting was revealed to the world. In November, 1509, "Rome itself," says Vasari, "rushed to the Sistine Chapel." Julius was the first to go.

"You must put a little gold on the figures," said he. "My chapel will seem very poor."

"Those whom I have painted were the poor of this world," proudly rejoined M. Angelo.

And the paintings remained untouched.

Time has injured the colours and impaired the outlines of these majestic designs since contemporaries turned pale and trembled in their presence. The immense superiority of M. Angelo was apparent, and it was acknowledged that his creations had beauties unequalled by Massacio, Andrea del Sarto, Paul Veronese, or even Raphael himself. M. Angelo lived in a superhuman world. He saw everything on a colossal scale, and his ordinary inventions surpassed the comprehension of men.

At 37 years of age the ambitious and irascible Julius ceased to live, having prepared the artistic glory of the reign of Leo the Tenth.

The energetic patron of Raphael testified little enthusiasm for the marvellous productions of M. Angelo, though, according to the testimony of Sebastian del Piombo, even Raphael abandoned the manner of Perugino, in imitation of that of Buonarroti. But he, whose delicate pencil lingered with such grace on the charms of expression and sentiment, shuddered as he gazed with admiration at the inspired sybils of M. Angelo. "He is terrible!" he exclaimed: "one could not live with him." Interesting parallels have been drawn between the two painters. To M. Angelo belonged intellectual power and fiery originality. Raphael's was the delicacy of outline, the harmony of colour, and the divine blending of tints and chiaro-scuro, which made his paintings appear (as the Italians would say) "sfumato"—breathed out, without hardness of detail. "M. Angelo," observed Mde. de Staël, "was the painter of the Old Testament, but Raphael was the painter of the New."

The pontificate of Leo X. (during the brilliant career of his rival) was replete with failure and disappointment to M. Angelo. Many years were wasted in useless projects concerning the Church of San Lorenzo.

But still more humiliating must have been the refusal of the Pope to a petition addressed to him from the painter that he would allow the remains of Dante, who died at Ravenna in 1321, to be removed to his native city. M. Angelo offered to undertake the expense and labour of the monument; but neither this noble intention, nor the prayers of the Florentines, availed anything. Dante in exile wrote his own epitaph. "Here am I interred! I, Dante, exiled from my native land. I, who was born in Florence, mother of little love."*

Through the obstinacy of Leo, this posthumous reproach remained true for ever.

When in 1520, on the anniversary of his birth, at the age of 37, the painter of the Vatican yielded up his soul to God, Rome was

* "Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris,
Quem genuit parvi Florentia, mater amoris."

overwhelmed with a sense of its loss. The preceding year, L. da Vinci had expired in the arms of Francis I.; whilst in 1521, the grave was closed over the remains of Leo X. The simple and austere Adrian was bewildered and horrified at all paintings, but those of Albrëcht Durer, or John Van Eyck. The decline of art had commenced already, but M. Angelo stood alone on the highest summits of fame.

We come now to a new phase in the life of M. Angelo—the man. Hitherto he had too exclusively esteemed that love, and sought that beauty, which, as Milton sings, “hath terror in it.”

Retiring, and somewhat melancholy in his habits, he was occasionally overpowered by a feeling, of which Wordsworth speaks—that tendency of use and custom to depress the soul, and to lead it to substitute “an universe of death for one which moves with light and life.” Roughness and majesty were united in his works, as they often are in nature. But his heart was not to be for ever “laid asleep on the activity of the intellect.” The mind ripens at various ages; and that of M. Angelo, like Reubens and Titian, attained to its full vigour in matured manhood. The freshness of his genius was of a kind never to decay. There was something almost boyish in his simplicity of spirit, which united the energy of manhood with the unconsciousness of a child.

“Art,” said M. Angelo, “is my wife, and my paintings are my children.” But though his rough and somewhat haughty character procured him many enemies in his own rank of life, and though he was reserved and unsociable with the rich and great, he was gentle and benevolent to the poor and unfortunate. Simplicity and ignorance roused his kindness of heart, whilst self-important mediocrity excited his aversion. Nor was he insensible to the society of women and the pleasures of friendship.

Raphael immortalized the beauty of the Fornarina, Tasso sung of Leonora, Petrarch of Laura, Dante of Beatrice, and M. Angelo (sharing in the fashion of his times) celebrated the virtues of his friend the Marchioness of Pescara. Vittoria Colonna was born in 1490, not at Naples but Marino. Her father, Fabrizio Colonna, was grand constable of the kingdom of Naples. When scarcely seventeen, she married Ferdinand Francis d'Avalos, famed for his personal beauty and knightly skill. After a few years of tranquil happiness, Pescara was taken prisoner at the battle of Ravenna, and, according to custom, beguiled the hours of his captivity by writing a “Dialogue of Love,” addressed to his bride. The character of this nobleman was, however, stained by dark deeds of cruelty, and seems to have offered few points of attraction. Such was the hero who, dying soon afterwards of wounds received at the Battle of Pavia, left a widow inconsolable for his loss to compose verses for the rest of her life to the memory of her “victorious sun,” and to deplore the light which, having set, had left the whole world dark. In spite of the passionate regret which characterized these public lamentations, the sonnets of Vittoria are pedantic and laboured, and would meet with little

admiration in our age. But the renown of a learned woman, who united two such names as those of Colonna and d'Avalos, spread quickly in Italy during the rage for belles-lettres and classical erudition. Nobles and cardinals were loud in their praises; and in the warmth of his first enthusiasm, M. Angelo wrote her a letter of respect and esteem, which was the first beginning of their Platonic and mystical friendship.

The beauty of the Colonna was of a rare Roman type, which must have contrasted favourably with the rich warm tints and flashing eyes of the southern brunnettes. Her complexion was fair and transparent, and her hair of that gorgeous auburn colour which Titian and Giorgione loved to paint, while her features possessed that uncommon attraction of perfect proportion which artists describe as "good modelling." But these physical attractions (which indeed must have attained to a ripe development at the respectable age of forty-five) were not her greatest in the eyes of M. Angelo. It was the incarnation of spirit in form which inspired the muse of this rugged self-concentrated man. Abstract beauty was the theme of M. Angelo's poetry, rather than Vittoria Colonna—that beauty which Winkelman has described as the "perfect accordance of the creature to the object of the Creator, and the harmonious mutual relation of all its parts." Hitherto, M. Angelo's ideal had been closely connected with sublimity and strength. The sterner attributes of Divinity had been the food of his thoughts. In his superhuman productions, he seemed to be striving after the unattainable, and peopled the canvass with the giants of his desperate imagination. Like the author of the "*Divina Commedia*," in the depth and force of his genius, he also resembled him in his pride and contempt. He would have said with Dante, "He who contends with the worthless is always a loser."

On this proud independence of character, the softening influence of a woman exercised the most beneficial effect.

The Platonic character of Michael Angelo's amatory poetry was in accordance with the peculiarities of the Dantesque era. Painting, with Buonarroti, was not a mere imitation of form (as our modern pre-Raphaelites would make it), but a reference to the "fountain-head of all forms"—the ideal in his own mind.

He united nature with his own humanity, and yielded to the inclination which prompted him to avail himself of visible objects to express particular meanings, thus recognizing the intimate connection which exists between all things, and the close relation of mind to matter. The inventions of different minds, and the features of different faces were to him (as to Wordsworth afterwards) all "characters of the great Apocalypse," and all types and symbols of the Invisible. This accounts for the two remarkable phases of character apparent in M. Angelo's poetry—the one radiant and ideal; the other melancholy and mystical.

In the light of his peculiar philosophy everything became transfigured. Time was only a "parenthesis in eternity." The real he

would have called apparent, and what was visionary real. But when he spoke of existing things abstractedly, the habitual melancholy of the man became at once apparent. Physical beauty appeared to him as "the frail and weary weeds wherewith God dressed the soul when he called it into time;" and, with Shelley, he might have likened this life to "a dome of glass, staining the white radiance of eternity."

The Italian literature of the sixteenth century was steeped in Neoplatonism, which was more or less adopted by Chaucer, Spencer, Ben Jonson, Milton, and Wordsworth.

Love, under the veil of allegory, was an essential part of this mysticism, which commenced with the troubadours, and reached its intensity at the time of Dante. Beauty was declared to be undefinable and different to every man. Its secrets were not to be reached by hearsay, but by reverence. It was said to consist in remembrance. "Away, away!" cried Richter, when enraptured with music; "thou speakest to me of things which in all my life I have never found." And Beauty (said the ancients) was the soul of man embodied on earth, and roaming up and down in search of the home it had lost. It would be impossible to follow M. Angelo through all the vagaries of this elaborate allegorical system. That he entered into the spirit of Dante, and may be ranked among the greatest of his followers, can scarcely be a matter of controversy,—whilst many of our modern poets have probably profited by the deep under-song of sense which is apparent in the lightest of his madrigals.

But M. Angelo could not long amuse himself with these recreations. In the midst of the wars carried on by the constable of Bourbon, the Republicans of the school of Savonarola revolted, and the Florentines again declared the independence of their city. Resolved to defend their liberties by force of arms, they found themselves obliged to oppose on the one side the troops of Charles v., and on the other the armies of the Pope. M. Angelo took part with the reformers, and was appointed director-general of the fortifications of Florence.

Once more appeared the extraordinary resources of an intellect to whose powers there seemed to be no limitation. The zeal and energy with which M. Angelo conducted his plans caused the siege to be prolonged nearly a year—from September to August, when the city was betrayed through the treachery of its inhabitants. M. Angelo supposed that his last hour was come, but Clement vii. preferred the possession of *chef-d'œuvres* to vengeance, and the artist was quickly employed again.

It was now fifteen years since he had been engaged on any statue of importance, and he commenced the tombs of the Medicis in a fever of excitement. On the tomb of Julius ii. the figures of Rachel and Leah had symbolized active and contemplative life; and thus the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici personified in their turn thought and action. The tomb of the latter has been called "*La pensée de Michel Ange*," and was said to have inspired Milton

with the first idea of his "Penseroso." We cannot give a better description of this monument than in the words of Rogers:—

"Nor then forget that chamber of the dead,
Where the gigantic shapes of night and day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly;
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
A twofold influence—only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each;
Both and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well:
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless scull?
'Tis lost in shade, yet like the basilisk
It fascinates and is intolerable."

After the death of Clement, M. Angelo continued the tomb of Julius II., which had been continually interrupted or abandoned according to the exigencies of necessity. The "Moses" (which Gustave Planche compares to the Jupiter of Phidias) was at last completed and placed in the church of San Pietro. This terrible and magnificent conception evinced the consummate perfection and the marvellous power of M. Angelo's art. Its pure style and antique simplicity are united with intellectual majesty, and a certain awful austerity. Moses has seen the visions of Horeb; he still hears the thunders of Sinai; his massive forehead is contracted with the thoughts of the ancient Hebrew seer; and his eyes are scrutinizing those mysteries which are hidden from ordinary humanity.

During the pontificate of Julius II., M. Angelo had painted the vault of the Sistine. He was now engaged by Paul III. to ornament its walls. The "Last Judgment" was commenced in 1533; the paintings of Ghirlandajo and Perugino being expunged without pity, that M. Angelo might have space for his colossal composition. Time and neglect have so impaired the beauty of this extraordinary work (in which the Bible and Dante, Paganism and Christianity, were singularly blended together), that the traveller may form a fairer idea of the original design from a careful copy, by a pupil of the painter's, which has been preserved at Naples. It is impossible to describe the audacity and singularity of this fresco. Never had M. Angelo been more daring; never had he overcome greater difficulties. The Holy Judge, severe and menacing, dominates the scene. (This principal figure seems to have been imitated from a design by Andrea Orcagna, which was superior to it in many respects.) The Virgin, on her knees, implores for mercy on the lost; and, close by, Charon, disguised as a devil, guides his mythological bark.

Without perspective and without chiaro-scuro, as if it had been sculptured instead of being painted, this fresco, amidst all its grandeur of composition, displays the peculiar faults of M. Angelo's manner.

who (pre-eminently the sculptor in all his works) conceived his subjects in basso-relievo; whereas other sculptors (like Ghiberti, in his "Gates of the Baptistery of Florence") appear to have painted instead of working with the chisel.

Still more remarkable was the materialism of M. Angelo's religious conception; which was a hieroglyphical representation in accordance with the spirit of his age; but in which many traditions were adopted which would appear painful and sacrilegious to the refinement of modern society. To personify the Eternal Trinity under images drawn from the senses was a species of barbarous symbolism from which even savages have recoiled, but which was reserved for the culmination of professedly Christian art. The Christ of the "Last Judgment" was a Jupiter of vengeance; and the songs of saints and angels were drowned in the cries of the damned.

In 1546, M. Angelo was chosen the architect of St. Peter's, which had previously been associated with the names of Bramante, Raphael, Peruzzi, and San Gallo. Vasari declares that he was almost forced to accept this office, for which he refused to receive remuneration. In his earlier years, M. Angelo's genius and love of nature had attracted him to architecture—that "glorious blossoming in stone," which is subdued by the "insatiable desire of harmony in man;" but in old age his efforts became more feeble, and his heart was saddened by the envious conduct of his rivals.

These troubles were increased by the death of Vittoria Colonna, which happened in 1547. During her last hours, M. Angelo watched by her side; and his grief at her death was so violent that Condivi tells us he appeared as if deprived of his senses.

There have not been wanting critics who have doubted whether any real friendship existed between the painter and this learned lady. But besides the opinion of modern biographers, the internal evidence of M. Angelo's writings, and the testimony of Vasari and Condivi, have placed their intimacy beyond a matter of controversy. On the other hand, Roman Catholic historians have been anxious to clear the two friends from all suspicion of dissenting from the doctrines of their church. It is probable that the Protestant tendencies and convictions manifested in their writings were held by them (in common with some of the deepest minds of their age) without any idea that they would eventually be declared incompatible with the teaching of the Established Church. The doctrines of Luther, with the tenets of Calvin, were fully expressed in the sonnets of Vittoria. But in her latter days, owing to the influence of Cardinal Pole, she appears to have abjured many of her opinions, and to have forgotten the teaching of her former friend Ochino. After the death of Vittoria, the shadows which had always hovered round the path of the illustrious old man deepened and lengthened. The Venetians offered him a palace, but he refused to take it. In the evening of life he found himself the mark of envious tongues, and the theme of scandalous reports. He had outlived most of his early companions, and, owing to the confusion in his religious opinions, tried in vain

to look forward to the new world, where he would become young again. "I have not a single thought," he writes to Vasari, "which is not overshadowed by the idea of death." In the bitterness of his heart, he drew burlesque portraits of himself, whose tones of pathetic comedy contrast strangely with the analogous attempts of Scarron. At another time he sketched the figure of an old man in a go-cart, with the motto, "Ancora imparo." The sight of infancy gave him no pleasure. He writes of the birth of a little relation: "My nephew need not have made these rejoicings. We should not make merry for the child coming into the world, but for the man who has done with life." And in one of his madrigals he inscribes these bitter words: "His is the happiest lot to whom death is nearest at his birth."

Again he writes:

"Thou hast transplanted the immortal soul on earth. Thou hast imprisoned it in frail and weary weeds, and thou hast abandoned it to its destiny! Yet thou canst nourish, thou canst revivify it, and only thou canst save it!

"Alas! alas! when I consider my years gone by, not a single day can I call my own. I know now how to appreciate the vain and fallacious hopes which once attracted me from divine goodness and truth—weeping, loving, and hoping. Now no mortal affection has novelty for me. I go halting from right to left. The shadows lengthen around me. The sun goes down. Infirm and worn out, I am ready to fall."

The complaints of the last madrigal are more touching when we recollect that M. Angelo was growing blind, like Milton, so that he was obliged to be led about to feel the works and models he could no longer see. In this state, during the reign of Pius IV. he still continued his work at St. Peter's, and brought the architecture to that perfection that Stendhal exclaimed on seeing it, "Who can help adoring that religion which could inspire such works?"

In his last days the opinions of Savonarola exercised an increasing influence over his mind. The sonnet on prayer rendered by Wordsworth—who, however, declared that the difficulty of making metrical translations of M. Angelo's poems appeared to him insurmountable—furnishes a fair sample of his opinions at this time. At one time he would paraphrase the words of St. Paul, and at another return to the manner of Dante, whose poems he knew by heart. In the spirit of his earliest Platonism, he wrote the epitaph of one who died in youth. "I was mortal, and now I am of the divine essence; for a little while I beheld the world, and now I rejoice in heaven. I bless death, who in piercing me with his dart has granted me eternal life!"

In 1562, his health began visibly to decline. In February of the ensuing year, a slow fever manifested itself, and his malady made rapid progress. In the presence of Donati, Daniel di Volterra, and others of his friends, he dictated his singular will: "I leave my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my goods to my nearest relations." He died on February 17th, 1563, in the 90th year of his age; the

dates usually given of his birth and death, varying according to the Florentine, Roman, or Milanese chronologies.

The age of the Renaissance—the death-struggle of Papal magnificence, which amidst its intellectual brilliancy contained the elements of decay—had reached its culmination during the lifetime of M. Angelo. He had outlived L. da Vinci, Raphael, Perugino, G. Romagno, Andrea del Sarto, Montegna, Giorgione, and Correggio; and art, which had made such giant strides whilst he lived, had begun to decline. In the transition period of the Reformation, when a real and healthy creed was boldly measuring its strength with worn-out formulas and old abuses—when men were stirred to the innermost depths of their being by the new and startling questions which were discussed around them, it was impossible to maintain that tranquillity and ease necessary for the successful pursuit of the Arts.

Some of the confusion natural to this religious and moral convulsion is apparent in the works of M. Angelo. A painter with the spirit of Dante, half trammelled by the meshes of false philosophy, and half inclining to opinions which clashed violently with mediæval superstition, he endeavoured in vain to unite Christian art with the Pagan ideas of antiquity. Superior to Raphael in his intellectual power and energetic genius, he fell far below him in refinement and grace. His colouring was harmonious and subdued, but his details were often careless. A designer or a poet by nature, his heart burning with glorious ideas, and his brain teeming with fresh invention, the natural impulse of his genius was perpetually impelling him to new creation. Hence it follows that many of the paintings called by his name were actually finished by his pupils, whilst masterpieces ascribed to other hands owe their inspiration to him.

V.

MODERN PAINTERS.*

MR. Ruskin has at length completed the great work upon which he has been engaged for seventeen years; and is entitled to look back with pride and satisfaction upon the important and valuable services which he has rendered to Art, upon the idols which he has overthrown, the fallacies he has exposed, the cant he has chastised, and the mere name-worship he has denounced. He has dared to think for himself upon every question in the realm of æsthetics, and has exhibited in the course of his work a clearness of intellect, a power of observation,

* *Modern Painters*, Vol. V. *Completing the Work*. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill. 1860.

a love of truth, an independence of character, and a fearlessness of authority, equally rare and admirable. That he has occasionally displayed much arrogance and self-confidence, and has lavished upon those who differed from him much unjustifiable virulence of abuse; that he has made sweeping assertions which he has afterwards been obliged to qualify, and that he has not seldom been betrayed into inconsistencies and contradictions, it is also impossible to deny. But, when we consider the vastness of the field which he has undertaken to cultivate, and that, in many parts of that field he has been the first labourer—has had to root out the weeds, break up the soil, and remove the roots and stones, we can scarcely blame him, if, in the course of his long, heavy, and often thankless toil, he has sometimes displayed impatience and given way to anger. And now, at last, he has his reward. He has outlived and outwritten the obloquy and abuse that once assailed him; and, while yet in the prime of life, has attained the proud position of one of the greatest of all writers, living or dead, on the subject of Art. This result has been owing not only to the extent, minuteness, and truth of his observations on natural phenomena—though in these respects he stands unrivalled—but also to his wonderful mastery of language, his power of word-painting, the singular melody of his periods, and the vigour, originality, and beauty of his style. These alone will suffice to make him an English classic—a model, in all time coming, for those who desire to learn of what ornament, variety, richness, and flexibility, our native tongue is susceptible. In the present volume, this beauty of style and descriptive power are, perhaps, more conspicuous than in any of those which have preceded it; and it would not be difficult to quote a number of passages worthy of comparison with the finest of those that have now become familiar to us in his former volumes. The nomenclature, however, employed by Mr. Ruskin throughout the volume before us, is exceedingly fantastic and fanciful, and often far-fetched, and founded upon erroneous or imperfect views of his subject. Thus, in the part devoted to the consideration of Leaf Beauty, we have chapters on “The Earth-veil,” on “Leaf Monuments,” and “Leaf Shadows;” and a division of trees into “Builders with the Shield,” and “Builders with the Sword,” the former having expanded leaves more or less resembling shields, partly in shape, but still more in office, and the latter having sharp leaves, in the shape of swords; and the young buds, instead of being as numerous as the leaves, crouching each under a leaf-shadow, as in the case of the shield-builders, growing fearlessly each in the midst of a sheaf of swords. In the succeeding part, on Cloud Beauty, we find chapters entitled “The Cloud Balancings,” “The Cloud Flocks,” “The Cloud Chariots,” and “The Angel of the Sea.” In the division devoted to the consideration of Formal Invention, the titles are scarcely so transcendental; but in the last part, on Spiritual Invention, we meet with “The Dark Mirror,” “The Lance of Pallas,” “The Wings of the Lion,” and “The Nereid’s Guard.”

One new and pleasing feature in the present volume is that, now and then, though but seldom, the Author shows something like humility and distrust of his own critical infallibility, and occasionally exhibits some consideration and compassion for those who have the misfortune to differ from him, and for those artists who are the objects of his dislike; but he is nearly as reckless and sweeping in assertion as ever, and is sometimes very difficult to reconcile with himself. He also, in many places, uses strong and indignant language in reference to those who have not accepted his teaching, or have hindered him in his work. Thus, in one place, he speaks of "work which, year after year, it was necessary to pursue through the abuse of the brutal and base." He also, again and again, writes in slighting and contemptuous phrase of the great mass of the people of the day, and in the singularly flippant note at page 64, he says:—"I intended to have given a figure to show the results of the pressure of the weight of all the leafage on a great lateral bough, in modifying its curves, the strength of timber being greatest where the leverage of the mass tells most; but I find nobody ever reads things which it takes any trouble to understand; so that it is of no use to write them." Again, at page 324, he informs us:—"I have not thought it worth while at present to enter into any examination of Turner's colour system, because the public is at present so unconscious of the meaning and nature of colour, that they would not know what I was talking about." Truly, we are deeply indebted to Mr. Ruskin, who, with wonderful long-suffering and forbearance, has for seventeen years been casting his pearls before swine! But does it never occur to him, that it is just possible that the multitude may sometimes be right, and just possible that he, the arch-critic, may be wrong?

Mr. Ruskin denounces as fiercely as ever the intense faithlessness of the age, manifested even in its greatest men, but existing in an infinitely more fatal form in the lower general mind, reacting upon those who ought to be its teachers. England, he says, has declared boldly, by print and word of mouth, that its Religion was good for show, but would not work; and he affirms that persons engaged in the study of economical and political questions have again and again declared to him, "with entire naïveté and undisturbed imbecility," that "the laws of the Devil were the only practical ones, and that the laws of God were merely a form of poetical language." Afterwards, he tells us that, "so far as in it lay, this century has caused every one of its great men whose hearts were kindest and whose spirits most perceptive of the work of God, to die without hope—Scott, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Turner. Great England, of the Iron-heart now, not of the Lion-heart! For these souls of her children, an account may perhaps be one day required of her." Elsewhere, he accuses England of "with her right hand casting away the souls of men, and with her left the gifts of God." He is also fond of contrasting—for example, in the chapter on the boyhoods of Giorgione and Turner—the religion of mediæval Italy with

that of England in the nineteenth century, always to the disadvantage and disparagement of the latter. Now it is very easy for one with Mr. Ruskin's fervid imagination and wonderful power of word-painting, to draw a striking picture of the power, dignity, and all-pervading character of the former, and of the weakness, faithlessness, and want of vitality of the latter. But the question is not of the beauty of such a picture, but of its truth. What was the religion which Mr. Ruskin so praises, and which, apparently, he would be glad to recal? What but a gigantic system of error, fraud, usurpation, and idolatry—a religion which taught the worship of the virgin, and of saints, many of whom, in their lives, had been criminals of the deepest dye; which invented and established the Inquisition, and struck medals to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Truly, if, to bring back the days of Giorgione and Titian, we must also recal the religion of the church to which they belonged, we are content to retain our present art, and along with it a religion which has rejected the fables, and follies, and idolatry of Roman Catholicism—which has opened the Bible to all, and granted to every man liberty of conscience, and the right to worship God according to his own convictions.

In the present volume, as throughout the previous portions of his work, the Author lays it down as an axiom, that there can be no great art without a high moral purpose. The art which can be commanded for hire, the art whose object is merely to give pleasure, or simply to represent Nature, he despises and denounces; and thus the whole of the Dutch School falls under his malediction as a corrupt and debased School of Art. Teniers, Wouvermans, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Rubens, all incur his condemnation. They are but "respectable tradesmen furnishing well-made articles in oil paint." Their work is essentially vulgar; and, by its influence in England, the Dutch School has "destroyed our perception of all purposes of painting, and, throughout the north of the Continent, effaced the sense of colour among artists of every rank."

Mr. Ruskin tells us that his object in writing "Modern Painters," was to show that Turner is the greatest landscape painter who ever lived, an object which he has sufficiently accomplished; and he afterwards informs us, almost at the end of the present volume, that "it is proper for the reader to know that the title which I myself originally intended for this book was 'Turner and the Ancients;' nor did I purpose to refer in it to any other modern painter than Turner. The title was changed; and the notes on other living painters inserted in the first volume, in deference to the advice of friends, probably wise; for unless the change had been made, the book might never have been read at all. But, as far as I am concerned, I regretted the change then, and regret it still."

We shall now examine, somewhat more particularly, the contents of Mr. Ruskin's fifth volume; and, while doing so, shall present to our readers one or two of the many exquisite passages that brighten its pages, as wild flowers a green hill-side. Part VI. with which

the volume opens, is occupied by the consideration of Leaf Beauty ; and a variety of minute and searching investigations into the formation, growth, and nourishment of trees and leaves, attest the vigorous analysis which the author has applied to this part of his subject. There are some useful and pertinent observations on the necessity of artists learning to foreshorten branch-forms ; and a remark, to which we can scarcely give an unqualified assent, that, both in sculpture and in painting, the perception of organic leaf-form in artists has been proportionate to their power of drawing the human figure. There is a very eloquent passage, but too long for quotation, in praise of pines, and their ennobling influence on national character ; but the following shorter passage also possesses much beauty :—" For what infinite wonderfulness there is in this vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man—his friend and his teacher ! In the conditions which we have traced in its rocks, there could only be seen preparations for his existence ;—the characters which enabled him to live on it safely, and to work with it easily—in all these it has been inanimate and passive ; but vegetation is to it as an imperfect soul, given to meet the soul of man. The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change ; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being, which breathes, but has no voice ; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place ; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness ; wears the beauty of youth, without its passion ; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret." The only other passage we shall quote from this part occurs at the close of the chapter entitled, " The Leaf Monuments :"—" We men sometimes, in what we presume to be humility, compare ourselves with leaves ; but we have as yet no right to do so. The leaves may well scorn the comparison. We, who live for ourselves, and neither know how to use nor keep the work of past times, may humbly learn—as from the ant, foresight—from the leaf, reverence. The power of every great people, as of every living tree, depends on its not effacing, but confirming and concluding, the labours of its ancestors. Looking back to the history of nations, we may date the beginning of their decline from the moment when they ceased to be reverent in heart, and accumulative in hand and brain ; from the moment when the redundant fruit of age hid in them the hollowness of heart, whence the simplicities of customs and sinews of tradition had withered away. Had men but guarded the righteous laws, and protected the precious work of their fathers, with half the industry they have given to change and to ravage, they would not now have been seeking vainly, in millennial visions and mechanic servitudes, the accomplishment of the promise made to them so long ago ; as ' the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall enjoy the work of their hands ; they shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble ; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them.'

This lesson we have to take from the leaf's life:—one more we may receive from its death. If ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how prolonged, in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys—the fringes of the hills! So stately, so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, without our understanding their last counsel and example: that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived."

In Part VII. dedicated to the examination of Cloud Beauty, some curious questions are proposed, but not solved, with regard to the causes of clouds floating, and the colour of clouds. Why is the morning mist, lying level and white along the bottom of the valley, so heavy, and yet so fine and thin that it melts away utterly into the splendour of day before the fiery glances of the sun? Those lofty pyramidal clouds, piled in colossal masses, high above the heads of the loftiest alps, why are they so light—and why will they melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leaves the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapour gains again upon the earth like a shroud? Then why are the near clouds often blue, and the far-off ones golden—a strange result, if air is blue; and if air is blue, why are rays that come through large spaces of it red—and that alp, that catches far-away light, why coloured red at dawn and sunset? Let those who think that they know much distinctly about the clouds, endeavour to answer, if they can, these first elementary questions. There are some excellent remarks and useful diagrams in this division on cloud-perspective; and Turner is pronounced to be the only artist who ever drew clouds truly, though many have succeeded in colouring them beautifully. In the chapter entitled "The Cloud Chariots," there is an eloquent description of the Cumulus Cloud, with its majestic, indescribable, and not-to-be-painted aspect. Even Turner never attempted to delineate this species of cloud, which occupies the space between those countless flocks of small clouds that stud the highest heavens, and the true Nimbus, or Rain Cloud. Its divisions of surface are grotesque and endless as those of a mountain—perfectly defined, brilliant beyond all power of colour, and transitory as a dream.

Most travellers in Switzerland are familiar with the legend that names the sharp craggy summit of one of the many mountains that tower above the Lake of Lucerne after Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor of Judea, who is fabled to have drowned himself in a lake near the summit, which his unquiet spirit is said still to haunt. They will find, in this part of Mr. Ruskin's volume, that this terrific piece of sacred biography has been warped out of the old name of *Pileatus*, or "capped," given by the Romans to this mountain, on

account of the helmet-shaped cloud that often hovered over its cloven summit.

In the chapter entitled "The Angel of the Sea," which contains an analysis and description of the Nimbus, or Rain Cloud, a somewhat arbitrary division is given of the climates of our globe with respect to their fitness for art. They are ranged under five heads, easily remembered by the following tabular form :—

Wood-lands	Shrewd intellect	No art.
Sand-lands	High intellect	Religious art.
Vine-lands	Highest intellect	Perfect art.
Field-lands	High intellect	Material art.
Moss-lands	Shrewd intellect	No art.

There is a beautiful description of the mission and glory of the Angel of the Sea—the Ruskinism for rain—from which we quote the following :—"Nor are these wings colourless. We habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and grey ; not knowing that we owe to it, perhaps, the fairest, though not the most dazzling, of the hues of heaven. Often, in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or when, of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-colour, and purple, and amber, and blue; not shining, but misty-soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss-silk; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain. No clouds form such skies, none are so tender, various, inimitable. Turner himself never caught them. Correggio, putting out his whole strength, could have painted them—no other man."

Part VIII. treats of Formal Invention, by which is denoted what is commonly termed composition, or the arrangement of lines, forms, or colours, so as to produce the best possible effect. In the first division of Modern Painters, it was shown how far art may be, and has been, consistent with physical and material facts; in the second, how far it may be and has been obedient to the laws of physical beauty; and it now remains to examine its relations to God and man, its work in the help of human beings, and service of their Creator. This is the most important part of the subject, and this quality of invention is the rarest and most wonderful of all exhibited in pictures. It is the greatest of all qualities of art, and the power by which it is effected is inexplicable and incommunicable, yet exercised with entire facility by those who possess it, in many cases even unconsciously. It is pre-eminently the deed of human creation. In the chapter in this part, entitled, "The Law of Perfectness," there is a singular justification of the "unblushing tranquillity" with which Turner was in the habit of falsifying the actual features of the places, in order to suit his notions of the picturesque. Thus, in a sketch of

Lausanne, he is praised for having lowered the castle 100 feet ; for having fetched a church and group of spires from round a corner ; for having shown a lake where none could be seen ; and for having brought a mountain peak, in reality invisible, to crown the slope of distant hills, which forms one of the most notable features of the view from Lausanne.

The ninth and last part of the work treats of Spiritual Invention ; and, at the outset, we meet with a division of landscape into four great heads. I. Heroic, representing an imaginary world, inhabited by men not perfectly civilised, but noble, and usually subjected to severe trials, and by spiritual powers of the highest order. It is frequently without architecture ; never without figure, action, or emotion. Its principal master is Titian. II. Classical, representing an imaginary world, inhabited by perfectly civilised men, and by spiritual powers of an inferior order. It generally assumes this condition of things to have existed among the Greek and Roman nations. It contains usually architecture of an elevated character, and always incidents of figure, character, or emotion. Its principal master is Nicolo Poussin. III. Pastoral, representing peasant life, and its daily work, or such scenery as may naturally be suggestive of it, consisting usually of simple landscape, in part subjected to agriculture, with figures, cattle, and domestic buildings. No supernatural being is ever visibly present. It does not, in ordinary cases, admit architecture of an elevated character, nor exciting incident. Its principal master is Cuyp. IV. Contemplative ; directed principally to the observance of the powers of nature, and record of the historical associations connected with landscape, illustrated by, or contrasted with, existing states of human life. No supernatural being is visibly present. It admits every variety of subject, and requires, in general, figure-incident, but not of an exciting character. It was not developed completely until recent times. Its principal master is Turner. Besides these four important divisions, there are two spurious forms of landscape : the Picturesque, a degradation of the contemplative, in which the main object is to display the powers of the artist, or to give agreeable forms and colours, irrespective of sentiment ; it includes much modern art, and the works of many of the Dutch painters, and of Canaletto, Guardi, Tempesta, and the like ;—the other spurious form is Hybrid Landscape, in which the painter endeavours to unite the irreconcilable sentiment of two or more of the above-named classes. We are afterwards told that the excellence of a landscape painter is in proportion to his sensibility to the story of life, and that all great art confesses and worships both the spiritual and animal nature of man. The dominion of Greek Art was essentially of this world. Its nobleness as well as its faults were dependent on its making the most of the present life. Florentine Art, on the other hand, was essentially Christian, and the forcing of the Greek element into it destroyed it. The Venetian School—the last-believing school of Italy, a wholly realist school,

of which Titian may be regarded as the central type—has no simplicity of rural landscape or sympathy with rural labours or enjoyments, but presents us instead with images of stateliness and power—of throned and beautiful humanity. But, in all its roots of power and modes of work—in its belief, its breadth, and its judgment, the Venetian mind is perfect. That it passed so soon away, was owing to its fatal fault of recklessness of aim. Wholly noble in its resources, it was wholly unworthy in its purposes. No Venetian painter ever worked with any aim beyond that of delighting the eye or representing fancies agreeable to himself, or flattering to his nature. They believed earnestly themselves, but did not paint to make others believe.

In this part of his work, Mr. Ruskin enters upon an interesting inquiry into the effects of the Reformation upon the progress of Art. One effect of it was to call in question the spiritual teaching of fifteen hundred years, and, not knowing where to find truth, the majority of artists gave themselves up to pleasure. After the Reformation, the Roman Catholics were effete or insincere, the Evangelicals despised the arts, and the whole body of painters necessarily fell into the rationalistic chasm. A purer Faith, which shall depend neither on ignorance for its continuance, nor upon controversy for its progress, may one day exalt and purify Art.

There is a good deal of coarse, and virulent, and unjust abuse of Rubens and Salvator, and of the pastoral landscape of Cuyt and Teniers, in which, according to Mr. Ruskin, we find ourselves "absolutely without sight of God in all the world." Does Mr. Ruskin seriously mean to assert, that it is impossible for any one to paint a true, or beautiful, or noble landscape, or figure-piece, without, all the time he is at work upon it, intending and endeavouring to paint *in majorem Dei gloriam*? Does he think a fervent love of nature and of beauty, and a pleasure in the exercise of a noble art, quite incapable of producing such a result? And does he mean to say, that all the works of Turner and of Titian—the picture of the mistress of the latter, for example—were produced under the impulse of a lofty moral motive? The greatest painters were anything but remarkable for the purity of their morals or the asceticism of their lives, and if a high moral motive did not influence and pervade their lives, is it at all likely to have been the inspiring cause of the great works they have left us? An intense love and keen perception of the beautiful, joined to rare powers of observation and great industry, appear to us quite sufficient to account for the triumphs of their art, and to be causes much more in accordance with facts than that assigned by Mr. Ruskin.

There is an interesting and able chapter on Vulgarità, which is defined to be dulness of the heart, inability to feel or conceive noble character or emotion; and the false notions of its meaning prevalent both among the higher and lower classes are clearly and eloquently exposed. The chapter on the boyhoods of Giorgione and Turner is also excellent, though, in some points, a little overstrained and

extravagant. Giorgione saw beauty only in Men, Turner only in Nature, and so he naturally became the painter of the strength and beauty of Nature. The great human truth visible to him was that he must paint the labour, and sorrow, and passing away of men; and so—full of stern sorrow and fixed purpose, while yet a boy—he “set himself to his labour silently and meekly, like a workman’s child on its first day at the cotton-mill.” Now, with all deference to Mr. Ruskin, we cannot believe this rhapsody about the aim and purpose of Turner’s life; we cannot believe—for we see no evidence to induce us to do so, and great antecedent improbability—that Turner ever set out with such a fixed purpose as the great object of his career. He painted Nature, in her varied aspects, with faithfulness, and truth, and power, but from deep love and admiration of her many-sided beauty, and not with any set purpose to illustrate the dark side of human nature. We believe this as little as Mr. Ruskin’s other assertion that Turner was “the greatest man of our England in the first half of the nineteenth century.” But Mr. Ruskin, unfortunately, always becomes fanciful and extravagant on the subject of Turner, imputes to him motives which he never felt, and puts interpretations on his pictures of which he never dreamt.

Subsequently to the year 1820, a great change came over the spirit of Turner. He had hitherto painted the sorrow of creation; now he was to paint its beauty. “After this period,” says Mr. Ruskin, “he becomes, separately and without rival, the painter of the loveliness and light of creation.” The peculiar glory of Turner was the perfection of the colour-chord by scarlet. The golden and blue tints of the sky had been beautifully rendered by others, but none had hitherto dared to paint the scarlet. He painted white light with scarlet shadow; sunshine which glows even when subdued, which has not cool shade but fiery shade—the true glory of sunshine.

There is a beautiful, though fanciful and forced description of Turner’s picture of Apollo Slaying the Python, in which we are told he intended to symbolise the strife of purity with pollution; of life with forgetfulness; of love with the grave. There are also some eloquent but caustic remarks on the effect and tendency of the spirit of the age in destroying beauty. “Once,” says Mr. Ruskin, “I could speak joyfully about beautiful things, thinking to be understood; now I cannot any more, for it seems to me that no one regards them. Wherever I look or travel, in England or abroad, I see that men, wherever they can reach, destroy all beauty. They seem to have no other desire or hope but to have large houses and to be able to move fast. Every perfect and lovely spot which they can touch they defile.” We cordially agree with the author’s observations on the subject of what he terms asceticism. Of this mental malady, three kinds have existed. The first, religious, being the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for the sake (as supposed) of religion, seen chiefly in the middle ages. The second, military, being their refusal for the sake of power, seen chiefly in the early days of

Sparta and Rome. The third, monetary, being their refusal for the sake of money, seen in the present days of Manchester and London. All these have their bright and dark sides, but none indicate a healthy or central state of man; for the things to be desired for healthy humanity, are, that it should not see dreams but realities; that it should not destroy life but save it; and that it should be not rich but content.

Towards the end of his work, the Author relapses into that exaggeration which generally characterises what he says about Turner. That great artist left behind him nearly £200,000, contributed by the "blind and faithless" age in which he lived, so that we wonder what he would have extracted from a more believing generation. Yet Mr. Ruskin insists and enlarges upon his isolation, hopelessness, misery, and despair; and talks of his sufferings in terms that might suit a Galileo imprisoned by the Inquisition, or a Correggio paid in paltry copper coins for works worth their weight in gold, till we are tempted to exclaim with the clown in "Twelfth Night," "Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man?" Still, we are ready to excuse all this extravagance of our Author, both on account of his affection for the great Artist, whose fame he has taken under his especial charge, and also for the sake of several interesting anecdotes illustrative of Turner's mental characteristics, which are to be found in various parts of the volume, particularly in the last chapter of Part IX. to which we must be content to refer our readers, as our limits forbid us to give them at length. Mr. Ruskin has spent the best years of his life in a generous attempt to vindicate the memory of a great man whom he conceives to be misunderstood and underrated; and we can scarcely blame him severely, although he views any slight offered to his idol, as a deeper offence than a personal affront offered to himself.

The last chapter of "Modern Painters," is entitled "Peace," and is most beautifully and nobly written. Many of the sentences have the musical swell and fall of a gentle, tremulous, summer wind, murmuring among thick foliage. Earnest writing, too, it is, full of high moral purpose, coloured and enforced by the power of a brilliant imagination—writing to stir the heart, to awaken the soul, to induce serious and solemn reflection. In this, as in previous notices of the former volumes of "Modern Painters," we have spoken freely of what we conceive to be the errors and defects of Mr. Ruskin's teaching, but we have always, at the same time, expressed our cordial admiration for his earnestness of purpose, his independence of thought, his acuteness and patience of observation, and his splendid eloquence; and now, at the close of his great work, we part from him with all respect and goodwill, and in the hope—to borrow his own exquisite imagery—that when the time comes for him and for us to wake out of the world's sleep, it may not be otherwise than out of the dreams of the night. Singing of birds, first, broken and low, as, not to dying eyes, but eyes that wake to life, and then the grey, and then the rose of dawn; and last the light, whose going forth is to the ends of heaven.

VI.

THE CURATES OF RIVERSDALE.*

WE are old enough to remember the interest awakened in the Puritan world by the publication of Grace Kennedy's religious stories, especially by that called "Dunallan; or, Know what you Judge." We remember, moreover, how our own sense of moral fitness and social right was harshly grated upon by the plot of that unnatural and repulsive novel. Romantic school girls went into raptures over the hero, evangelical circles boasted of the wretched coxcomb as a pattern of excellence, and his portrait was held up as the type of a new and superior race of Christian gentlemen who were to outvie and outdo all that had ever gone before them—Church Grandisons of the nineteenth century—blameless Bayards of ne-plus-ultra perfection. We own that we never shared the sentiment, nor conceived of Miss Kennedy's conception otherwise than that Dunallan was a selfish prig and intolerable bore. Since the date of that novel, evangelical stories have been abundant, proclaiming every doctrine of Revelation, and enforcing every duty of the Decalogue, in combination with fictitious incidents, till the public have become surfeited with their multiplication. But a change has taken place in the subject matter of religious fiction in later years—the enforcement of doctrine having given way before the growing interest taken in the discussion of ecclesiastical questions. The impulse communicated to church building by the Froude and Newman conspiracy against the Protestantism of the Church of England, and by other better influences of the day—architecture, priestly vestments, daily service, the confessional, and a hundred kindred topics, have thrown into prominence a host of ecclesiastical questions that before this were rarely mooted. Every little church shibboleth has now its pronouncers, every clique its watchword, every clerical innovation its advocates. The Mercury of the press has lent wings to debate, and Convocation itself has not more stormily and strenuously sped the advance of some favourite crotchet through the stages of opposition into the safe hostel of enactment, than the muse of fiction has advocated some special plea in the wordy strife, and promoted its success. Of this the proof is abundant, from clever prosy *Dr. Hookwell*, down through the series of the Sewell romances to the books on our table.

On all these questions, we Eclectics can afford to maintain a front of philosophic tranquillity; our duty may be to chronicle "the manners as they rise," but our happy self-governed conservatism precludes us to a great degree from mingling in the strife. The Church of England

* The Curates of Riversdale; Recollections in the Life of a Clergyman. Written by Himself. Three volumes. Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

High Church. Two volumes. Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

may be racked to its centre by convulsion; and we cannot fail to sympathise with all that is right in it when bravely doing battle for our common truth; but our own ecclesiastical position places us beyond the reach of the whirling Maelström, which threatens to engulf those more complex organizations around us: consequently the interest we feel is fraternal, not personal. When any member, as in the case we contemplate now, suffers, we do without affectation suffer with it; but we Nonconformists can afford to wish the offending limb *cut off with a view to more ready healing*, which those more directly concerned are still disposed to cherish and tolerate while they protract the pain. Thankful that our own borders are kept in peace, we have an ear and heart open to our neighbour's troubles, and cultivate no spirit of unfriendly triumph as we mark his strifes and turmoil. We note the incident—but our triumphs are reserved for the restoration of peace and the prevalence of the pure Gospel of Christ, not for the din of dissension, or the indulgence of sectarian spite.

We are happy to think that no Nonconformist could have written the malignant effusion in three volumes before us, called the "Curates of Riversdale." If "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," qualify an author for a censor of his brethren, then and then only could the clerical quartette (they are four) be admitted to the censor's chair. Vulgarity, coarseness, calumnious statements and insinuations disfigure its pages to such an extent as to awaken our wonder that his Grace of Manchester should condescend to accept of its dedication to himself. It is quite unworthy of his exalted patronage. Its personalities are offensive, while the disguise that would appear to veil the town of Liverpool under the name of Riversdale, is designedly flimsy. Many public characters are paraded in it "with open face," while some are stilted under masks that betray the wearers to every eye. The whole work abounds in impertinences like the following, respecting the venerable Archbishop of Dublin, a man only known to be revered and loved, a widowed septuagenarian now bending under the weight of years and sorrows. The taste which makes free with his Grace's name is like that which predominates throughout the book:—

"No one could possibly have overlooked the presence of his Grace; nay, rather his presence, whether in the salon or banquet-hall, made every one else overlook every one else—his presence made almost the presence of all others unperceived. He talked incessantly, and was impatient of the conversation of every one else. When it happened that a few men and women betrayed some unconsciousness of the importance of the speaker, and selfishly gave themselves up to the enjoyment of a quiet *tête-à-tête* amongst themselves, the Archbishop's eagle eye and keen ear soon detected the unappreciating eulogist. He lost no time in bringing them back to his audience. This he did in a most dexterous manner. He introduced the Zoological Gardens—never mind whether opportunely or not—as a topic of conversation; he began to descant upon the last importation (he is one of the cleverest

naturalists in the kingdom), and to give specimens of the different sounds and noises of the various animals; he is an inimitable imitator; he roared, he neighed, he brayed, he crowed, he screeched, he chirped. Could there remain a man or a woman unattracted by the discourse of such a genius? I trow not. The device was employed several times in the course of that evening, both in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table, with entire success. The moment his Grace felt that he obtained undivided possession of every ear, he dropped the zoological dodge, and began to discuss subjects which belong to humanity.

“My readers will perceive how the Archbishop is the observed of all observers, wherever he may happen to be. His discourse that evening was peculiarly versatile, and as interesting as it was versatile. The Countess of Mulgrave happened to name the favourite chaplain of the Lord Lieutenant, whom her ladyship so much admired. His Grace took the opportunity to deliver a theological essay, and whispered into the ear of the Countess, at whose right hand he was sitting,—in so thrilling a manner, that the communication reached every other ear,—that the most learned and soundest divine in Ireland was to be made Bishop of Kilcurragh (Kildare).

“The noble host, wishing to make the conversation a little more general, took advantage of the whisper, and spoke out—addressing the Archbishop:—

“‘My Lord, would you solve a problem for me? Desiring to make myself acquainted with the condition of the country since my appointment, I commissioned two gentlemen of the highest respectability to traverse the whole of Ireland, and to bring me back faithful accounts of their observations. They were both—unknown to each other—to travel over the same ground at the same time. They both sent in their reports to me yesterday; since when I have been engaged perusing them. I never read anything so long-winded before. The dates of visiting the places tally most minutely; but as for the accounts—they are most contradictory. The circumstance deprived me of sleep last night, and I find myself frequently, even now, in a brown study, trying to account for the extraordinary discrepancy. Can your Grace help me?’

“‘The jaunting car, my lord, will carry your Excellency through the difficulty.’

“‘How so?’

“‘One of your Excellency’s Commissioners happened to sit either eastward or northward, and therefore could only look at the aspect of one side of things; and your other commissioner must have taken up his position either westward or southward, and therefore noticed different phases altogether. They might both have occupied the same jaunting locomotive, but—by reason of its truly Irish structure—have seen and recorded differently. I make no doubt that both your commissioners, as far as they could respectively see, were conscientious in

their statements ; but no more have I any hesitation in affirming that both statements are decidedly one-sided, and, therefore, neither complete, but both partial : I say then, again, the jaunting-car will carry your Excellency through the difficulty.'

" 'Oh, I see now. As I am the driver, I can therefore command a complete view of things, right and left.'

" 'That depends on circumstances. . . What sort of a driver are you ? Have you not already made up your mind as to what side you would lean more favourably to, and look on more admiringly ? I do not scruple in asserting that such was the case with your commissioners, notwithstanding their highest respectability ; hence their choice of seats in the jaunting car. The Irish jaunting car, my lord, is the truest index of the Irishman—a determination to look on one side of things, whether the things be theological or political. There is the Reverend Tresham Gregg sitting on one side of the Irish car, and seeing no religion in any one else but in a sturdy agitator and protester against the Seven Sacraments which the Church of Rome holds and teaches. There is Father Tom Maguire, sitting on the other side of the Irish car, and considering every one beyond the pale of salvation who does not subscribe to the Seven Sacraments, five of which his Mother Church has conjured up. *Par nobile fratrum !* An impartial driver, such as I am, sees religion neither in Protestantism *per se*, nor in Romanism, but in Christianity alone. Christianity is the true religion, and nothing else.'

"The Archbishop then entered into a long and elaborate theological disquisition, in the course of which several couples fell into a *tête-à-tête* of their own. Such inattention irritated his Grace ; he proceeded therefore to illustrate his views by a reference to the peculiarities of the eagle and the lark. The reason why those winged creatures soared high above all other birds was because they looked straight heavenward ; though there was a great difference in the voices by which they made themselves heard. This mode of illustration gave the Archbishop an opportunity of giving a few staves of the eagle's hideous noise, which put an immediate stop to the truants' private conversation, and brought them back to his Grace's auditory. He then gave a specimen of the lark's singing powers. The musical shrillness of that songster produced the stillness of profoundest attention.

" 'Now,' continued his Grace, 'I am going to ask you a riddle : *When may a man be said to have attained his highest eminence ?*'

"As the assembly consisted of a variety of characters, representatives of almost every class of religionists and opinionists, the solutions were guessed at variously. A Roman Catholic gentleman suggested—

" 'When a man is made Sovereign Pontiff of Rome.'

" 'You are out. The puniest sovereign is above the Pope in degree of sovereignty.'

"A junior Fellow of Dublin University, supposed to be witty and waggish, suggested—

" 'When a man is made Archbishop of Dublin.'

" 'You are out. The Archbishop of Armagh caps him in that description of eminence.'

" 'An Irish civilian thought, that 'When a man is made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.'

" 'He was out too, and so were some naval and military officers, who looked upon the culminating pinnacle of eminence from their point of view.'

" 'Do you give it up ?'

" 'I give it up : 'I give it up : 'I give it up,' every voice rejoined.

" 'Then I will tell you. *When a man is out on a lark !*

" 'Who would ever have thought that an Archbishop's head—and such a head of such an Archbishop—could conceive, and his mouth propagate, even a single slang word ? The solution of the enigma by the 'most reverend' sphinx was received, apparently, almost with unanimous mirthful approbation. The laughter-stirring cause may have been different in the mixed multitude ; but that does not signify to a professional punster. Applause swells his jocular vein, and makes it overflow with gushing jests.

" 'When the loud laughter subsided, and the voices of approbation hushed again, his Grace simply observed, that the illustration of the lark's flight and song suggested the riddle, which, in his opinion, was not a bad one. On the subject to which the eagle and the lark officiated merely as illustrations, he said to the company,—

" 'I recommend to you an attentive perusal of my several works—my Political Economy, my Logic, and my Rhetoric not excluded. My several publications are the cleverest books that have been written for a long time.'

" 'And so they are, though it is the author himself who says so. I do not see why he should not be as good a judge of his own works as he is of those of others. The Archbishop of Granada overrated his own composition ; but he was verging on imbecility. Not so the Archbishop of Dublin.

" 'Having elicited so much applause from one riddle, Dr. Whately indulged in a legion more ; some of them were particularly trite ones. Lest any of his hearers should guess the answers, he no sooner proposed his enigma than he gave the solution himself ; so that, one way or other, the Archbishop was the only man that succeeded in obtaining the attention of the company, in spite of his Excellency's endeavours to bring forward a couple of other noblemen and bishops as spokesmen, with a view to make the conversation a little more general. It must be confessed, that but few either grudged or envied the monopoly. There was a tacit resignation on the part of the majority to listen ; it was a miserably small minority who wished to be listened to.

" 'There was one gentleman whose position and standing made him adventurous enough to narrate a very striking and extraordinary occur-

rence, of which he was himself an eye-witness. He was the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; he was listened to with great deference and respect, and stood a good chance of becoming a participator in the attention of the company. He would have succeeded had it not been for the luckless last sentence in his narrative, which brought about his complete overthrow by the lion of the evening. Dr. Sadlier, by way of rider to his episode, concluded, 'I would not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes.'

"It was an unfortunate termination to his tale. Dr. Whately turned round and remarked, with that expression and penetrating irony of which he is so efficient a master—

"'And every sensible man and woman here and elsewhere will rejoice, "No more will I believe it, until I see it with my own eyes."'

"This ready morsel of criticism upon the aged Provost's tale—I forget what it was about—sealed for the evening, not only the lips of the head of Dublin University, but also served as a warning to smaller fry, not to adventure their small talk where so tremendous a talker as Dr. Whately is present. To my mind, his transition—from the Professor's chair of Political Economy, at the University of Oxford, to the Archiepiscopal seat of the Irish metropolis—wrought a most extraordinary transmutation in the manner of the man and his conversation.

"The time arrived when the ladies could with propriety adjourn to the drawing-room. I have no doubt that several of them felt the imposed and involuntary silence which the Archbishop's presence entailed most intolerable. There seemed an unmistakable look of anxious solicitude from every fair one's sparkling eye towards the lady of the ceremonies; and when the Countess of Mulgrave rose, there was an evident glow of pleasure and delight on every fair countenance.

"The ladies withdrew, and the gentlemen, after a little change of locality usual on such occasions, were reseated. The vice-regal host began to cherish a hope that now at least he might succeed to annul the monopoly of the conversation. Alas! Hope told his Excellency a treacherous and flattering tale. The Lord-Lieutenant started a theme about the extraordinary muscular vigour which some men possessed. But his Grace was personally a match for any such men as the host named. In token of his immense physical power, he placed himself bolt upright—with his back to the wall—stretched out his arm horizontally, and made a very stout man-servant of the house stand upon the palm of his capacious hand. Then it was the Archbishop's turn to relate feats of gymnastics and valour; and again, no chance was gained by any one to get a word in. Dr. Whately was matchless in word and deed.

"On our return to Glaston Park, the ladies gave utterance to their pent-up wrath against the Archbishop's rude monopoly of conversation. The good Bishop of Kilcurreagh assured his fair companions that his Grace had wonderfully improved in his manners since his appointment to the See of Dublin.

"'What must he have been, then, before any improvement had taken place in him?'—was the simultaneous rejoinder of the fair malcontents."

There is no story in the "Curates of Riversdale" worth recording. It is a host of disjointed hearsays and unstrung improbabilities. Of the discussions, expositions, and conclusions of a clerical meeting in Riversdale, the following is an amusing specimen, for the truth of which the joint authors and editors vouch. We find it hard of belief notwithstanding, and must continue to disbelieve it till substantial men, not anonymous shadows, give time, place, and person, for the preposterous *niaiserie* :—

"The Reverend Voks Fitznil [a distinguished clergyman of Liverpool evidently, the Fitz of whose name resolves itself into a Celtic equivalent] submitted, with all possible deference and diffidence, an idea which occurred to him, and which he thought 'to be the *crame* of the whole of this passage. 'It is generally supposed,' he continued, 'that the Irish were the lost Ten Tribes—in fact, I have little doubt that Hibernia is one and the same thing with Hebraea; me mind is made up on that point. It is also admitted that St. Pether was the Apostle of the circumcision, or the Jews; me mind is made up on this question also. I do not think, then, that I am wrong in supposing that the aged Pether addressed this epistle to his own and me beloved countrymen, the Hibernians or Hebrews; me mind is made up on it. I can prove it to ye with algebraical precision. There is one expression in the verses which I have read, which seems to me mind to prove me theorem to a mathematical demonstrativeness. I mane the phrase "the sincere milk of the word." It is a phrase to me mind only applicable to, and appreciated by, a thorough Hibernian, *alias* Hebrew; me mind is made up on it. Ye all know, or ought to know, that the word *sincere* comes from the two Latin words *sine cera*, *without wax*. When the expression is used in connection with "milk," do ye see, it can have no other meaning, do ye see, than *butter-milk*, that is, do you see, milk from which the *cera*, *the wax*, in this case *the butter*, do you see, had been aliminated, do ye see; me mind is made up on this theorem also. Ye all know, especially me brethren from that favoured land, Ireland, that almost the first nutriment which the majority of new-born babes receive—either through the mother's breast, do ye see, who feeds principally on butter-milk, do ye see, or through the feeding-bottle, do ye see—is *butter-milk*, or milk *sine cera*, or, using the words of the Apostle to the Hebrews or Hibernians, "the sincere milk." Do ye see? Me mind is made up to this explanation. As I have said before, I take it to be the *crame* of the whole of this passage.' . . . The *pseudo*-sense of the meeting was taken, and the Hibernians were voted Hebrews, and *ἀδολον γάλα* declared to be *buttermilk*."

The practice of filching other men's sermons is shown up in the following scene at Knotty Ash Church—a practice whose profound

dishonesty is only equalled by its contemptible meanness. Most persons have heard or read of something like this before. Detection does very frequently follow on the heels of transgression of this kind : and no one can say that its reprobation is not deserved.

"During my sojourn at Twistash, two charity sermons were preached in the parish church for the benefit of the parochial schools. That in the morning by the Incumbent, and that in the evening by the Rev. Eron Gobragg, one of the popular preachers of Mersey-vale. The circumstance proved a sad break-down to the gravity of the whole congregation, in consequence of a startling coincidence which made itself manifest in the sermons of the morning and the evening.

"Mr. O'Shannon writes his sermons and reads them. Being endowed with a fine voice, he delivers his discourses with considerable force and pathos. Even his parishioners—who are always at variance with him—are obliged to own that the sermons which he preaches are very good. On the morning I speak of he delivered a very good and impressive sermon, interspersed with several telling anecdotes, which might perhaps have been better omitted—and seasoned with a few piquant poetic quotations—which might, perhaps, have been left out with advantage. He closed his pathetic appeal with one of Moore's pretty little poems.

"No one could help remembering that sermon, at least until he heard another as good. I heard the people remark on coming out of church, 'What a pity that his practice is not as good as his preaching!'

"Mr. Gobragg is what is called an *extempore* preacher ; his manner in the pulpit is very imposing. His every action suits his every impressive passage ; he now puts his left hand under his cassock, upon his breast, and anon lifts it up to the ceiling heavenward. He now compresses his lips, whilst he gazes steadfastly upon his hearers below, and anon raises his well-modulated voice, and his eye flashes like lightning upon his audience in the gallery. He now melts into tears, and anon is transported with rapture. He now speaks with a still small voice, and anon with the thunder of Boanerges. So that people with keen tastes for such a style as his, consider it a *recherché* treat to hear him. Mr. O'Shannon was, therefore, wise in his generation to have secured Mr. Gobragg's advocacy for the Twistash schools. The evening congregation was as large as the morning one was, which was not generally the case.

"There was an unmistakably impatient air about the congregation till the preacher had mounted the pulpit. After a lengthy *extempore* prayer, Mr. Gobragg gave out, 'The twenty-first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, the last three words of the fifteenth verse, *'Feed my Lambs.'* There was a perceptible start amongst the worshippers, whilst the preacher, with compressed lips and scrutinizing gaze, as is his wont, eyed his congregation for a few seconds ere he commenced his discourse.

"As he proceeded, the congregation became restless ; the hearers began to turn hither and thither, looking at their friends and exchanging

ing suspicious smiles. Some of the young men looked all fun and frolic, and some of the young ladies held their cambrics tight to their mouths. Some of the elderly matrons seemed dubiously amazed, and some of the elderly gentlemen had their brows knit and furrowed with frowns. Poor Mr. O'Shannon appeared painfully alive to the helpless coincidence. He sat in the desk, and when his own morning text was first announced, he seemed as if stunned by a violent blow, which drove all his life-blood to his face and his head, the latter was even more than the former, so that one could palpably observe the effect. He then turned suddenly pale; he slipt lower and lower in his uncomfortable seat in the desk, till he could slip no further; his face and head only were visible for some time, till at last nothing was seen of him except that part of the head which phrenologists call the organ of the 'love of approbation,' which seemed largely developed; the face was entombed somewhere.

"In the meantime, Mr. Gobragg went on in his usual style, accompanying himself with his different attitudes, electrifying his audience with a succession of shocks such as I have described. When, however, the pathetic anecdotes began to be told, with tears in the narrator's eyes, and the snatches of poetry repeated, with the reciter's illumined face, especially an adaptation of the following four lines from a song of Glover's, to illustrate the omnipotence of Deity:—

"Hark! a footstep: some one's near.
Yes; 'tis he! What brought him here?
Strange it is whene'er we stray,
Sure 'tis in each other's way—"

Then the smouldering and hitherto smothered laughter broke out in several quarters of the church.

"The preacher evidently took the stifled explosion as evidences of great approbation, for he became more emphatic and pathetic. But when he began to wind up the masterly discourse, appealing for a liberal collection, and depicted a poor old penitent, whose repentance was brought about by a sudden recollection of some divine lesson learnt in a parish school, then the congregation positively began to look radiant with wickedness. Oh, had he but omitted the little poem with which Mr. O'Shannon ended his morning sermon, the dire catastrophe which followed might yet have been avoided; but alas! scrupulously literal in cultivating his model, he began with a face writhing with agony, and with his eyes glistening through tears, when the laughter began to be too boisterous and almost profane.

"Let me conclude," he began, 'the finishing up with the thrilling and touching tones of the poet of our loved and beloved native land, the first flower of the earth:—

"Go; let me weep—there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them daily feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals
The fruitless showers,' &c. &c.

Never was sublimity rendered so ridiculous. The whole congregation seemed laughter-struck, and unable to control the violent explosions of mirth. And when quietness was restored for a time, it was only to take breath and wipe the eyes preliminary to a fresh outbreak. The collection was a decided failure."

HIGH CHURCH is quite a different thing from all this :—it is a respectable Novel, well written, well conceived, and full of painful interest, detailing the melancholy consequence of developed Tractarianism in an English parish. It is of course a one-sided production, but we cannot hesitate to avow our opinion that it advocates the right side. Tractarianism is a curse, or it is nothing. If not something worse, it is *nil*—incapable of good, if not bad. Who can feed the insatiate hunger of people's souls on miserable altar-cloths—the garment which the moth may fret? Who can stay the thirst of those that long for salvation with Gregorian chant and husky throat of singing men, whose measured utterance mocks the eagerness of the fainting spirit? It is a cold, cruel, helpless thing, this wretched Tractarianism; even within the range of our personal experience its abettors were without heart, without wisdom, and invariably without deep religious sentiment. They feed on ashes, like the olden idolaters—a deceived heart hath turned them aside. They have a lie in their right hand, and they persist in calling it a truth.

The story of *High Church* is this :—The considerable country town of Tenchester, after generations of quiet unchanging parochial worship, is roused from its habitual somnolence by the intrusion of a Puseyite parson into the incumbency of the parish church. This Rev. John Stone—a man of wealth and Tractarian leanings, but of no strength of character—is confirmed and supported in his views by his son, a tall, handsome, imposing, and really earnest curate of the church, with whom a picturesque devotion is not a fancy but a faith. The church edifice is turned upside down by these zealous worthies in their zeal for decoration, and the parishioners are struck dumb by the novelty of the goings-on. Stalls, and choirs, and intoning, and crosses, and flowers are the order of the day; and those who could tender no stronger reason for their disapproval, dislike all this because it was unusual. Innovations in any communion require delicate management, and it must be the light touch of a skilful hand that can make its changes in religious worship acceptable to all worshippers. If any one could have commended these views and practice to the many, it would have been the really devoted curate, the Rev. Geoffrey Stone, who was a man of great talent and uprightness of soul, and who deemed no sacrifice of exertion too great to bestow on his work.

A very few weeks are sufficient to range the parish into partisans and opponents of the new-fangled system of the new clergy, and to win the regard of these latter for their favourites amongst its poor, who professed to love frequent services, and made no objection to clerical doings, as long as clerical doles were forthcoming. To bestow a cot-

tage upon one of these weak or fawning creatures, the curate ejects an old man and his son, disreputable characters, of a half-gipsy caste, who lived rent-free in a cottage belonging to the benefice by permission of the former incumbent. When young Mr. Stone calls to warn the intruders off the premises, the following dialogue ensues :—

“ ‘ You are never at church, Mr. Burles ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Lor’ bless you, Sir—never ! The people doan’t care to see me without a Sunday suit, and Sunday suit it bean’t. Foine feathers mak’ foine birds, and foine birds doan’t want such moulting cattle as our-sells, sticking up in the free seats like a couple of scarecrows. Genteel people go to church ; we are not genteel—we never wor.’ ”

“ ‘ Do you not attend any place of worship, then ? ’ ”

“ ‘ When I’m in the humour, I turn in among the Plymouth Brethren, down the court, near the vestry-hall : they’ve a sensible style of worship, I loike best. They sit together, and they pray about what they loikes, or what comes uppermost—and they ha’ no pews to lock the best people *in* ; and there bean’t no bishops, clergymen, servants of the church, or any think. They’re glad to see me now and then, for they’re awfu’ short of customers.’ ”

“ ‘ I should be glad to see you at the church—would be more glad to see you than you would give me credit for.’ ”

“ ‘ Not now ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Why not now ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Why, one fact be, you’re too *foine* ; and another be, I can’t understand your father, the ‘cumbent, who sings out somehow on one note, and that note’s in his nose—*intonin*’ be the crack name for it, I hear. Offence it bean’t, I hope, Sir.’ ”

“ ‘ I am not so easily offended,’ replied the young clergyman ; and there and then proceeded to make the unpleasant announcement, that the father and his ne’er-do-well, poaching, thriftless son, must turn out of their old home.’ ”

And here we must interrupt our narrative to say, by way of comment, that there is a world of truth and wisdom in what the old reprobate avers respecting simplicity of worship. The more ornate we make our temples of religion, and the more elaborate our services, the more we shall confine them to the cultivated classes : whereas the plainer the place, the more attractive it becomes to plain people. A plain room, furnished with plain benches, in dense and low neighbourhoods, will be a far better attended church than the finest minster in the land, could it be set down in their midst. We must have ragged churches for ragged worshippers : and poor ministers for poor people. We wish the full truth of this were more cordially recognized. The masses will never be evangelized by handsome steeple-houses, and classic or gothic chapels, whose very gentility repels them, but by plain places of worship no better than the coffee-room they frequent, or the bar-parlour where they smoke their pipe, or the socialist lecture-room, where they drink in the moral poison of infidelity and sedition,

commended to their lips by the sympathy of teachers of their own class. We have no objection to handsome churches ; yet seeing the tendency there is at the present day to aim at these almost exclusively, we cherish with the more peculiar fondness our private penchant for homely perpetual ordinances in forms accessible to the poor. We must own, we begrudge the next £3000 to be spent on an imposing house of worship, while that sum would fit up ten such places as we contemplate, and carry the Gospel to the neglected and retiring classes amongst us. We note with a kind of dismay how the present rage for architectural splendour is raising in this dear England of ours the religion of Christ out of the region of the poor, and commending it exclusively to persons of taste, and substance, and respectability. This, mayhap, we ought to do ; but not to leave the other undone.

Amongst the persons whose peace this ecclesiastical soporific disturbed—and it brought disturbance to every bed and board in Tenchester—were a certain Martin Chester, the young chief partner of the flourishing firm of Chester, Grimley, and Chester, and his handsome and engaging young wife. Less practical than her husband, and more romantic, the lady fell into a devout liking for those changes at St. Jude's, which awoke her more judicious husband's doubt and dislike. His disapproval reached its acme about the period of Easter Sunday, when on entering the old accustomed pile, he found it metamorphosed with floral displays and symbolic emblems, till each pillar disappeared beneath its covering of wreaths and crosses, letters wrought in camellias, lilies, *fleurs immortelles*, and all set off by dangling veils of embroidered lace. The communion-table (we correct ourselves—altar) was as unlike its former self as possible, with its super-altar, large cross, massive candlesticks, with wax lights burning, and an altar-cloth of green velvet embroidered with gold and coloured silks in sundry devices. This was the kind of thing which the Tractarian priests were seeking to commend to the practical English people of a manufacturing community for religion ; and the intelligent and wealthy head of this firm, strengthened by the concurrence of his neighbours, rejected it in his honest heart, while, to the honour of the English nation it must be recorded, that it meets the same evil everywhere with a pretty unanimous and defiant No :—St George's-in-the-East, and other wheres—to wit.

But pretty Ada was captivated with what her husband's good sense condemned. There are certain natures, mostly shallow ones, to whom these ecclesiastical fiddle-faddles of decoration and observance are germane,—to whose puny and feeble religionism they lend a support. With all her conscientiousness, Ada believed in the curate, in the virtue of daily services, in church millinery and lighted candles ; in elaborate anthems and Gregorian intonations. Her husband, less ensnared than she, yet attended at the church, partly from habit, partly from good feeling towards the curate, whose ways he disapproved, but most of all with an Englishman's devotion to the cause of order, that he might help to discountenance that rioting in God's house

which he saw imminent from the insane course pursued by the clergymen. He does not conceal from his wife the sentiments he entertains about these matters, although he expresses himself with the utmost forbearance. A snatch of their conversation, returning from church on this particular Sunday, will explain their different views of Tractarian priests and their exploits.

"No, Martin, dear ; but you are so strange to-day—so hard ! In your heart, you are turning against two of God's faithful ministers."

"Ada," said he, gravely, "my heart does not acquit them ; my faith assures me they are no more nor less than other men—see as darkly through a glass. They have little right to set up in our church those forms and symbols peculiar to a religion they would disavow ; and they have less right to do it in the face of the many whose feelings are shocked by it, and whose repugnance to it is insurmountable. There is a standard for all sermons, it appears to me—for all form of prayer : simple earnestness without parade. We have seen it in St. Jude's ; it is practised by many men dissenting from the Church and held by the Church in contempt. Our Saviour preached and prayed so on the Mount."

The Author gives a painful yet amusing description of a parish church in arms against itself, which we venture to say has been paralleled in most large towns in the kingdom by a few scores of weak, hot-headed men, who are pertinaciously obstinate in fighting for the mint, anise, and cummin, while more important things are overlooked in the scuffle:—

"The Reverend Geoffrey Stone did not flinch from the helm because the wind blew a little. He drew the belt of his faith tighter, and set his face to the storm ; and the Reverend John Stone imitated his example.

"The reader will perceive I place the father after the son, and make the first the ruling agent. And Mr. Geoffrey Stone was the master-mind, and only nominally was his father head of St. Jude's. The incumbent trusted implicitly in his son, left the care of the church and his flock to that gentleman, and was content to shut himself in his study, pore over abstruse doctrines, and rummage for precedents in the writings of the holy fathers. Dogged and obstinate was the Reverend John Stone with every one but his son, who ruled him in his quiet, firm way, and without even expressing a wish that he should be so ruled. The incumbent was fond of his ease, of his books, of everything but hard work, which he left to his son, whose energy he knew, and in whose power he could trust. Leave the incumbent to his crotchets, and he was a good, quiet man enough ; he gave alms to his favourite poor—for he was a rich man—and, after he had given tithes of all he possessed, there was plenty to spare for the flowers, and carved crosses, and other symbols of his class.

"Be he ever so lazy, an obstinate man once roused into action will put his shoulder to the wheel in real earnest ; and the aspect of affairs

in Tenchester, after Easter Sunday, roused all the dormant energy of the incumbent. The townsfolk continued to murmur; the *Tenchester Times*—for Tenchester had a paper all to itself—took the Low Church side, and came out with withering leaders, which doubled its circulation. The people in the streets were always talking of the Puseyites, and the incumbent and his son were scowled at in their walks, and called after by dirty boys and girls from the factories. Sunday after Sunday passed away—the decorations increased—the crowd surged regularly in and out—visitors from adjacent villages made a point of coming to Tenchester to see the Puseyites—the murmurings grew louder during the service, and no efforts of the churchwarden, beadle, or pew-opener, could put a stop to them.

“Tenchester folk split into the three factions—High Church, Low Church, and No Church. High Church sang and intoned, Low Church began to read the responses in opposition, and No Church grew rampant with excitement, and took to swearing and bawling, and going to St. Jude’s in delightful anticipation of a row. Booksellers’ windows began to break forth with pamphlets—by ‘A Parishioner,’ by ‘A Clergyman,’ by ‘A Member of the Church of England,’ by ‘A Tractarian’ :—reasons for and against everything were put forth with great persistence and less perspicacity. ‘Puseyism not Real Christianity,’ was combated by ‘Puseyism, falsely so called, an Antidote to Popery;’ and pamphlets, on all sides and by all writers, proved everything but the virtue of concession—taught everything but ‘peace on earth and goodwill amongst men.’ Shake the Church to its centre, and turn it from a house of prayer to a house wherein the devil riots and takes stock of souls, but do not budge an inch for conscience sake! In the midst of all his turmoil, Mr. Grimley, head of the Low Church party, put up for churchwarden, and was elected by an immense majority over Mr. Sleek, the disappointed candidate.”

All this is deplorable, but, alas! too true. Conservatism we should never war against—it has so many claims to respect—and the friends of Christianity have so often to range themselves upon its side; but naked and audacious innovation, without rhyme or reason, upon the harmless or respectable prejudices of a nation, or, worse still, on the solid convictions and church-order of the members of a Christian commonwealth, is not to be tolerated; and we wonder not that many a male Jenny Geddes gives emphatic expression to the universal *Nolumus—it shall not be*. England has behaved nobly under trying circumstances, and said plainly enough in the course of the last twenty years, that it does not love Puseyism; but Ireland, more fortunate still, in the presence of the genuine Popish article, has escaped the attempted imposition altogether.

After a riot in church, Mr. Chester informs the curate that he cannot expose his wife to such danger or annoyance again, and the sensible layman begs his wife no longer to go to St. Jude’s; but to his surprise, regret, and dismay, she deems it her duty to go: and here is

the beginning of sorrow. The issue is most tragic,—misunderstanding, alienation, death. The lady seeks her resource against the forfeiture of her husband's confidence in increased attention to religious duties, the observance of which led to the following scene at church :—

"One Wednesday morning, when the sermon was over, when the few week-day worshippers had gone, and Mrs. Chester sat still, with bowed head, as if in prayer, Geoffry Stone changed his gown, and appeared at the door of the pew.

"She started when she rose and became aware that the curate was waiting for her, and she coloured a little beneath his searching gaze.

" 'Mrs. Chester, I fear I am going to ask you what may be considered a rude question, but which I think you will set down to its rightful motive—the pastor's care and duty.'

"Ada drew her veil down to hide the emotion on her varying face. The words were very kind and gentle, and came from one she believed the holiest and best of men. She had not heard kind and gentle words lately, and they filled her eyes with tears.

"No response coming from Mrs. Chester, the curate of Tenchester continued—

" 'Any doubt or trouble from which your mind may suffer—any religious doubt or truth that may be unnecessarily distressing to you—I trust you will allow me to remove, if possible.'

" 'My troubles are home troubles, Mr. Stone—of the world, not of the Church.'

" 'A clergyman's duty is in the world—it has a wide range, and embraces all the worldly cares that disturb the soul of the believer. A clergyman is of the world, takes his part therein—seeks, whilst preparing the sinner for a better one, to smooth the roads of this. He helps the pilgrim to sustain his burden cheerfully—even shares it with him when the load grows heavy, and the sinking soul is inclined to linger by the way-side. Mrs. Chester, yours is no light trouble.'

" 'No, Sir.'

" 'The world itself has cures for the cares of the frivolous, but not for cares like yours. May I ask you to confide in me—to trust to my advice? I feel assured you will not regret confessing your sorrows to me.'

" 'Confessing?' murmured Ada. They had been walking slowly down the aisle, and had reached the entrance doors. They stopped here, and after a moment's hesitation turned and walked down the church again.

" 'The canons of our church authorise, in peculiar cases, the confessions of the afflicted, give us power to console them in their trouble, and solace them with godly counsel. We don't seek the outpourings of the heart, but we are not bound to reject them.'

"Ada hesitated still, despite his assurances. The name of confession startled her; and yet how she longed to pour out her soul to some

one who would sympathise with her affliction—perhaps show her the way to win back her husband's love.

"‘I—I thought confession was an article of faith confined to the Church of Rome, Mr. Stone.’

"‘Ours is not Romish confession. I hope you don't think that. It is not in my power to absolve you from sin, Mrs. Chester,—only God's help can do that,’ he said; ‘but still I think I may advise you profitably. The benighted sneer at us and call us Jesuits for this holy practice, but there are few clergymen who are not called on to hear the sins and sorrows of some unfortunate member of their flock. Even the Wesleyans form their select society or band for mutual confession. “Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed,” is the text they consider sufficient authority for the practice.’

"Ada was weeping—her heart was troubled and excited. Could she turn away from this one friend? Who was more calculated to listen to her griefs and give her strength to bear them than the pious and persecuted man at her side? It was a false step—a grave step—but it was made. In a room attached to the vestry, seated on a low stool almost at his feet, in the attitude of a suppliant (the worthy Mr. Stone admired form and ceremony), the young wife poured forth the secret of her misery, sacred as it should have been to God and her husband. Amidst the heavy convulsive sobs that shook her frame and choked her utterance, Geoffrey Stone learned the history of her serious misunderstanding with Martin Chester, and strove, to the best of his ability, to indicate the right path for her pursuance. It was sound doctrine he taught her—the doctrine of submission; he took the common sense view of the question, and his keen perception saw at once that a full explanation between husband and wife was the only thing likely to save their many future years of misery. Geoffrey Stone, it seemed, would advise giving way in cases not resembling his own.

"Ada was recovering from her sobs, and feeling happier and more brave; and the curate was still discoursing eloquently, when the door was pushed open, and Mr. Grimley, with an amazed expression of countenance, stood on the threshold.

"‘God bless my soul, Mrs. Chester! Dear, dear me, Mr. Stone, what is the meaning of this!’

"‘What is the meaning of this intrusion, Sir?’ asked the curate, almost fiercely.

"‘I have a right to intrude, Sir, as Churchwarden of St. Jude's,’ cried the hot-tempered gentleman; ‘I have a greater right to intrude, now St. Jude's is exposing such sad mysteries. Mrs. Chester, may I ask if this confession to a Protestant minister—to the young and accomplished curate of Tenchester—meets with your husband's approval?’

"‘That question I will answer my husband—not my husband's partner.’

"‘Very well, madam. You will understand me, that should that

question not be answered within four-and-twenty hours, it will be my painful duty, for the sake of my partner's happiness, to inform Mr. Chester of all that I have witnessed here.'

"I have no more to say, Sir.'

"Leave the room, Sir!" exclaimed Geoffry Stone, pale with passion—"I command you!"

"I shall not leave the room, Sir," cried the Churchwarden, jumping with both feet in his vehemence; "and I am not here to obey your wishes, Sir, but to frustrate most of them. If you lay a finger on me, I'll have you up for an assault."

"Let me pass, Mr. Grimley," said Ada, with an agitated voice; "pray, do not let me add to any ill-feeling by remaining. Good morning, Mr. Stone. Do not think me ungrateful for your kind advice, your fatherly counsel, that I thank you now so coldly. I must hasten home—I must see Martin."

"The fittest one from whom to seek advice, Mrs. Chester, I assure you."

"The curate did not deign a reply to his insinuation; the pause had enabled him to master his passion, and become his former self. He took up his hat and followed Mrs. Chester, who was hurrying down the aisles.

"The Churchwarden looked after him, fidgetted from one foot to another, finally drew forth a voluminous silk handkerchief, and began to blow his nose and wipe his eyes, and choke a little in his throat.

"So it has gone so far as this!" he said at last; "this is the secret that has changed my old friend's son so much! Poor misguided woman! Poor Martin!"

The curate was chivalrous and the lady was pure, but it will be easily understood how such an adventure as this would lead to further complications, and more hopeless estrangement.

The story is a sad one, and yet it seems a perfectly normal development of that perversion of the Gospel which puts forms for substance, and ceremonial for faith.

How the curate was assassinated, and Ada's husband was tried for the murder; how innocence was attested, and guilt brought to punishment, those who have curiosity enough to learn, must consult the tale itself, which is extremely well written and interesting, and will repay perusal. It is evidently the work of a practised hand.

Our only quarrel respecting the story is the publisher's part of it. What would make one moderate volume of the size of Kingsley's "Yeast," by means of broad margins, very widely-spaced typography, and thin volumes, has been spaced over two, to the detriment of the reader's pocket, although mayhap to the delectation of his eyes.

VII.

ROMAN LONDON.*

FROM the date of Camden's publication of his "Britannia," when interest was first awakened to the subject, much had been discovered and more written in relation to Roman London. It was literary material scattered through innumerable volumes—the chaff with the grain—the hypothetical with the positively true ; so that when the past autumn gave alike to scholar and general reader, a worthy and reliable book on this subject, it was a boon that all who feel an interest in their national history will appreciate. To many perhaps who have no taste for the subject under its more abstract form—who have little leisure for literary pursuits—who know not the eternal thread of youth the old contains ; or, to put the matter in Darton's exquisite lines—

"Not dull or barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity ; but strewn with flowers"—

it is a book which may show them for the first time, that the national civilization amidst which they live, is but the aggregate of older nations, and that the Roman, with his bronzes and his pottery, was as much an indirect cause of what is great amongst us, as the Saxon with his love of liberty, and his mastery in goldwork ; or the Norman with his divine eye for architecture. Viewed in this light, knowledge begets modesty ;—we learn how much our fathers knew in the "old times before us ;" and history is thus drawn nearer to its destined condition, as a philosophical inductive power, instead of a barren statement of facts.

The Roman dominion in Britain lasted more than three centuries and a half ; or dating from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the end of the sixth century, when the Saxon dominion had become absolute. Britain was familiarly known to the Romans for six hundred years. For the larger portion of this lengthened period, Roman influence was supreme. Cities were built, often on new, sometimes on better sites ; roads which were to be a utility for centuries were carried over the morasses and through the intricacies of a densely wooded country ; many arts were introduced ; some few native ones, as that of the goldsmith's, improved ; agriculture—as far as it was then known, as a matter of routine and science—improved sections of the country, and produced abundance from a portionally virgin soil ; and a municipal rule, destined to long survive the wreck of Roman power, was productive of immense benefits. But these advantages were one-sided, and many of

* Illustrations of Roman London. By Charles Roach Smith, Author of 'Collectanea Antiqua,' &c., &c. London: Printed for the Subscribers, and not Published. 1859.

them temporary and provisional in effect. The Romans found the Celtic rulers divided amongst themselves ; they left them the same—alike without coherence or stability of purpose. Nay, in many respects, Imperial rule left the mixed population of Britain in an immeasurably worse condition than it had found it. Its aristocracy debased by debauchery and superficial luxury ; the people depressed by slavery, and impoverished by an extortionate taxation for Imperial purposes ; the land exhausted by a forced agriculture. Such were the evils of a governing power which did not collapse a day too soon. But an immense amount of good remained. It was material and physical, and therefore matter for inheritance. We fondly believe, that every Briton, from Roman days, has been the better for that far-off Roman culture. We fondly believe that throughout all Saxon, all Norman, all middle age art, this Roman thread of culture is to be traced. If so, the indirect benefit has been immense. We likewise believe—inasmuch as none of the vital elements of a culture ever die ; inasmuch as the Celtic population, mixed with other races (even with the types of our pre-historic) became immensely Romanized in blood ; inasmuch as foreign artificer and soldier left a physical heritage amongst us of the utmost value,—that many of the best points of culture and mixed race survive at this hour ; and that Celtic manipulative delicacy, and Roman, grafted on Saxon and Danish energy, make us the masters we are in many of the arts. If it be charged upon us that we lack what the Romans possessed—originality in artistic design—we answer that ours is pre-eminently an age of utility, on which will yet be raised an age of art more complete than any the world has yet known. It was through lack of this primary element, that so many systems of early art perished. Beauty unattired with utility is necessarily evanescent.

Londinium was, if even no more than an assemblage of fishing huts, a place of note when the Romans made themselves its masters. Its incomparable site, as it then stood, at the head of a great estuary, which gave easy access to the ocean and the neighbouring shores of Gaul ; its noble river leading up into the heart of the country, and its wooded eminences, marked it thus early for the place of a great city. Whatever rude defences were already on the site, the Romans built three more important where the Tower now stands ; spanned the river with a bridge ; erected their first houses and temples on the acclivity leading up from that bridge towards what is now Cornhill, and circumvallated the whole. As the town grew, its centre advanced upon this northern limit, and a wall of most massive construction (and as it remained far into the middle ages) was built round an immensely extended area, from the Tower in the east, to Ludgate in the west. " From discoveries made at various times, in all parts, we may safely conclude that the streets and buildings of the Roman city, if not quite so dense and continuous as those of the modern city, left but little space throughout the entire area unoccupied, except a portion of the district between Lothbury and Prince-street and London-wall, and the ground adjoining the wall, from Moorgate-street towards Bishopsgate.

We find also, as might have been expected, that generally towards the northern wall, the vestiges of buildings are by no means so numerous nor so densely packed as towards the south and in the centre."

Of the courses of the streets no traces whatever are left, though recent excavations have proved that most of the streets of the present day, run upon the ruins of Roman houses; nor has the site of any one public building been with certainty recovered. The causes of this wholesale destruction are most ably given. Londinium, from its earliest days, never received any permanent check to its commercial prosperity; it never succumbed to the disaster of war; unlike many Continental and some native towns, its population or trade never declined. Its antiquity vanished as its prosperity grew. The population of each successive age demanded new boundaries; every foot of ground became valuable, "and buildings which could not be made applicable to purposes of trade, were from time to time doomed to destruction. . . . Every stone had its value; and the sculptured column and cornice, the inscribed slabs which recorded the building or restoration of temples and other public edifices, were estimated only as quarried material for houses or structures adapted to the wants of generations with habits and feelings totally different from those of their predecessors; and void of that sentiment which in modern times among educated persons tends to the preservation of the monuments of past ages."

Though there is reason to think that Roman architecture in Britain never approached anything like Continental magnificence, yet, judging even from remains discovered in our own time, the towns "were adorned with edifices of considerable grandeur and of architectural importance, and their public places were often embellished with statues. . . . A statue in bronze of Hadrian, of heroic size, was one of the public ornaments of London." And such scanty evidence as can be afforded by architectural fragments, leads to the conclusion, that London vied with her provincial cities as much in architecture as she excelled them in commercial opulence. The fragment of a group of the *Dea Matres* (the Mother Goddesses), discovered during excavations for a sewer in Hart-street, Crutched Friars, has great interest. It is neatly but powerfully sculptured in stone, and represents three female figures, seated, and holding baskets of fruit in their laps. They are headless, and some portions of the torsos are absent; but the posture and flow of the drapery are alike admirable. "From the dimensions of the sculpture it may be inferred," says Mr. Roach Smith, "that a temple, or a *secellum*, dedicated to those divinities," the *Dea Matres*, "stood upon the spot where it was discovered. It is the only instance, with the exception of the discovery made in Nicholas-lane, in which the site of a temple can with reason be identified from existing remains. It would, therefore, have been fortunate, had the civic authorities instituted or sanctioned a search for the remaining portions of the monument, which were probably close alongside of the line of sewer where the fragment was found." The sepulchral inscriptions are few in number, and chiefly to the memory of soldiers and their wives. They

are full of interest :—"Anencletus Provincialis erected this memorial to his most dutiful," or "most pious" "wife, who died at the early age of nineteen years." "The stone was set up by Januaria Matrina, the most dutiful wife of Vivius Marcianus, a soldier of the Second Legion, called Augusta." "Albia Faustina to her incomparable husband, Flavius Agricola, of the Sixth Legion, surnamed the 'Victorious.'" This scantiness of sepulchral inscriptions betrays in itself the enormous destruction such relics have been subjected to. The cemeteries of Roman London were numerous and densely filled—that on the site of Spitalfields particularly so. From Stow, we gather some few facts as to how the graves were rifled, and the vases and lachrymatories destroyed; whilst, in centuries prior to that in which he lived, the effigy and sculptured stone had, we may be well sure, served the purposes of many a barbarous hand. One fact is curious in connection with these inscriptions and countless others found on provincial sites: rarely do they notify old age. The Roman citizen, as the Roman soldier, seem alike to have died in the prime of life. The same fact is curiously borne out by the human remains discovered in undoubted places of Roman sepulture. They are usually those of youthful or middle-aged persons. The grand climacter seems rarely to have been reached. We may thus infer that, in spite of abundance of food, most of the other causes of health and longevity were absent.

But the wealth and civilization of Roman London are best attested by the amount and variety of its pottery, its works in bronze, and its tessellated pavements. Of the latter, a large number have been found from time to time, though mostly in a fragmentary condition. "Viewed simply as part of the construction of habitations," says Mr. Roach Smith, "they were admirably contrived for durability as well as for warmth and dryness—essentials towards the comfort and health of life. Even where houses were not furnished with hypocausts, the thick mass of calcareous concrete in which the pavements were laid, repelled damp from the moisture of the earth; but it was seldom a house was not partially warmed by means of heated air, and in those of the larger kinds, as well as in the extensive villas of which so many remains are yet preserved, the winter and summer rooms are easily to be recognized by the direct communications with the heating apparatus, and by the rooms which are isolated from it. A plate is given of a pavement *in situ* discovered in 1854, between Bishopsgate-street and Broad-street, when the Excise-office was pulled down. It lay at the depth of thirteen to fourteen feet below the level of the present street, and had formed the floor of an apartment twenty-eight feet square. It consisted of a complex pattern, with a square central compartment, in which were the remains of a female figure, seated upon an animal; but too indifferently preserved to afford more than a conjecture as to what they represented. In 1841, two pavements were found in excavating the foundation of the French Protestant church in Threadneedle-street, to prepare for the Hall of Commerce. One was the fragment apparently of a passage, and was formed of red, white, black, slate-coloured, and a

dull-green tesserae, elegantly disposed. The other pavement was much larger, having an elegant border within an outer one of dull red, and within this again a central flower or rosette of much originality and excellent pictorial effect. "The extent of the villa to which these pavements belonged could not be ascertained, but it must have been spacious. The vestiges of other floorings and of passages were noticed, but the walls had entirely disappeared. From the remains of wall-paintings, the rooms had been decorated in a superior style; the ground of some of the paintings was red, bordered with blue, black, green, and yellow; other fragments were painted with flowers and foliage in red, yellow, white, and green, upon a black ground. A considerable quantity of charcoal and some charred barley, was found upon the same level as the pavements, suggesting fire to have been the agent of destruction of this villa." From these and numerous other remains found from time to time on this and adjacent sites, Mr. Roach Smith considers that Threadneedle-street has, as a thoroughfare, no claim to a remote antiquity. The adjacent site of the Bank of England has afforded various instances of tessellated pavements. In 1803, one of a superior description was found in Leadenhall-street. "It was discovered by workmen digging for a drain, about nine feet below the pavement, in front of the East India House." No written description can convey a correct notion of this elegant design. "Its centre exhibits Bacchus reclining upon the panther. In his right hand he holds an empty drinking cup, and in his left hand the thyrsus; a mantle falls from the right shoulder, which is gathered over the left leg and the right thigh, and he wears the *cothurnus*, or high boot laced in front. His head is decorated with vine-leaves, fastened by fillets which hang down on each side of the neck. No less than twenty distinct tints are used in the design of this pavement." Others have from time to time been discovered in Paternoster-row, Crosby-square (Bishopsgate), in Bow-lane, Bartholomew-lane, Fenchurch-street, and Lombard-street; "but they cannot," says Mr. Roach Smith, "be considered as constituting, upon the most moderate calculation, the tenth part of the number destroyed during the present century, or perhaps during the last twenty or thirty years." Specimens of herring-boned pavements have been constantly found. It would seem that the Roman streets were paved with these small bricks set in concrete, after the arrangement of the grains in an ear of corn. In digging the foundations for the Coal Exchange, a street-pavement of this character was discovered, with the ruts made by wheels still distinctly visible. At Wroxeter, Uriconium, a fragment of Watling-street, may be seen so paved—just at the point where it slopes to the Severn.

In works of bronze, Londinium must have rivalled—or rather far excelled—the Roman cities of Gaul and Germany: if the specimens dredged up from the bed of the Thames at the time, and since the rebuilding of London Bridge, be taken in evidence. It may be that its abundance of iron and other metals, gave to Britain a pre-eminence in the art of casting—during a portion of the time, at least, that it

existed as a Roman province; and that its producers of works in metal were as numerous a body as the smiths of the Norman era. The frontispiece of the volume before us, represents a bronze cast of the head of the Emperor Hadrian. It was dredged up from the bed of the Thames, a little below the site of Old London Bridge, on the Southwark side of the river, and is now in the British Museum. "It belonged to a colossal statue, two of which it is probable we may reckon among the public embellishments of Londinium; for excavations in Thames-street, near the Tower, brought to light a colossal bronze hand thirteen inches in length, which had been broken from a statue of about the same magnitude as that from which the head was severed; and apparently, judging from the attitude, from a statue of Hadrian also." The statues of the youthful Apollo and of Mercury, were also dredged from the bed of the Thames. The former "is a masterpiece of ideal grace and beauty. The countenance is pensive, and full of gentle expression, with earnest thought, such as Raphael has so admirably bestowed upon the fine personification of this god in his charming painting of Apollo and Marsyas. . . The attributes are unfortunately wanting, but it is probable the right hand held a laurel branch, and the left a lyre. . . The Mercury is quite worthy of companionship with the Apollo. It is of the best and chastest design, and the most finished workmanship; the proportions of the figure are correct, the attitude graceful and easy, the countenance full of animated beauty; and we imagine him charged with a mission from Olympus, and, in the words of Shakspeare,—

" 'New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.' "

These, and other figures which we have not space to particularise, have all been intentionally mutilated. "The image of Apollo bears on both sides of the legs, just above the point where they are sundered, marks of some sharp instrument, such as a hatchet would leave, if struck with force. This could not have possibly happened after they were thrown into the Thames, but must have been perpetrated by the early converts to Christianity, who, unable to appreciate fine works of art, looked upon them as demons, or as emanations of the devil. Before such fanatical ignorance, every tangible representation, whether of gods or of human beings, fell indiscriminately; and the effigies of the soldier, or of the peaceful civilian on his tomb, were as systematically cut and hammered to pieces as the statues and images of gods and goddesses.

One of the choicest works of ancient art, was discovered in Queen Street, Cheapside, in 1842, during the formation of a sewer. It is the bronze figure of an archer in the attitude of shooting an arrow from the bow, and is perfect, with the exception of the absence of both bow and arrow. It is in a stooping attitude, and is eleven inches in height as it thus stands, and was found lying on its face, near a fine piece of Roman wall, which crossed the street. It ultimately passed into the collection of the late Lord Londesborough.

Prolific as the provincial cities have been in this respect, no site in Britain has afforded such an amount and variety of ancient pottery as London. It has been dug up in every direction. Not only does she seem to have had potteries of her own—for Roman kilns have been discovered in digging foundations on the north-west side of St. Paul's, as well as near the church, at the corner of Lombard-street and King William-street—but she was largely supplied from her own provinces, as well as from Gaul and Italy. The potteries of what are now our modern counties of Kent, Hampshire, Northamptonshire, Yorkshire, Shropshire, and, as we believe, Staffordshire—were largely called upon to supply the fictile needs of Londinium, whilst Gaul and Italy imported into it their unrivalled red ware, miscalled Saurian. Mr. Roach Smith is of opinion, that *all* the red-ware found in England is of foreign manufacture; but with deference to the opinion of so classic an authority, we certainly think that much of that which is inferior was made in Britain, though with moulds and stamps copied, or directly imported from foreign sources. Large portions of it certainly show a coarser fabric and an inferior manipulative skill; whilst any ordinary Roman site, will afford tiles of so fine a colour and grain, as to have required but glaze, and the requisite moulding and stamping, to have resulted in the coarser qualities of red ware. The London clays burn red; and in Staffordshire, where the Romans undoubtedly had kilns, and in Devonshire also, there exist to this day, veins of the purest red clay. It was the fame of these, which brought the brothers Elers from Nuremberg into Staffordshire in 1690, and from which they made, with great success, tea-pots and other vessels, in imitation of those imported by the East India Company from China and Japan.

But the richer specimens of red ware, were undoubtedly of foreign manufacture, the product of the potteries of Arretium—now Arezzo—in Italy, and various places in Gaul and Germany. The designs with which they are ornamented, include a great variety of subjects. Most of these are treated with freedom and taste; and the scrolls and foliated patterns are arranged with great elegance. Mythology is a fertile source of these designs, as well as field sports, and those of the amphitheatre; whilst fruit, flowers, and foliage, have been largely drawn upon. The prevailing forms are the dish *patena*, the cup, and the bowl. In the requisite of shape, they are perfect; and in the higher class of vessels, where the ornaments were luted to the surface whilst the clay was soft, the figures are of the highest school of art, and have all the beauty of cameo-sculpture. No verbal description can do justice to the artistic perfection of this pottery—even as represented in Mr. Fairholt's charming illustrations. In this latter respect, the volume would be invaluable to both libraries and schools of art in the Potteries; for though we have no belief in results derived from servile imitation, the lessons to be gathered from ancient experience, are of the greatest value, and the exquisite taste of the scroll and foliated designs, would certainly be suggestive to the eye employed in fictile production. The present moment is a most im-

portant one to ceramic art, considering what the relation is likely to be between French taste and English manipulative skill.

The London excavations have done much towards lessening popular ignorance on the question of ancient glass. That used in the windows of Londinium, has been found, as well as those rarer kinds belonging to bowls and wide-mouthed cups. In some cases, only the ornamental bosses of vessels which long since perished. Pillar-moulding, which was supposed to be a modern invention, is shown by specimens of the rarest character, to have been known to the ancients, as well as the still more difficult art of introducing a various-coloured pattern into another coloured body, both of glass. It has also been found of different hues, as seen in light and shadow.

The personal ornaments found, have been few, and not rich in character; the cause is to be assigned to the changing fortunes of a city; for the Romans were certainly not less rich and tasteful in their decorative art, than the Saxons who succeeded them, and whose burial places yet yield philæ and other ornaments which are a wonder to the modern goldsmith. The domestic articles and implements of the daily life of the Romans, are strikingly like our own. One of the most interesting is a spindle of wood, yet charged with the woollen filaments left by the Roman spinner, and dug up from a gravel pit which, in the earlier days of Roman London, occupied the site of the Royal Exchange. This proves at what an early date, one of the staple manufactures of the country was in existence.

Dealing in no hypothesis, inflexibly noting every statement upon undoubted testimony, the "Illustrations of Roman London," is, as a book, remarkable for what we may call its severity of truth. Habitual recurrence to the great writers of antiquity has, as it were, moulded thoughts to almost mathematical precision; in this respect, the style reminds us greatly of that of Tacitus. Thought follows thought in such logical sequence as to show the toil of thought ere pen was put to paper. There is thus no prolixity in a case where ordinary writers would have been most prolix. Mr. Roach Smith would have told us much more of Roman London had he had recourse to imagination, or to the writings and traditions of the middle ages. Instead of this, he has given us a book on whose statements we can implicitly rely. It is thus a masterpiece of one, not merely a profound scholar and antiquary, but of one who can so deal with facts as to make their statements interesting to even readers of ordinary cultivation.

VIII.

HOME EVANGELIZATION.*

THE wealthy but somewhat eccentric Bishop of Chapel Street Chapel, Blackburn, was more happy in his analogy than sound in his logic when he told the Congregational Union that the condition of the moral infirmity of the county had of late years greatly improved. Mr. Samuel Morley, with his hard facts at hand, showed that the income of the Lancashire Congregational Mission had fallen from £1,664 in 1852 to £1,100 in 1859, while the population had greatly increased; and he very naturally held that there was not much room here for congratulation; but Mr. Fraser told the meeting that this was all a mistake, the decrease having taken place by many of the infant and aided Churches becoming self-supporting. Thus it was that the moral infirmity was getting to be empty. Next day, however, some things were stated regarding the moral condition of Blackburn itself, which made it painfully evident that if there had been improvement there was yet no room for boasting; and while we thankfully acknowledge that much has been done in the right direction, we must look the real state of the county fully in the face, and faithfully do our duty to its teeming population.

From the statistical returns, then, of the Census of 1851, we find that the attendance on public worship stood thus:—

	Population. 1851.	Attendance of all Sects, ¹ 30th Mar., 1851.	Culpably Absent.
Blackburn	90,738	34,194	18,434
Bolton	114,712	38,206	28,325
Burnley	63,868	29,957	7,066
Liverpool	258,236	85,611	64,166
Manchester and Salford ...	315,956	110,502	72,752
Oldham	86,788	22,743	27,594
Preston	96,545	27,696	28,300
Rochdale	72,515	29,371	12,688
Bury	88,815	32,407	19,096
Stockport	90,208	33,954	18,366
Wigan	77,539	27,585	17,388

¹ This is after deducting one-fifth for those who attended more than one service.

* Reports of the Congregational Mission Meetings at Blackburn on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of September.

Reports of Conference on Home Evangelization at Edinburgh on the 25th and 26th of September.

Lancashire Congregational Mission Report for 1859.

Home Evangelization.—A Letter by Joshua Wilson, Esq. to Samuel Morley, Esq., London.

Quarterly Journals of the Home Missionary Society.

Thus out of the 58 per cent., it is estimated, which ought to have been in Church or Chapel, in the large towns of Lancashire, 30 per cent. only were present in Blackburn; $29\frac{1}{2}$ in Bolton; 36 in Liverpool; 28 in Manchester; 25 in Oldham; $20\frac{1}{2}$ in Preston; 40 in Rochdale; 29 in Salford; 34 in Stockport, and $22\frac{1}{2}$ in Wigan—a state of things which affords anything but ground for exultation or calculated to excite, as Mr. Rogers, of Aston-under-Lyne, said, a feeling of pride. We are not alarmists, nor are we of those who would discourage a right and hallowed feeling of gratulation where the Churches are doing their work with vigour, and with satisfactory results, too; but we do submit, that when the wealthiest county in England, where Evangelical Dissent is strongest, exhibits an average attendance of little more than one-half of the whole population capable of attending the means of grace, there is a loud call upon the Churches of Christ to trace out the causes of this evil, and seek with all its heart to remove them.

And it may help in this inquiry if we analyze the general returns, show the relative strength of the different denominations, and suggest a course of action which may conduce to practical good. The analysis stands thus:—

“The population of *Lancashire* in 1851, was 2,031,236. At the previous decennial rate of increase for the United Kingdom, it will in 1861 be 2,335,922.

“Lancashire will probably, however, be found to have increased to at least two and a half millions.

“The attendance on religious worship in March, 1851, in the following table is estimated by adding the attendance morning, afternoon, and evening, and deducting one-fifth for those who attended more than once:—

<i>Evangelical Nonconformists.</i>	No. of places of Worship.	Attendance.	Total Attendance.
Independents	170	136,348	10 per cent.
Baptists	100	56,836	$4\frac{1}{2}$ ”
Methodists	521	296,514	22 ”
Other Denominations...	134	79,573	6 ”
Total.....	925	569,271	$42\frac{1}{2}$ ”
Non-Evangelical, } Roman Catholics, } Unitarians, &c..... }	166	113,039	$8\frac{1}{2}$ ”
Total Nonconformists...	1,091	682,310	51 ”
Established Church, } Evangelical and } Non-Evangelical.... }	529	656,025	49 ”
Total.....	1,620	1,338,336	100 ”

equal to 66 per cent. of whole population, or 8 per cent. above the estimate.

"Then take Blackburn as one of the manufacturing *towns*, and certainly not the worst in this respect. The population in 1851, was 90,738. It will probably be found to have increased in 1861 to 110,000.

"Adopting the same mode of calculation as for the county, the religious attendance in 1851 was as follows :—

<i>Evangelical Nonconformists.</i>	Number of Chapels.	Attendance.	Total Attendance.	
Independents	16	5,960.	17½	per cent.
Baptists	7	1,110	3½	"
Methodists	19	8,290	24½	"
Other Denominations...	4	1,297	3½	"
Total.....	46	16,657	48½	"
Non-EvangelicalNon- conformists	7	2,975	8½	"
Total Nonconformist ...	53	19,632	57½	"
Established Church, Evangelical and Non-Evangelical }	23	14,570	42½	"
Total.....	76	34,202	100	"

equal to 37½ per cent. of whole population, or 20½ *below* the estimate.

"(Giving in 1851, 18,426 of the population who were able, but did not enter a place of public worship."

The intelligent correspondent to whom we are indebted for this analysis, it will be seen, estimates the separate persons attending the three services to be four-fifths of the whole, which is certainly taking it in the most favourable light possible. And he says, in view of the facts thus adduced :—"I might have added some of the neighbouring towns (which we have given above), such as Bolton, Oldham, and Preston ; but I expect all *large manufacturing towns* will be found to present the same result, viz., a large amount of infidelity compared with the towns in which there are no manufactures, or with the scattered villages through Lancashire and Yorkshire, in which generally there are not more than two or three mills. The immense contrast between an *excess* of 8 per cent for the *county* of a church-and-chapel-going population beyond Mr. Mann's estimate of 58 per cent. and 20½ per cent. *below* it for the *town* of Blackburn, can only be attributed to some such cause, and may very well raise the question whether an increase of the manufactures of Lancashire and Yorkshire should not be sought in their villages by Christian millowners. It also raises the question, however—in what way are these young, thoughtless, and short-lived factory boys and girls to be brought under the sound of the Gospel ? They will not go to church or chapel ; but I think if, in every mill, a large room was appropriated for a Sunday school in the afternoon, and for adult service in the evening, they would soon be filled." The

suggestion to use large rooms in the mills on Sundays is well worthy of consideration, and we commend it to our friends at Blackburn and in the other mill-towns.

But the grand means for reclaiming the neglected thousands in large towns, we again affirm, will be found in individual consecration and Territorial missions, every Church doing the work which lies nearest to its hands. The walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt in fifty-two days by division of labour, and the great secret of the ultimate triumph lies in the fact, that every household built the bit opposite to its own door. Let each of the Churches of Lancashire, then, build the bit opposite to its own door, and the moral infirmity will soon be emptied.

Thus much for Lancashire. Let us now examine some of the other districts, and then speak of the various projects now before us, with a view to promote their evangelization. The general result may be stated at once to be that, while "in thinly peopled districts, and in towns of moderate size, the means of grace are often equal, or even more than equal to the demand, in all our largest and most rapidly increasing centres of population the deficiency is enormous." The railway system of England has led to the increase of towns, but left many of the country districts more isolated than they were before we had railways. There is no lack of church accommodation in the counties, but a great lack of church and chapel inclination. In the old towns, such as Bath, Cambridge, and Wakefield, while the accommodation is respectively 61, 60, and 56, the attendance was 40½, 31, and 35 to the 100; while in Manchester, with 31 per cent. of accommodation, there was 21½ of attendance; in Glasgow, with 27·1 per cent. accommodation, 24 per cent. were non-attendants. Even in the Tower Hamlets, London, with accommodation for only 25·6 per cent., there were 15½ per cent. present; while in Birmingham, with 28·7 per cent. of accommodation, 18¼ of every 100 were in attendance. Black although the picture still appears in our large towns, it is blacker still in the country districts, where there are not only *upwards of a million and a half of the population* living in utter neglect of religious worship, but of those who attend public worship in the rural districts, how large a proportion are there who, from week to week, hear an uncertain sound, and are deluded and eternally ruined by the sophistries and plausibilities of a Puseyite priesthood.

Thus it is that the statistical returns really give us an imperfect insight into the moral condition of the rural districts. Let us take one spot, for example, of a district referred to by Mr. Morley at Blackburn, and see how the case stands. The paper, of which he gave a summary, and prepared by a trustworthy minister from personal inquiry and authoritative sources, reads thus:—

"Within a radius of eight miles from my station there is a population of 23,530 souls. There are 54 parishes, each having a church. There are upwards of 60 resident clergymen. The total annual value of the church livings, according to the 'Clergy List,' is £11,686; exclusive of 39 parsonage houses, and 684½ acres of glebe land,

which, being the best of the land, cannot be worth less than £2,500 per annum. Nearly all of these clergymen have more or less personal wealth, and some of them are known to be very rich. They have the whole influence of the nobility, gentry, and farmers with them. They all have the disposal of public charities; some of them to a very large amount. One of them has to dispense £75 per annum among a population of 606; while another has to dispense £102 per annum among a population of 412. They have all the schools without any exception in their hands. Very few of them do anything more than just the obligatory duties of their parishes; those who do are the conscientious Tractarians, who are punctilious in the observance of saints' days and the administration of Sacraments. The Rector of one parish has told me that he loathes Evangelical clergymen, and is happy to say that this neighbourhood is nearly free from them. I am not aware of there being more than one Evangelical clergyman within the radius in question. He himself says that he stands alone. In all of the parishes with which I am personally acquainted the preaching is ultra Tractarian. In many of the churches all the minutiae of St. George's in the East is carried out. The Rector of an adjoining parish does not care to conceal that he offers his morning devotions before the image of the Virgin. Several of the clergymen are notoriously loose livers. There are twelve national schools and various parish schools besides. The Wesleyans have 10 small chapels and three preaching rooms. These are feebly maintained, and in most cases only one Sabbath service is held. There is no resident Wesleyan minister. The Independents have two resident ministers. They have five chapels and two preaching rooms. No other denomination does anything at all."

Now, what a melancholy picture is this! Why, downright heathenism we can grapple with, but here the pernicious error of a soul-ruining system of religion is giving to the devil a possession which is far more to be dreaded than even the lusts of the flesh. We may meet the arch foe as a roaring lion, and have a fair stand-up fight; but who does not see the difficulty of dealing with him when he transforms himself into "an angel of light?" When we encounter the fulminations of the Vatican, we know where we are, and what we are doing; but when we cross the path of Dr. Pusey, he eludes us like a Will-o'-the-wisp, blighting the moral face of creation as he sweeps along, and leads his misguided followers to the Charon of eternal death.

Well, but the soul-destroying system must be met; and the enemy destroyed by the "brightness of His coming." "Enlighten," said Erasmus, "and the darkness will dispel of itself." "True," replied Luther, "*but we must carry the torch into the field of conflict, and God give us grace to hold forth there the Word of Life.*"

Now, this is just what we must do if we would evangelize the moral districts of England; and this is what Mr. Joshua Wilson proposes; what Mr. Morley advocates, what the Home Missionary Society exemplifies, and what every County Association must do if we would see England evangelized.

But on this subject let us hear a beloved brother now gone to his rest. At Blackburn, no one was more earnest than the late Mr. Addiscott, of Taunton, in support of evangelists ; but obliged to leave the ministry by a severe attack of illness, which ended fatally, he wrote to Mr. Morley the following letter :—

“Bowden, September 26th.

“My dear Sir,—I regret not being with you to-morrow ; the state of my health is the sole reason of my absence. The Evangelistic movement which you contemplate, in connection with the Home Missionary Society, if carried into effect, will, I am certain, be productive of great blessings to our rural districts. I introduced the plan into Somerset about five years since ; we are reaping the fruits ; we have four Evangelists connected with our Association ; others are sustained by the munificent liberality of one Christian friend. The Association agents are located by us in the centre of dark districts, of which I regret to say we have not a few. Our plan is to obtain from the district half the salary of the agents, the other half the Association supplies. We pay him his entire salary, and he is regarded as our agent. He is expected to employ six hours daily in domiciliary visitation ; also to preach, if places are found in the locality for that purpose. But he is sent not to wait for people to come to hear him preach, but to take the Gospel to the people there. When he has found an entrance into their homes, and his word an entrance into their hearts, they will attend his cottage or chapel service. The agent is expected to send a monthly report to a committee appointed to superintend this Evangelistic movement. He is not regarded as a pastor of a Church ; if he accepts that position, we at once withdraw our aid. Ordination to the Ministry is not thought of ; he is not expected to attach the title to his name ; he is the “messenger of the Church,” and proves himself to be “the glory of Christ.” The reports we receive are of a truly encouraging character. I will forward you a few as a specimen on my return to Taunton ; it would have afforded me pleasure to have propounded our entire plan to the meeting. Your secretary, Mr. Wilson, and Dr. Brown, know my views on the subject. I believe it is the plan, to prevent the increase of small Independent Churches, to diminish the number of Independent Ministers ; it is a mode of aggression which the clergyman of the parish finds greater difficulty in arresting and successfully opposing, than he does in preventing attendance at the little meeting-house. He too frequently succeeded against the latter, but how to overturn domiciliary visitation, when our agent has instructed the ignorant, comforted the afflicted, and directed the dying to Christ, he has yet to discover.

Whilst the agent, independently of the people, he is unfettered, and is without care, receiving his salary from the Association. It is a large subject ; but I am confident, that if we are to tell upon the rural districts of our Counties, it will not be by locating ministers in every small place, leaving them to the uncertain support of a few, but by placing Evan-

gelists in the centre of a cluster of villages, they being sustained by a recognised and responsible society.

"I write this hastily, after a journey, but was anxious to give you these few jottings, after hearing the announcement of your meeting to-morrow afternoon. The towns generally will take care of themselves; the rural districts are our difficulty.

"I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely,

"H. ADDISCOTT."

One of these agents, employed by another Association, occupies a field in East Devon, and is thus reported of by the County Association:—

"During the last year, the Association has engaged a devoted agent, who occupies a sphere in a very neglected part of East Devon, embracing nine villages, containing together several thousand inhabitants. His employment is visitation from house to house, distributing tracts, reading the Scriptures, with religious conversation and prayer, and holding prayer meetings when practicable and desirable. It appeared from the daily journal of the agent, that he had during the last six months read the Scriptures to 2,644 persons at different times, prayed with 194 sick persons, held seventeen meetings for prayer and reading the Scriptures, with the average attendance of twelve persons, distributed between 2,000 and 3,000 tracts, sold more than fifty Bibles and Testaments, and walked on an average seventy miles each week. He has met with but little opposition in his work, and in many parts with much encouragement; and his visits have been generally welcomed; and, in some cases, persons have spoken of looking forward to the day of his calling with pleasure. He visits once a fortnight Whimble, Aylesbear, Marsh Green, Rashbear, Talaton, Broad Clyst, Honiton Clyst, St. Mary Clyst, and Sawton."

This, then, is what we want. By all means keep up, and render more efficient all other agencies, but give us such Evangelists in every county of England, and we fear not either the popery of Protestantism or the popery of Rome.

But the question will now be asked, where are the men and where the money for this work? We answer, "Have faith in God." He has promised to "send forth labourers into the harvest." "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and "as our day is so shall our strength be." When the Israelites were shut in by a mountain range on the one hand, and the Red Sea on the other, while Pharaoh and his host were in their rear, they became alarmed; but Moses was commanded to "speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward;" and although to the eye of man this was to go to certain destruction, yet a pathway was made for them through the deep, and they passed to the other side. When the disciples of Jesus inquired, "Where wilt thou that we prepare the passover," they were at a loss to know how it was to be provided; but their Divine Master had moved the heart of a good man, who was in easy circumstances, to

furnish the provision ; and when they followed a man "bearing a pitcher of water into the house where he entered," they found all things ready. When the devoted followers of Christ went to the sepulchre, "they said among themselves, who shall roll away the stone ?" But when they reached the spot, "they saw that the stone was rolled away, although it was very great." And so, if we "go forward" in like faith ; if we obey Christ's commands to "go and preach the Gospel to every creature," as the first preachers obeyed them, and trust God where we cannot trace Him ; if we face emergencies without doubt, and do our duty, leaving consequences to the great Head of the Church, we shall find that many great stones of difficulty that disquieted us will disappear when we face them ; that rich men will provide the means, and poor men perhaps conduct us to where we may find a bountiful supply ; and that a pathway through every trial will be opened for us, until "the wilderness and the solitary place be made glad and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose."

Just think on what the late Thomas Wilson did, through faith. Hoxton was spiritually destitute, and he subscribed towards a new chapel £850 ; Holloway was a rising and inviting field without the means of grace, and he contributed for a chapel £1,000 ; Kentish Town was a moral waste, and he spent £1,000 in erecting a chapel there ; Tonbridge was an inviting sphere of Christian effort, and he gave £1,500 as his share of the costs of a new chapel ; Paddington presented its strong claims, and he spent in Paddington chapel £3,000 ; Claremont affected his heart, and to build a new and handsome place of worship there, he laid out £7,000 ; while Craven Chapel, in the important district of Oxford-street, enlisted his sympathies to the extent of £11,700. All this he did, besides helping most liberally the building of new chapels at Brentwood, Harwich, Reigate, Lynn, Guildford, Peterborough, Dudley, Rochford, Epsom, Dartmouth, Liskeard, Chertsey, Market Deeping, Tewkesbury, March, Oxford, Chatteris, Portsmouth, Derby, and Dover. He lent his money to the Lord, and getting back the most part of his first outlays, he spent the returns freely in support of other undertakings,—Colleges, ministers, all sharing the sympathies of his large heart, and the substantialities of his abundant, though limited means.

And now, when we need both men and money, his son, Joshua Wilson, advocates a new scheme of Home Evangelization worthy of his father's heart, and, doubtless, to be in like manner supported by his father's liberality : then we have Mr. Simpson, of Preston, at the Meeting in Blackburn, promising £100 a-year for three years : there is also Mr. Samuel Morley, earnestly and practically supporting the blessed work : and other Christian brethren ready to help out of their abundance ; while the Churches, if boldly appealed to, will soon be stirred up to sustain the cause of Home Evangelization as it has never been sustained before. Then as to men, "give us," as Mr. Binney said at Cheshunt, "the raw material ;" give us men with their hearts under the ruling power of the spirit of God, and let us realise in our prepara-

tory work that "a really living man is better than a perfectly framed automaton;"—this done, we shall have agents who shall make "the subjective power of life, the true condition of moral affections, which are far better than all tongues, propheysings, and gifts, or aught that could enrich the intellect separate from the life of God in the soul of man." That such men will be provided, and means raised to sustain the scheme, as each county may interpret it, which has been so hopefully set before the Churches, we no more doubt than that all God's promises will be fulfilled, seeing that, "they are yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

IX.

THE APOSTOLIC PRINCIPLES OF FINANCE.

"Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come. And when I come, whomsoever ye shall approve by your letters, them will I send to bring your liberality unto Jerusalem. And if it be meet that I go also, they shall go with me."—1 Cor. xvi. 1—4.

In this paper, let it be understood, we are treating only of the passage before us, and for this specific purpose, to show that it contains a method of Finance prescribed by the Divine Spirit, and enforced as a moral obligation by His authority, through the agency of the Apostle Paul.

We believe it to be in the highest degree probable that the method suggested by the passage before us was taught to the Apostles among the "all things" which the Lord Jesus commanded them to observe (Matt. xviii. 20), during His forty days' intercourse with them after His resurrection, and previous to His ascension; and was by them taught to the churches at their very formation; but that, for its place in the sacred record, we are indebted to those new circumstances in the history of the early churches, which required the interposition of the Divine Spirit to show the application of this pre-established method to the wants of those times; and are therefore willing to rest the whole force of the present argument upon the principles involved in the application of this method to those exceptional circumstances.

The case presented in these words is briefly this:—The saints at Jerusalem being exposed to grievous persecutions from their Jewish neighbours, lacked the necessaries of life. (*Vide* v. 4, with Acts xxi. 17, and onward to v. 22 of ch. xxiii.; and with Rom. xv. 25—27.

Also the phrase, "the collection for the saints," v. 1, with 2 Cor. viii. 4, and 2 Cor. ix. 1, as indicating the permanence of the necessities of the Jewish brethren, and corresponding permanence of the means adopted for their supply.) They were poor to starvation. Their wants excited the compassion of the far-off churches of Galatia, and the still more distant church at Corinth. The Corinthians had resolved on making a collection for them. In the course of this process they found difficulty, no doubt, from various causes. Some, it may be, were reluctant to aid at all, doubting whether they were really required to give; others were slow to give, because Paul seemed to be the leader of this movement, and he was no favourite of theirs; again, some demurred to the mode of raising the funds needed; others to the period or periods when the collection was made or expected to be forthcoming. At all events, such was the slow progress of the matter, that the executive of the church at Corinth felt they needed, and straightway sought advice from the inspired Paul. Amongst other matters in this Epistle on which his advice had been sought, he gives them counsel on this, speaking in the verses before us, "*concerning* the collection for the saints," as of a matter on which they expected to hear something from him.

He orders them to lay by at home, Sabbath by Sabbath, such contributions as each individual, judging from his circumstances, might deem proper to the occasion, giving as his reason for this plan, "that there might be no gatherings when he came." Thus all future neglect of the fund, through the coldness engendered by their divisions, would be avoided, each giving for himself unsolicited by any other, and each giving in private, all would be ready with their contributions when he came, and neither his followers nor those of any other party, would have occasion to complain of or glory over one another, with respect to the time when, or the person to whom, their contributions should be offered, or the amount each should give. Further, he directs them to appoint messengers to the church at Jerusalem to carry their contributions, promises to accompany them if it were necessary; but either way, insists that their own appointed messengers should go.

The *position* the Apostle assumes in this business is one of great prominence and power. So much so, that the tone of his language—the result of that position—has no parallel either in the Old or New Testament. In the brief compass of these few verses he appears in no less than four official characters. Foremost of all as a governor of the churches, for Christ and by the Holy Spirit—"I who have given an order on this subject to the churches of Galatia, hereby give order to you." Then he assumes the character of judge—"I decide that the method of contributing to these poor saints at Jerusalem, suited to the churches at Galatia, is suitable for you at Corinth!" Again he speaks as an advocate, adopting the language of exhortation, he pleads thus with them—"Let every one of you lay by him in store; as God hath prospered him." And yet again, feeling the responsibility of his position as an Apostle, and perceiving the bearing of his order on the

future welfare of the churches of Christ, he adopts the tone of the legislator, saying in effect—"If, when I come, I find you fail to adopt the method I enjoin, and hereby expose the churches to confusion and disorder, I shall go myself to Jerusalem, to explain and set in order the things that are wanting, and your messengers shall go with me."

It is necessary to observe these different attributes of the Apostle, as well as the mere facts of the historic record, if we would obtain an intelligent and correct view of the teachings of this Scripture on ecclesiastical finance. It was in the churches planted by the Apostles that the case of emergency in a matter of church finance arose, and it was a single Apostle who brought all the powers of law, precedent, and precept, to bear for its adjustment. This matter deserves the most thoughtful investigation, and requires the most elaborate treatment. Other and worthier labourers will follow us in this field. The considerations we offer are, and must needs be, in the present state of this question, preliminary.

Take this remarkable fact:—The Apostle Paul seems to have had the exclusive control of this matter. He alone was appealed to. The Corinthians leave the matter to his decision. The Galatians had accepted his authoritative injunctions. There is no calling together the other Apostles and elders for disputation before the multitude. He speaks with great decision and boldness on this matter, which of all others appears open to differences of opinion and practice. He speaks thus to the church at Corinth, though part of that church was divided against him. He speaks in like manner to the churches of Galatia, though they had openly avowed their doubts of his Apostleship. And he quotes his order to the churches of Galatia for the confirmation of the Corinthians, though they must have known how the Galatians undervalued his authority. Still more, he intimates his determination to visit Corinth, and report thereon to the church at Jerusalem. What could induce the modest and sensitive Apostle thus to expose himself to the possible opposition of the church—an opposition which, judging from the anxiety he avows in his second Epistle, he had some apprehension of? Was it not that he was constrained to write thus, because he wrote not by himself, but by the Spirit of God? This the Corinthians felt, and hence, as we also learn from 2 Cor. viii. and ix. they yielded to his authority. And their obedience attests and confirms the Divine validity of Paul's action, and at once affords strong presumption of its permanent value and authority.

Next we notice this remarkable fact—a simple matter of detail. This single collection for these poor saints is seized upon by the Divine Spirit as a suitable occasion for the issuing of a mandate to the Churches, clothed with authority from himself. In no other part of Scripture is Divine authority exhibited with so much prominence. The "thus saith the Lord" of the prophets, is weak compared with the "I order you" of Paul the Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. That is the language of appeal; this of imperative injunction. Not less

weak comparatively in authority are the injunctions of the Mosaic ceremonial. They assign a definite temporal penalty; this leaves the disobedient exposed to an indefinite amount of the Divine displeasure. Even the moral law of the Ten Commandments, stripped altogether of their legal form in the New Testament, cannot compare for authoritativeness with the injunction of Paul, for they appeal at once to our moral sense, while this derives its authority from the bare fact that it is enjoined. Still more strongly does it contrast with the winning and affectionate exhortations addressed by the same Apostle on other subjects, to those who rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free! Wherefore? Unless it be to secure attention and obedience to a practice the importance of which was perceived by the Spirit of God, but from its nature in danger of being neglected or overlooked by us, and would not be likely, in the absence of all Divine authority, to prevail. If then Divine authority be put forth to enforce a practice which might not otherwise prevail, the question of our individual submission to that authority demands earnest and devout attention.

Again we observe, as altogether peculiar, the quoting of precedent—the Churches of Galatia—in connection with the issuing of law. Either alone without the other would have sufficed for the direction of the Church at Corinth in this particular circumstance. Paul could as easily have ordered the Corinthians to lay by upon the first day of the week as the Galatians, avoiding, as he surely might have done, any reference to the Galatian order. That done, the matter in hand would have been settled. So also would it have been if, as an inspired Apostle, he had simply directed them to imitate the example of the Galatians. What purpose, then, does he serve by combining the powers of law and precedent? Manifestly this—that while either law or precedent would have served his purpose with respect to this particular collection for this specific object, neither alone would have any weight as a perpetual obligation. The poor saints once supplied, law or precedent would alike lose its force.

Not so, however, now that he has connected law and precedent,—i.e. the authority of law with the light of circumstances. Precedent can have no permanent influence in the absence of law. Repeal law, and the quoting of precedent becomes simply narration of fact. But quote precedent from one country to another, and at the same time re-issue the law under which the precedent quoted occurred, as the Apostle in this case has done, and you establish a new and permanent law for that land, which, though the immediate occasion for its introduction passes away, will remain in force, awaiting the next occasion which may call forth its power. Thus while both law and precedent acquire force only through the existence of circumstances in which they can operate, so long as any circumstances do exist to which such law and precedent—which is but an example of law in operation—can be applied, so long will they both retain their original vitality and power.

If, then, in human government, law and precedent are awakened into activity whenever circumstances occur to which they can be applied, how much more in Divine! For what are circumstances but the parchments of Deity, on which he inscribes afresh the laws by which He governs his spiritual kingdom among men, as often and as constantly as circumstances occur? And what are the recorded circumstances of the primitive Churches but those special occasions which the Divine Spirit is pleased to take advantage of for the establishment of those laws of Church action, which having to do not only with the guiding and controlling of the impulses of the heart, but, in addition, the operation of the hand, needed the permanence given to them in the inspired records, because they call for obedience in matters which, apart from such recorded intimations of the Divine will, must have been left to the caprices of the human will?

So long, therefore, as there was a first day of the week to be observed, and so long as contributions were required by any Church for any purpose whatsoever, would that first day of the week remain marked out to the eyes of the primitive Christian with all the prominence which Divine authority could give it, as the day sacred to contributory purposes.

And if to them, why not to us? Our circumstances correspond in all essential points to those of the primitive Christians. The Sabbath is still recognised. Churches exist who uphold it. The Churches have expenses to meet for themselves, and claims upon them for others. The neglect of the practice of contribution, Sabbath by Sabbath, is in our own eyes disobedience to the Divine Spirit — disobedience through ignorance, if you will, but disobedience still.

But the text does not rest the argument here. The Divine Spirit has guided his servant to expound this matter to us in connection with the glorious fact of our Lord's resurrection, so ably argued by the Apostle in the former chapter. This matter of finance being one on which the Corinthians expected a message from him, he might have introduced it in any other part of the Epistle, disconnected from his argument on the resurrection. This is the more probable, as they do not appear to have expected his argument on this subject, and probably had not before perceived the connection which he has established between the resurrection and this method of finance. Is it not highly significant that he first clears out of the way all the painful subjects on which his duty and their interests had led him to expatiate, and, still holding this matter of finance in reserve, first introduces the argument on the resurrection, and then says in effect, — "Now that these other questions are disposed of, and now, too, that I have proved to you the fact of Our Lord's resurrection, and from thence the certainty of your own resurrection, and in so doing have revived and brightened all your prospects of felicity in eternity, and re-established your faith in the present love and present care of your once-crucified, but still loving and living Redeemer, I will answer your inquiry 'concerning the collection for the saints.'"

How significant, how laden with Gospel motives, how impressively appropriate, after such an introduction, is the authoritative appointment of the first day of the week as the day most suitable for the exercise of the grace of Christian liberality. Are not all those feelings of holy joy which do and should fill the hearts of Christians on that day—that glad and happy day which with joyful exultation we term “the Lord’s Day”—just the feelings which do and ought to excite to Christian liberality, and to render its exercise a privilege and a joy? If gold ever appears sordid, surely it is on that day when it is as it were weighed against the love of Christ. The Apostle’s Corinthian “Now” altogether apart, ought we not most gladly to adopt the first day as the best of all the seven for contributing for the support and extension of the kingdom of our adorable Redeemer, and the welfare of the souls for whom he both died and rose, supposing, in the absence of the revealed will of God, we could have devised this method, and perceived the appropriateness of adopting it?

But now that the Holy Spirit has been pleased to reveal it, does it not appear as if, so far from fastening any bondage upon us, by this authoritative injunction, he is manifesting a most gracious regard for our liberty. For the act of liberality performed in the spirit of holy gladness on the resurrection day, becomes a privilege and joy—gives vitality to our faith in the fact of our Lord’s resurrection—is a means of quickening and enlivening our perceptions of His present life in heaven for us—and enables us to feel that in us is fulfilled the prophecy, “*To Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba.*” Such at least must have been the impression of the Corinthians, who having lost somewhat of their faith in their own resurrection, were beginning to lose faith in the resurrection of Christ, when, being taught by the Holy Spirit, the Apostle, having reassured them of both the one and the other, ordained the recurrence of the act of liberality on the resurrection day. Their contributions now became the manifestation of the reality of their faith, the works by which faith was made evident; and thus the whole duty of liberality—a duty which our depraved nature regards as burdensome on any day—is delivered from the bondage of law, and associated with the delightful exercise of faith in a risen and glorified Redeemer. Oh, Christians! beware how you lightly esteem the arrangements of the Divine Spirit! Rather accept them with gratitude and confidence, though their import be not fully comprehended, believing that He is not less willing to encourage the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free, than we are to contend for it.

Further, we invite attention to the instructive combination of inspired authority with inspired exhortation. Leaving for the moment the phrase, “Upon the first day of the week,” under the protection of Divine authority, we turn to the language of persuasion and admonition, “Let every one of you lay by him as God hath prospered him.” This language implies that the act of liberality was already resolved upon by many, if not most of the Corinthians—that the opportunity to give is conceded without exception to all as a privilege—it also

states the principle which should regulate the amount to be contributed, and directs the practice of private storing of weekly contributions.

It is, we conceive, this last point—the private storing—that is associated with the special Divine authority, speaking in the phrase, “Upon the first day of the week.” The other part of the exhortation did not require it. The duty of liberality, the privilege of liberality, and the universality of that duty and privilege, are urged in many other parts of Scripture, and on purely moral grounds. But the practice of private storing, as a matter of detail lying beyond the sphere of conscience, did require authority to enforce it, and revelation to unfold it. In the absence of such revealed authority, we might never have thought of it, or if so, might have lightly esteemed and neglected it. At all events there could have been no hope of its uniform and permanent adoption—the very thing the Apostle is aiming to promote. Nothing could be clearer to the Corinthians than the duty of practising private storing for this specific object—the poor saints. Nothing different from this would meet their case. Why then is this phrase, “Lay by him in store,” classed among and interwoven with the other parts of the exhortation, which appeal to the moral sense, and are elsewhere most fully taught? Is it not (1st) that the Divine Spirit would give the practice of private storing the weight of His authority? and (2nd) that He would at the same time relieve us from the bondage of ceremonial law, by leaving the special objects to which that store shall be applied, and the time when that store shall be treasured up, to be determined by circumstances, and the practice of storing at all so far open, that any one unable to practice it should be free from blame? In a word, it is to establish private storing as a *general* rule, not as an inflexible law. Just as with the Sabbath, while we have general law in the Old Testament, and precedent in the New, none would feel themselves blameworthy, were circumstances to render its observance morally impossible. Otherwise, the relief of the poor saints attained, it would appear as if the phrase, “Lay by him in store,” might be dropped, and the word “contribute” substituted. But granting this extraordinary liberty with the *sacred* text, the next similar case of difficulty which might have occurred among them, would have required a fresh appeal to the Apostle. Is it not far more natural and reasonable to conclude, that as circumstances led them to see the application of Divine authority to the practice of private storing for one specific object, circumstances would also lead them to see the application of Divine authority to this practice for other specific objects? To the Corinthians, this injunction to “lay by in store” would have all the force of moral law.

The authority of the Divine Spirit having once given the practice all the force of moral law, it can never be abrogated, so long as there are any circumstances in the history of any Christian individual to which it can be applied. Still it will be said, individual judgment and feeling must decide whether there are any such circumstances. Be it so. But hence arises the necessity of retaining this phrase as it stands

and where it stands, for if it were removed, we should cut off the opportunity to exercise individual discretion, and hence also the wisdom of classing it amongst others involving moral considerations, to afford us the liberty to exercise our judgment and feelings in relation to it. Neither is there anything arbitrary or far-fetched in this interpretation; for it is the only one which gives consistency to the appearance of this phrase in the verse at all. The Apostle is not insisting so much on either the privilege or duty of contributing, as upon the mode in which that duty shall be performed. Take away that phrase, or nullify it, and all else the verse teaches may be learnt elsewhere.

But if private storing be established as a *general* law only, what advantage do we gain? This:—that this practice is known to have received the stamp of the Divine Spirit's approval, with a view to our observance of it. Introduced to the Churches of Galatia by express positive injunction, confirmed by precedent to the Church at Corinth, still further confirmed as precept obeyed to the after-practice of the Corinthians, it is commended with all the power of law, precedent, and precept combined, to the subsequent observance of the universal Church, subject only to the modification of such circumstances as are exceptional in the life of every individual. Thus has the inspired Apostle Paul solved for the Church of Christ in all ages the problem, how to originate a law of eccle-iaistical finance, purely circumstantial in its nature, which shall yet be free from the bondage of circumstances in its universal application—a law, therefore, which shows for itself its own adaptation to Gospel times.

One other circumstance confirmatory of the whole argument remains to be noticed—the legislative power of the Apostle. He not only gives an order, but chooses the circumstances amid which that order shall be made public, and afterwards claims to superintend and control the events which the first issue of the law might originate. When writing to the churches of Galatia, he writes privately. The order, whatever its form, as given to them, is not given to the Corinthians and to ourselves. Knowing their tendency to perpetuate the yoke of Jewish law, guided by the Divine Spirit, he saw they were not the people to receive this law of liberty in a form which should make evident its application to less judicial Christians. But when he writes to Corinth, knowing their fondness for liberty, he gives this law to them in a public form, as if he felt that their's were circumstances in which he could secure for it, by the form in which he could give it them, the attention and claim to observance of the Universal Church. At the same time, being apprehensive of their somewhat unbridled spirit, he seeks to prevent the failure of the law after it had been publicly issued, by informing them he should come to them to test their obedience, and if necessary take their messengers under his control and go with them to Jerusalem. And though his concern for the success of this appeal scarcely restrained him from expressing, in the form of a threat, his desire to visit them, yet that appeal having been responded to, we never hear of his interference with the messen-

gers who went up to Jerusalem with the collection from Corinth. In the face of evidence which such facts as these supply, who can doubt that the Apostle sought anything less than the universality and permanence of the method of Church Finance he propounds, while the extraordinary powers with which he was entrusted, form our best proof of the significance and value of the method, and his sparing us of them our best guarantee that that method, while obligatory, is so in a form which allows us gratefully to recognise its worth, and reverently to adopt its principles.

X.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AND THE ITALIANS.

THE star of Garibaldi is again in the ascendant, and thousands have rallied round his standard. Victor Emmanuel is on his way to Naples, and ten thousand voices bid him God speed. The arms of the one, and the progress of the other, are identified with the freedom and the elevation of a noble people. Humanity has her chartered rights, and these she will assert. The foot of pride or of tyranny may trample for a time on these rights; but just as the Numidean lion rises in the morning, and shakes the dew-drops from his mane, will humanity free itself from oppression and from wrong. Heaven is always on the side of the oppressed and the injured; and He never fails to call up those who in themselves embody and express the popular will—to whom the people can look up, and in whom they can confide; to whom they are prepared to give up their own will, and whose one will they will implicitly follow; and in whom they can discover, or think they discover, those qualities which fit them pre-eminently to be the deliverers and the saviours of the suffering and the enslaved. Such men occupy a higher sphere of thought and action; but a sphere which has been created for them by the very people in whose behalf they think and act. If the people had nothing to express, and nothing to effect, these representative men would have no existence; their voice would never be heard; their arm would never be raised; their soul would never be moved. They have only caught the echo of some myriad tongues; and, taking the spirit of the age as their only pedestal, they dare to ask for suffering humanity, all for which that humanity is panting

and waiting. It is true that the spirit of the age belongs to, and animates the whole body of the people; but they need a medium through which to express their will; and this medium can be found only in those who stand above them, and who, from this height, have the command over them.

On this principle, Garibaldi is the embodiment of Italy. Italy is represented and expressed in him; and for Italy he lives. Like all great men, he so far gives up self as to lose it in the common good; but, in seeking to work out this common good, he, like all great men again, so retains his own individuality as to rise above every popular prejudice, and every vulgar obstacle, and pursue an independent line of action. While he is the exponent of the will of the many, it is only as that will is subject to his own, and in harmony with it, that he can give, to the thought and the feeling which he represents, the utterance and the embodiment which it would not, and could not otherwise have found. It follows, however, that in proportion to his representative character, will be the difficulties and the dangers which beset his path. While he must be in union and sympathy with those who come not into view, before he can either speak in their name, or reveal their life, or work out their good; yet these are the very parties who may stand as an obstacle in his way, and thus make it imperative in him, as a leader, to assert his own will and choose his own course, in the face of all opposition.

There are those who were distrustful of Garibaldi as a military leader; but he has proved himself such a master of the field, and in the most critical moment, as for ever to silence every unbelieving voice. He is every inch a soldier; while his military skill has challenged the admiration of the most experienced and the most advanced in the profession of arms. To compare him with Washington is not to do him justice. There is little in common in the men, as men, while the position occupied by the one has little, if any, resemblance to that which has been taken by the other. Washington had a much easier task to perform than Garibaldi; but, if a final victory sit on the helmet of the Italian patriot, his name will be pronounced with at least equal reverence, and his memory cherished with equal affection, as that of the great American citizen. But others take objection to him because of the hesitancy of his step and the slowness of his movements. It is the part of all higher wisdom not to be precipitate; and Garibaldi can afford to bide his time. Hitherto he has never failed to act when action could be justified; nor will he be found wanting, in the future, either in prudence or in service. He has a work to do, of whose magnitude

and moment he is fully conscious ; but it must be left to himself how to do it, and at what time. As Cousin reminds us, we cannot produce the great man before his time, and we cannot make him die before his time ; we cannot displace nor advance him, nor put him back ; we cannot continue his existence, and replace him, for he existed only because he had his work to do. Nor must we overlook the fact, that when his work is done he can exist no longer, because there is no longer anything for him to do.

We cannot deny that Italian affairs are more than ever complicated and perplexing. The King of Naples is not yet dislodged from his former possessions, though it is conceived that nothing would be more easy than to force him from his present position. Spain offers him a temporary home, in the hope and belief that he will yet regain his lost dominions. But the prayers of the free are not in his favour ; nor can we think that Heaven will prosper the cause of a man who has trodden the dignity and the glory of humanity in the dust. Austria is trying to get up a sort of friendship in the Court of St. Petersburg ; and even Prussia is looking in the same direction, in the expectation that from thence succour may come in the hour of apprehended danger. France is taking care of the Holy Father, pouring additional troops into the Papal States, to shield them from evil ; and yet, on the principle of non-intervention, offering neither let nor hindrance to the onward movements of Garibaldi, nor even to the more recent progress of Victor Emmanuel. The poor old Pope is like a bull in the net. He longs to get free ; but how to effect his freedom he knows not ; and then in some more pious mood and moment, he affects all the heroism of the martyr. Napoleon had hoped that the approach of the Piedmontese would have frightened him into flight, and that when Garibaldi proclaimed the freedom of Italy from the Quirinal, and when in the name of that freedom his Royal Master took possession of South Italy, he might come in for a division of the spoil. Everything clearly intimates that the Emperor of the French is only waiting for the propitious moment when he can prefer his claim. What is likely to satisfy him ? Is it likely that he would accept anything less or more limited than the whole of the territory now covered by his arms ? *Punch* was not far wrong in his etching, in which he recently represented the Emperor, in his interview with the Pope, advising him to make his flight, and leave his temporalities in his imperial hands, with the promise of seeing after those little earthly affairs for him. If the Emperor has no ulterior object in view, and if in his heart he longs to see the Head of the Church

stript of his temporal power, we cannot conceive how he can justify the retention of his troops in Rome, far less his sending additional troops into the Papal States. We have never felt inclined to join in the outcry against the Emperor for treachery and hypocrisy, but his present attitude is rather significant. Whether there is any secret understanding between him and the King of Sardinia, into which secret Garibaldi has been admitted, we are not prepared to say. What more peculiarly strikes us, is his studied and continued reserve on the true Italian question. France, not Italy, is the great enigma for Europe. We can guess and conjecture enough, but nothing is certain or assuring. While England—no, not England, but one of England's Ministers, has given it forth, that Venetia is to be preserved intact to Austria, rather than Italian unity be perfected. What!—is all Italy to be sacrificed to Venetia, which is rather the weakness than the strength, or even support of Austria? This is not the language of the brave-hearted English people. Their sympathies are not with Austria, but with Italy—not with slaves, but with free men. They love not war; and they have no delight in blood; but if the freedom of nations can be effected at no less costly sacrifice—if such be the ransom for enslaved and degraded humanity—then we say the boon is worthy of the price. The world has had show enough, and sham enough, any more to take the shadow for the substance, the semblance for the reality, the dead form for the living soul. In the favour of Italy, the fiat has gone forth—"Loose her, and let her go!"—and nothing short of her universal freedom and perfect unity can we now accept. Better that she should now present her shield to the enemy, than degrade that shield by compromise or retreat. Let her only be true to herself, in this her great crisis, and soon it shall be acknowledged through all lands, that her redemption is accomplished.

It is matter of profound regret that there should be even the semblance of misunderstanding among the notable band of Italian patriots—especially between Garibaldi in the field, and Cavour in the Cabinet. Noble men both they are, and illustrious. Can it be that the General is envious of the power of the Minister; or that the Minister begrudges the General the merit of his military skill, and the glory of his conquests? Great men have their weaknesses; but is it possible that these two men are prepared to sacrifice a nation's life and liberty to little personal jealousies? Garibaldi is great in the field, and Cavour is great in the Cabinet; but neither of them is in the position to exchange places. The soldier would make but a sorry minister; and the minister would only disgrace the field.

Each has his sphere, and in that sphere his appropriate duties. Let each have faith in the other, and let each believe that the other is one with him in purpose, end, and aim, and both will be rewarded with the most magnificent results. If Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi, are united and of one mind in this Italian business, their success is not only certain, but near at hand. Jealousy and alienation among themselves will paralyse the faith of the nation ; then, if distrusted without and divided within, their counsels and their conquests will prove alike abortive ;—the sacred cause of freedom will perish in their very grasp ; and the people whom they professed to represent, and whose redemption they promised to effect, instead of rising up to call them blessed, will execrate their name and their memory for ever. But we forebode no such evil. In the union and co-operation of these three men, we have the pledge of Italian life and unity. Let the Powers of Europe say or do what they will, they will find themselves powerless in the struggle with Freedom. To her belongs the shield of the Cherubim, and the power of the Highest is on her side. Still the people must be united as well as their leaders ; and in these leaders they must repose an implicit faith. The will of the many, we repeat, must be given up to the will of the few :—it may be to one individual sovereign will, whose regency is indispensable to ruling. In any such serious struggle, the people cannot judge of causes otherwise than from their effects. They can trace sequences to their antecedents, but of the antecedents themselves they can best judge by results. We hope, therefore, that nothing will come in to distract or divide the Italian people. To gain the prize now set before them is worth any sacrifice. Their freedom will inaugurate the freedom of the world.

If the Pope were to leave Rome—and nothing is more likely—the Emperor of the French would have no pretext, nor shadow of pretext, for keeping his soldiers there even one hour longer. Should he not withdraw them, the conflict would then come to be between French sovereignty and Italian unity. The two could not possibly co-exist. If in any part of the Italian States the French rule were to be established, it would inevitably involve a divided Italy. Garibaldi is right in aiming at nothing less than an Italian kingdom, based on the freest and the purest institutions. A Republic will not do ; for no democracy can exist without the greatest degree of virtue or moral element : and of this Italy cannot boast. Nor will it do to have a divided sovereignty. Conflicting elements might at any moment come into play ; and the battle of Italian freedom would have to be fought on a lower vantage ground, with unspeakably

increased hazard to the sacred interests of humanity. It is under this apprehension that Garibaldi makes his ultimate aim the recovery of all Italy, not excepting Rome and Venetia. Italy must be one; and until this unity be realized, the Patriot's work will not be done. Nor does the taking of Rome necessarily involve the expulsion, or even the departure of the Holy Father. It would strip him, as a prince, of his temporal power; but he might still remain the head of the Church: but whether his mitre would be so coveted when severed and separated from the crown, is another question. The loss of temporal dominion would soon be followed by a diminution of spiritual power; and the decrease of both would soon be followed by the decay and dissolution of the whole Papal system. If France is pledged to the Pope only as the head of the Church, and if Victor Emmanuel has no intention of disturbing the Holy Father in his sacred office, then on no possible pretence can France oppose the onward movement of Garibaldi and the Piedmontese. France has advised the Pope to renounce his temporalities; and, since Sardinia holds sacred his priestly character and functions, we see not why the great Dictator should not, ere long, plant his standard on the Roman hill, and, in the city of the Cæsars, proclaim at once the liberty and the unity of Italy!

While the ink is yet flowing from our pen, the votes are being counted for the annexation of Southern Italy to the Kingdom of Sardinia; and so impatient are we of the result that even the telegraphic wires seem slow and tardy in their work. But of the final issue there can be no doubt. The will of the people will express itself with a distinctness and a firmness not to be misunderstood. They are panting with untold desire for whatever is involved in the sacred name of Freedom; and now that the mighty boon is within their grasp, we can scarcely conceive that they will deem it unworthy of their vote, or throw it from them as a thing of nought. Blood has been shed for it; and surely that blood will not be counted as an unholy thing by the very people for whom it has been so patriotically poured out. So far as the vote has yet been exercised, and the will of the people has been ascertained, it is emphatically and unmistakeably in favour of annexation. And when the wires of the telegraph shall convey to us the final results of the popular will, these results, we have no doubt, will make the heart of a free humanity throb and thrill with joy. The division of Italy has been her curse from of old; and when, in these recent enterprises and conquests, there were those who would have impelled Garibaldi into the most precipitous action—action which would have been

fatal to Italian unity, the people looked wistfully to Victor Emmanuel, and with him, under God, it remained to ward off the evil. Hence his own strong words:—"All Italians turned to me that I might avert the danger. It was my duty to do it; because in the present emergency it would be no moderation, no wisdom, but weakness and imprudence, not to take with a strong hand the direction of this national movement, for which I am responsible before Europe." For the time, he is the embodiment and expression of the will of the Italian people, and if he be true to their mighty cause, he may feel calmly confident that their life and blood will come between him and every despotic power in Europe.

But can it be that the present movement in favour of Italian unity is to disturb the peace of Europe? What means this rupture of the diplomatic relations between Russia and Sardinia? Does the Czar really mean to oppose himself to the spirit of Italian independence? Does he imagine that by proffering his hand and his help to Austria, he can invite Austria to open a European campaign, and thus absorb Italian interests in the wide-spread *mêlée*? And is Austria so infatuated and so mad as to rush into war with no other and better succour? Her present conduct is scarcely intelligible. Are the troops which she is now pouring into Venetia sent thither simply for defence? Is she prepared to abide by the principle of non-intervention? Is she willing to make a sacrifice on the altar of Freedom, and for the peace of nations? Has she no hostile design—no selfish end in view? Is she only kept in check by the supreme power of France?—and will Napoleon remain neutral and inactive? Would she attempt nothing to stem the tide which has set in with such force in favour of the Italian people? We blame Russia; and we have no faith in Austria. The thrones of despotism are being once more shaken. The reel and the rock of the earthquake is being felt; and the proud oppressors of humanity are trembling for fear. There is retribution even in this world, and a righteous vengeance overtakes the guilty. It is but recently that the pride of Russia was humbled in the Crimea, and that the internal weakness of Austria stood revealed in the light of day. And are these two Powers now disposed to throw down the gauntlet to the free States of Europe? We may admire their courage, but their defeat is inevitable. Can it be that Austria is disposed to enter into negotiations with France, in order to bring about a pacific solution of the Italian question? Or can it be that in case of failure, Austria will resort to arms, in concert with her allies? In either case, she will find that the stars are fighting against her, and the depth of her humiliation will correspond with the height of her ambition.

Brief Notices.

WHY SHOULD WE PRAY FOR FAIR WEATHER? A Sermon preached in Eversley Church, August 26th, 1860. By Chas. Kingsley, M.A. &c. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

THE Prayer for Fair Weather which, in accordance with request of ecclesiastical authority, was read in the majority of the congregations of the Anglican State Church in August last, was not read by "Charles Kingsley, M.A. Vicar of Eversley." The reasons which led Mr. Kingsley into this breach of episcopal order and unity, and which fortified him in it, he announces, and, as best he may, vindicates in a sermon now before us. This work ought, then, to have been entitled not as it is—"Why Should We Pray?" &c., but "Why Should I, Charles Kingsley, not Pray for Fair Weather?" It is due, however, to Mr. Kingsley to state, that his errantry is of a very qualified sort. It has nothing in it of the nature of a protest against human control in things spiritual. No; Mr. Kingsley is reverently obedient to his ecclesiastical superiors, and is not of, and has no sympathy with, those schismatics who constitute the army of Dissent. "I feel," he says, "that I cannot conscientiously use this prayer which I am requested to utter. I believe that were I to do so, I should mock God, and I do not wish to do (so), unless I am commanded by my bishop, in which case my duty is to obey orders; but I do shrink from praying for fine weather on my own responsibility." There is no danger of the man who can venture thus to write, being accused, or congratulated upon anything approaching to an assertion of spiritual independence. And Mr.

Kingsley's fear lest he should be ranked among the contemners of episcopal authority, must indeed have been great ere he could have employed words which, we firmly believe, few even of Churchmen will homologate. We are all familiar with that modern theory of advocacy which holds that a man, when he has donned the habiliments of the bar, is not only entitled but bound to disregard the pleadings of his conscience, inasmuch as, having incorporated himself with the "machinery" of the law, the question of right and wrong is thenceforth no question for him; and many within the last few months have been scandalised by the spectacle of a Dissenting civic dignitary protesting in the name of conscience against a contemplated general local ecclesiastical tax for the benefit of the clergy of a particular Church, and then, on the tax being imposed by Parliament, publicly declaring that because this unjust thing had become law, it was his duty, as a public official, to sink his personal opinions and carry out to the letter of the Act its oppressive, nay, thievish details. It has been reserved, however, for a minister of the Gospel to confess this offensive and perilous principle of the non-responsibility of office in its most offensive and perilous form. We shrink from the assertion of official irresponsibility, but we shudder at a confession from an ecclesiastical subordinate of a readiness to trample upon conscience, and mock the grace of Heaven if his bishop so wills.

Mr. Kingsley objected to read the prayer on two grounds; and lest we should unwittingly do him injustice in stating these in our own words, we will quote those in which they are

expressed by Mr. Kingsley himself. They are these :—

"First, I do not know that the prayer is needed; it speaks of the rain as a punishment. Therefore, I see no reason to use it unless we are sure that these particular rains now falling are a plague and a punishment; and of that I have no proof. I have rather proof to the contrary.

"Secondly, I am afraid of being presumptuous. Either we expect that our prayers will alter the weather, or we do not. If we do not expect it, we are presumptuous in praying this prayer, for we are simply mocking God. And if we do expect it, are we not somewhat presumptuous also? I know little or nothing about the weather, and God knows all. . . . We know little as yet about the laws of the weather; but this we know more and more certainly, that it has laws; that even in this variable climate of England, the rules of weather are really fixed and perpetual. . . . Would it be good for us to alter them? I think not. For if I dare not set up my wisdom against God's, shall I again set up my benevolence against God's?"

This second reason, if we understand it, is in brief this :—The weather depends upon fixed and invariable laws. It is, therefore, at least futile to petition Heaven that the weather may be other than it actually is and must necessarily be. But such a prayer is more than futile, it is presumptuous, inasmuch as the sphere of our vision is so circumscribed that we cannot with certainty say that any particular weather is hurtful, and is an impeachment of God's fatherly care, inasmuch as we are ever and fully cared for on high.

But passing from these considerations of the greatness of human ignorance and the perfect benevolence of God, with this single remark, that they are emasculated of their moral power when thus adduced to reconcile us to the paralysing doctrine of fate, for the partial here leads, we think, logically to the absolute—we observe, that this belief in fixed and perpetual

law is irreconcilable with the first ground of objection. If such laws exist, and it be therefore needless to pray in the teeth of them, then weather sent for punishment must also occur under their operation, and it becomes worse than meaningless to Mr. Kingsley's party to protest by implication that had he been possessed of proof that the weather, for whose removal he was requested to pray, was of a punitive nature, he would have joined his prayers with those of his Conforming brethren.

Further than we have written, we do not consider Mr. Kingsley's opinions upon prayer a legitimate subject for present remark. He has, it is true, given breath to an opinion which leads logically to others that are antagonistic to the leading doctrines of Christianity. But happily, within the compass of the same leaves, he has implicitly professed a faith with which that opinion is irreconcilable. We cannot, however, leave this subject without expressing our profound concern that a gentleman holding Mr. Kingsley's position in the Church, should either rest satisfied with imperfect and jarring notions upon a leading Christian duty and privilege, or expose himself to adverse criticism by an inadequate and misleading exposition of, it may be, better ones.

THE CHRISTIAN TEMPLE: a Sermon Preached on the occasion of the Re-opening of St. Anne's Church, Dublin, on Sunday, August 12th, 1860. By Hercules H. Dickinson, A.M. Vicar, Examining Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. Hodges, Smith, and Co. 1860.

IF Mr. Dickinson had never printed another sermon, this one alone is enough to commend the clearness and Scripturalness of his views regarding the nature and worship of a Christian Church. The Church edifice is a synagogue, and its worship, prayer and praise; not a gorgeous temple,

with its bloody or "unbloody sacrifice," its altar and its sacrificing priests. Nevertheless, it is to the Christian all that the temple was, and much more.

"When I said just now, that our places of Christian worship correspond, not with the Temple, but with the synagogues of Jewish days, some may have feared lest what I said should encourage irreverence, and should tend to the confounding of distinctions between churches and secular unconsecrated buildings. I cannot think, however, that to explain the real nature of distinctions is to confound them. On the contrary, I am persuaded that he cannot maintain a really sound, discriminating reverence, except upon true grounds. I believe that he cannot promote such reverence in others, nor fix it with any steadiness in ourselves, except by dispelling *superstition*, and the mistakes that lead to superstition.

"We do, then, count this building sacred. And why? Simply because this is the place where we have been used to claim Christ's promise of being in the midst of us, and because we believe He has fulfilled that promise here. Here we have praised God with joyful lips. Here, in the fear of God, we have worshipped toward His holy temple in the heaven of heavens; here burdened hearts have laid their burdens down, and wounded spirits have been healed; here wanderers have been brought back to God; and some, we hope, have been, through the blessing of God, built up in their most holy faith. Here we have commemorated our Saviour's dying love; within these Courts He has drawn near to us, and we to Him."

There is a delightful vein of pastoral earnestness pervading this sermon, which we are glad to recognise. The pulpit is the platform on which to set forth the highest forms of Christian truth, and whether that truth be proclaimed within the walls of a cathedral, or in a poor man's cottage, or under the open canopy of heaven, it is of equal value and effect.

REGENERATION—being Five Discourses. By Daniel Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta; Daniel de Superville; George Payne, LL.D.; John Caird, D.D.; R. H. Seeley.

GOODLY PEARLS; or, Choice Extracts from Christian Writers. London: The Religious Tract Society, Paternoster-row.

It will not be the fault of the Tract Society if the mind of England drift away from the old orthodox faith. Their press is now teeming with works to which the veriest stickler for orthodoxy can take no possible objection, and it speaks well for the religious taste of the country, that their works can in this day of intellectual refinement and sentimentalism obtain such a wide circulation.

The subject embraced in the first of these little volumes is one of vital moment, and yet it is astonishing how little has been published in a direct form on this great doctrine of Scripture. Nor is the subject exhausted even in these five discourses, which are the productions of men of widely different mental characteristics, and no two of whom look at the subject from the same point of view; yet all of them perfectly agree as to the nature of the change which is involved in the act of regeneration, and ascribe it to the same Spirit of grace and power. No one can mistake this teaching. And the volume is a very appropriate sequel to that lately published on the "Atonement."

The title of the second volume might mislead the reader. The phrase "goodly pearls," as used by our Lord in one of His parables, conveys a far different sense from that which is here expressed or intended. Our Lord represents a man in pursuit of the Supreme Good, and parting with all for its sake; while the human words and sayings here strung together, are intended only to tell the reader where and how the one pearl of great price may be found. From the writers of three centuries these Extracts have been taken, and as a compilation of

human thoughts and utterances it is of no little value.

MAN'S RESTORATION, BY RECONCILIATION WITH GOD, THROUGH CHRIST; with Special Reference to the Teaching of George Fox. By William Brown, Jun. London: A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate Without. 1860.

THIS is the production of a man who is himself an avowed member of the Society of Friends; but who thinks that the position of the Society is, at the present moment, rather a peculiar one. While admitting the strong attachment of the more thoughtful among them to the Body, he yet confesses, that "perhaps it would be difficult to find in any other religious body the same amount of dissatisfaction co-existent with the same degree of attachment;" that "there are many who are not brought within reach of the attractive power of their fellowship;" that "its strength somewhere fails, or rather something is wanting to bring them within the circle of its influence." In searching out the cause of this, he affirms "that in most cases of the preaching of Friends, there is a great want of the clear statement of doctrinal truth;" that "the uninviting character of many of the writings of the Society is such that they are not much read by many of the members, notwithstanding the repeated exhortations they receive to do so;" that "the religious reading general amongst a large class of the members is almost entirely that of other religious societies;" that the phrase, "justified by faith," is one, "it might be supposed, forbidden the lips of a Friend;" that whilst "sanctification by the Holy Ghost is still dwelt upon by ministers, it is as the means rather than the consequence of reconciliation with God through Christ's blood;" and that if the Society is to exist, it must follow the steps of its Founder, it must "present the Gospel to man,

simply as Christ has given it to us through His Apostles, lest anything should cast the slightest shade before the eyes of the penitent when looking up for healing to Christ on the Cross."

The volume is written in the most candid spirit, and in the most Christian temper, and is justly entitled to the serious thought of the entire Society of Friends.

SERVICE AND SUFFERING: MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN MORISON, D.D. LL.D., LATE MINISTER OF TREVOR CHAPEL, BROMPTON. By the Rev. John Kennedy, M.A. F.R.G.S. London: Ward and Co. Paternoster-Row. 1860.

THE words which Mr. Kennedy has transferred to the title-page from the Funeral Address of the Rev. John Stoughton, are deeply pregnant with meaning:—"John Morison's life would be to me an utterly hopeless mystery did I not believe in Him who has brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel, and who, by the discipline of pain, as well as of labour, prepared him for the restful service of another and a higher existence;" and in that state of "higher existence," John Morison has learnt the mysterious connection there is between present suffering and final perfection. The robe of every saint, while washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, is yet woven out of the threads of suffering; and affliction, next to the blood of the Lamb, is the badge by which the ransomed from earth are there recognised and known. Having drunk of the cup which his Divine Master drank of, and having been baptised with the baptism wherewith He was baptised, his spirit is now in deeper communion with His life, and is filled with a purer joy.

It may be, nay, we believe, that Dr. Morison's trials quickened him into still higher and wider activity; and we are at a loss which to admire most in the man, the endurance of suffering or the persistence in service.

These two features of his character form the groundwork of the present Memoir; and very skilfully has Mr. Kennedy performed the task which he undertook out of pure affection both for the dead and the living. His materials were rather scanty, and therefore he had to fall back on private letters, or public records, and the recollections of friends. Desirous of avoiding "the sameness of detail which almost invariably pervades a chronological history of ministerial duties," he has wisely clustered "the principal facts and phases" of his friend's life around the two leading points which we have just indicated, and has thus produced a very interesting and readable volume.

In conformity with the title and design of the work, the Author has arranged its contents under the three-fold division of the Learner—the Worker—the Sufferer. After referring to his birth and ancestry, the moral atmosphere of his home, his spiritual history, his secular employment, his spiritual progress, he informs us of that inward process of thought and feeling by which young Morrison was led to leave the lower walks of business, and devote himself to the work of the Christian ministry, of his college life, of his first essays at preaching, and of his ordination at Chelsea; and then we plunge into the very busiest and most momentous activities of his most active life. If he was in deaths oft, he was also in labours more abundant.

Of his College life, he ever retained the most lively and thrilling remembrance. When, some six and thirty years afterwards, he was called to address the students of the Lancashire College, he, for the moment, seemed to live that period over again; for, speaking to those aspirants to the sacred office, he said:—

"I seem this day, my dear brethren, to renew my youth in the midst of you, for I can well remember how my mind was wont to be exercised on the return of our College Anniversary, when, at

the close of our summer session, our public examinations took place, and we were dispersed in various directions; some to their pastoral spheres, some to their domestic circles, and some to put forth their first efforts as preachers of the Cross of Christ. At these great gatherings, we felt that we should never all meet again; and oftentimes the heart was sad, when the outward demeanour was full of hilarity and life.

"It seems to me but as yesterday, when my first College vacation arrived in 1812. To me, by the defective arrangements of those earlier times, it was a season of unutterable consternation and dread; for, with only one year's study, and no experience in preaching, I found myself appointed for six weeks to supply a vacant pulpit in a respectable market town, where I had to preach four times a week, while my whole stock of written sermons only amounted to six. The prospect seemed utterly overwhelming; and I was ready to rebel against the mandate of the Committee and Tutors. But unwise as was this appointment, and fearful as was my toil, I look back upon the event with unceasing gratitude to God. Such an unexpected demand made upon my slender resources, supplied the very stimulant I required. For the first time in my life, I was compelled to enter in good earnest upon the task of sermon-making; and though I appeared before the people with fear and trembling, yet I acquired a habit of diligent application which never forsook me, and which I believe to be the great secret of a student's success. The feelings which then agitated my mind day and night, and haunted me like ghosts, will never suffer me to be unmindful of the anxieties and difficulties attendant upon the student's course, especially in the novitiate of his great and solemn work. I seem even now to be able to divine what is passing in your minds, as you muse anxiously upon the hidden and mysterious future."

The following passage, in which he represents the student as the type of the future minister, is one of great pertinence, and which we would recommend to the repeated perusal of

all who are now passing through their curriculum of study:—

“In looking around me on those who were my fellow-students nearly forty years ago, I can assure you that, with few exceptions, the student has proved the type of the future minister. Some, indeed, have surpassed, and others have come short of their original promise; but in scarcely any instance that I can call to remembrance, has college failure issued in pastoral success, or college proficiency been followed by ministerial failure. If there be truth in these observations, and I am sure they would be sustained by a large induction of facts, what an air of importance do they throw around the student's life! It is next to a moral certainty that you will carry with you through life the intellectual and moral character and habits which you acquire during your college curriculum, and that the status you acquire in various departments of literary and theological pursuits, will give the cast and complexion to your future standing in the Christian Ministry. A student somewhat light and trifling *may* become grave and thoughtful as he finds himself surrounded by the responsibilities of the sacred office, or one who has loitered away the precious hours of his college course may, by some mysterious power, be awakened to a sense of the importance of mental pre-eminence—but such things are not in general to be looked for—and even where they occur, they are only to be regarded as beacons of warning to the rising ministry. The formation of right habits is everything in a student's life. He should overlook nothing that enters into his social, moral, intellectual, and spiritual character. He must strive to attain, and think no pains ill-bestowed that may be devoted to its attainment, the habit and deportment of a Christian gentleman, whose society and manners may add grace to the ministerial character. His standard of morals should be such as to render him incapable of sympathy with all wrong-doing, and of all obliquity of conduct in every relation which he sustains. His thirst for knowledge should be as ardent as to enlist all his powers in a diligent and sleepless effort to increase the opulence

of his mind. And, above all, the religion of the heart should be so habitually and earnestly cultivated, as that when his term of study has closed, he may feel that he has walked with God; and that the savour of his piety may be remembered and cherished by others long after he has entered on his stated toils as a Christian Pastor.”

The student will find much in this little volume to stimulate him in his present career, and to inspire him with hope for the future; while the general reader in perusing the life of Dr. Morison will be admitted to the inmost heart of a man whose piety was as cheerful as it was profound, and the virtues of whose character were as sterling as they were conspicuous. The writing of such a life, and the delineating of such a character, could not have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Kennedy; and we feel certain that the circulation of the work will attest the public estimation of his labour.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW, INCUMBENT OF
HAWORTH, 1742-63. By R. Spence
Hardy, Hon. M.R.A.S. London: Pub-
lished by John Mason, City Road.
1860.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW was a native of the village of Brindle, which stands on the south-western slope of the same elevation on which the famous Hoghton Tower stands, in the County-palatine of Lancaster. He was educated for the Established Church; was ordained deacon in 1731, and first entered on the work of the ministry in the town of Rochdale. The religious impressions of his childhood were revived in the midst of official duties, and by his intercourse with a select few in his parish, in whom divine life was a reality; but a few months afterwards he left Rochdale for the curacy of Todmorden, where he at once “found himself severed from the associates by whom he had been encouraged to lead a more godly life; and as his society was courted

by the principal families of the neighbourhood, who would probably prefer a person that would join in their merriment to one who would expect them to leave off their sins and pray, his religious impressions were soon obliterated. . . . His delight was now in hunting, fishing, and playing at cards. . . . On the Sabbath, his duties as a clergyman were regularly performed; the prayers were read with seriousness, and a sermon was preached. The voice of conscience was thus hushed; but he was a stranger to the life of God. And so he continued till he met with Dr. Owen's work on "Justification;" but, after a severe and long-continued struggle, his mind, in 1745, received its clearest insight into the doctrine of salvation by faith without the deeds of the law. Future events brought him into contact with the followers of Wesley; he soon became impatient of ecclesiastical restraint; broke through it to preach the Gospel in the parishes around him; subjected himself to opposition and persecution; identified himself with the Methodists, and became one of the most laborious and self-devoted of their preachers.

His life is replete with interest, and cannot fail to be acceptable to a large circle of Christian readers.

LIGHT! MORE LIGHT! On the Present State of Education amongst the Working Classes of Leeds, and How it can best be Improved. By James Hole, Hon. Sec. of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. London: Longman, Green, Longman, & Co. 1860.

It appears that the Rev. Dr. Hook, then Vicar of Leeds, and now Dean of Chichester, before leaving his former sphere of labour, presented £50 to the Leeds Mechanics' Institute, of which £10 were to be expended in a prize for the best Essay on some subject connected with the social advancement of the working classes. Hence the appearance of this small, attractive volume, in which is embodied a vast amount of fact and

statement more immediately bearing on the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the people, and which we recommend to the serious thought of all who are actively interested and employed in raising to higher ground the masses of our mighty population.

"Light! more Light!" were the last words of the immortal Goethe, and are here appropriated in reference to the momentous subject of education. On the subject itself we need more light; and the end of all education should be the diffusion of light—which is only another term for knowledge, purity, and happiness—among all ranks and classes.

The adjudicators, in awarding the prize to the present Essay, do not pledge themselves to entire agreement with all the author's views. Nor do we:—on the contrary, we join issue with him as to "the beneficent operation of the grants of the Committee of Council on Education;" nor can we allow that the clergy of the established are more active originators and promoters of schools than almost any other portion of the community. They are only followers and imitators; they are only doing what, for self-preservation, they were compelled to do by the more active and unconfined efforts of the Non-conformist bodies through the length and breadth of the land.

COUNT CAVOUR; His Life and Career. By Basil H. Cooper, B.A. London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge Street.

INTENSE interest attaches to the history of this man. Whether he is to be placed on a level with the greatest on record, he is, beyond all question, "one of the most remarkable and successful of living constitutional statesmen," and is heartily, earnestly devoted to Italian interests. At this moment he is filling no vulgar or limited space in the eye of the public, and he has yet a momentous part to play in the politics

of Europe. Whether he holds in his hand the key which is to solve and settle the Italian question we are not prepared to say; but much depends on his future line of action. Much is demanded of him; much is expected from him; and if he fail to fulfil the hopes which he himself has inspired, his star will set in deeper, darker night.

The work before us gives a rapid but interesting sketch of Cavour's past political career, with the various phases of fortune which have attended his course; and after telling us with what indescribable enthusiasm his return to power in the councils of Piedmont was hailed in the beginning of the present year, both throughout the Peninsula, and amongst all the friends of progress and civilization abroad, the volume closes with a few words on his personal characteristics. These are set forth as consisting of "great intellectual powers, rare energy of will, and unwearied capacity for labour." He has "an extraordinary talent for business;" and "such a miser of time is hardly to be found." He is content with four hours' sleep; in his audiences he has no moments to spare for empty compliments; his countenance indicates whether he comprehends the matter being submitted to him, and that the business shall not be overlooked or neglected; as a speaker he is neither fluent nor eloquent, but his influence is unlimited, and in opposition he is irresistible.

Mr. Cooper has done his task well; and we thank him for this interesting record of "Italy's best friend."

ITALY IN TRANSITION: PUBLIC SCENES AND PRIVATE OPINIONS IN THE SPRING OF 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By William Arthur A. M. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1860.

THIS is a record of what Mr. Arthur saw and heard in Italy during his tour there in the spring of this present

year, for which we tend the Author our best thanks. Besides enlarging his experience as a traveller, his chief design seems to have been to ascertain the state of public feeling and opinion on the great Italian question of the day, and how far the sympathies of the people are in harmony with the present movement.

After a few notices of Savoy and the crossing of Mount Cenis, he entertains us with his stay at Turin during the voting which was taking place on the question of annexation: proceeding from Sardinia into Lombardy, he found this matter of annexation filling Milan with universal rejoicing; after travelling over the great plain of Lombardy, and visiting certain localities of interest, he found at Bologna the most deep-rooted opposition to the Papal rule; and when he reached the Papal metropolis, even at Rome, instead of allowing his mind to diverge into its classic story and ancient glory, he confines himself to the moral state of the people, and to the evils of that monster Ecclesiastical Despotism which has all but there crushed our humanity.

At the same time, the work is not wanting in descriptive writing. Mr. Arthur has the power of picturesque description, and here he has employed it very successfully. There is also a large admixture of rich and rare anecdote introduced and told with happy effect. Along the whole extent of his tour, Mr. Arthur witnessed more than enough to stir his deepest sympathies with the sufferings and the sorrows of the Italian people; and we can easily conceive when, as he approached Magenta, and his Italian fellow-travellers pointed out certain marks of the recent carnage, he lifted his hat, and said, "May God establish the liberty of Italy!" one of his companions wiped the tear from his full eye, another expressed his joy in his look, and the third seized his hand, crying "Thanks, thanks!" We echo the prayer—all England echoes it—"May God establish the liberty of Italy!"

LIVES OF THE ITALIAN POETS. By Henry Stebbing, D.D. F.R.S. London: Rich. Bentley, New Burlington-street.

ALTHOUGH this work of Dr. Stebbing has long established its reputation, yet, as it professes to be considerably altered as well as abridged, we gladly hail the opportunity of commending it to our readers' attention. Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Briardo, Ariosto, Tasso, and a host of inferior stars, pass in majestic march before us, some brightly smiling, others sorrow-worn, serious, and wearing the traces of a grief too deep for tears. What countries, let us ask, save Greece and England, could muster such an array as this peninsula? Dr. Stebbing tells the narratives of his heroes in manly, vigorous language, and weighs their merits, failings, and vices, with an impartial hand. There is one great name, however, indirectly introduced, not of a poet, but of a priest, to whom we wish Dr. Stebbing had taken this opportunity of treating with more justice. When the first edition of the "Lives of the Italian Poets" first came out many years ago, the public were less familiar than now with Italian history; and Roscoe's eloquent pen threw lights and shades at will across his classic page, unquestioned by the mass of his readers. Savonarola was a character whom Roscoe could hardly understand, and whose history was then much obscured, for it has only been within the last few years that authentic records of his trial and martyrdom have been found in the Vatican Library. Mr. Roscoe described him as a bigoted fanatic, and Dr. Stebbing still speaks of him as "the haughty reformer and great enemy of the Medici," and misdoubts the motives of his visit to Lorenzo's death-bed. A reformer, haughty or otherwise, Savonarola was, and inimical, not only to the Medici, but to all that was either tyrannical or servile, or that was opposed to the theory and practice of a purified religion. His times were not worthy of him, and Lorenzo's satellites were

least of all able to appreciate him. The story is, that he said to the great man of Florence:—"If you would have peace with God, you must restore Florence her liberties;" and that Lorenzo turned his face to the wall without speaking. But this is uncertain. Certain it is, that after the passage of Charles the Eighth through Florence, Savonarola, its master-mind, effected a reformation in the city as wonderful as it was transient. The Pope first tried to buy him over with a cardinal's hat, and then never rested till his ashes were cast into the Amo. We are glad to see that Professor Villair is bringing out a new and carefully written life of the great reformer, compiled with the assistance of fresh documents.

Dr. Stebbing has freely drawn his pen through many paragraphs of his first edition that we would not have willingly let die. But space has its limits, and the readers and buyers of the present day must have short and cheap books, or they too often will neither read nor buy. We have always admired the close and elegant translations of the specimens given of the Italian poets.

THREE MONTHS' REST AT PAU IN THE WINTER AND SPRING OF 1859. By John Altrayd Wittitlerly. London: Bell and Daldy, Fleet-street. 1860.

THIS is a pleasant little book, with veins of original, though not far-fetched thought. For instance, on the trite subject of "a round of introductory morning calls," Mr. Wittitlerly inquires whether conversation on such occasions might not be rescued from the vapid commonplace which generally characterises it. "I set this down as a rule," says he, "that it only needs an appetite for something better than gossip and slander, to have something better than gossip and slander. Brilliant discourse depends on natural talent and wit, and must not be expected under ordinary circumstances; but every one of average intelligence,

who is eager to learn and willing to listen, has the power of raising the tone of common conversation. There are few who have not something to say better worth hearing than the state of the weather, or the faults of their neighbours, if any one will take the trouble to search for it, and draw it out."

The old women of Pau would not be very much obliged to him for the following observations on their remarkable ugliness. He says:—

"What can be the reason? The common opinion is that it is due to hard work and exposure to the sun. . . . But this is not a satisfactory reason. My own opinion is, that it is not the effect of work and sun, but of heart, and mind, and soul; that it is the true reflection of the poor wretch within, when all the disguises of younger and stronger life are withdrawn. For we all have many disguises. . . . But when these things fail us, when the spirit's and graces of youth depart, when tact, and judgment, and common sense, and self-restraint, break down before the advancing infirmities of age, then we begin to *seem* what we *are*. I look upon these poor women's hideous faces as an exhibition of stern truth. No doubt the sun has helped to give them premature shadows and wrinkles, but if there were purity, and love, and kind good thoughts within, they could never look like this. Age is God's time of retribution on earth. Then, cherished peevishness escapes from self-command, cherished vanity from common sense, cherished harshness and censoriousness from good breeding, and the vain, unloving, dissatisfied soul, drops its veil and looks out through the face."

Good generalities, though hard applications to individuals. The following remark is excellent:—

"When persons of active minds, without the ballast of settled employment, devote themselves exclusively to light literature, they are apt to become vague and inaccurate in their statements of matters of fact. The power of rigidly observing and noting truth, seems to be weakened by studies

which demand so little attention and thought."

Again:—

"What is dissipation? Not devotion to one sort of pleasure, but to pleasure in itself; such devotion as shall make anything that is not pleasure seem tasteless and tame.

"God requires us to be moderate in food; but we will do more; we will eat disagreeable things one day in the week. . . . God's laws overdone in theory, are God's laws undone in practice.

"It is no mystery to me that those who make amusement the object of life should prolong their residence, or even make their permanent home on the Continent; but it is a great mystery, that thoughtful and religious people should so often do this, and with so little excuse."

One more quotation, and we have done:—

"In the pursuit of beauty and knowledge there is, to some temperaments, a strong temptation. Its tendency is unsocial in the highest degree—unsocial in proportion to the rarity of those who can share such enjoyments with us. They withdraw us from our mind, they open to us a realm in which human griefs and trials have no place, in which there is neither strife nor sorrow, nor crowding care; a realm in which we can do so well without our fellow-creatures, that there is often a strong temptation to think they may do equally well without us."

LIBERTE ET CENTRALISATION. Par
Charles Dollfus.

M. CHARLES DOLLFUS, son of one of the most respectable members of the mercantile and manufacturing houses of France, has lately published a small book, in which he discusses the results to his country of the system of Government there adopted, to which attention may fairly be called at the present day in England, since we seem to be disposed blindly to

adopt the errors of our neighbours, in the details of our administration at least. We hail the appearance of M. Dollfus's book with the greater satisfaction, that there are symptoms of the revived mental activity of other nations of Europe ; and it is therefore possible that the publication of such works as the one before us, and of the works lately issued in Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, may induce the leaders of those nations to inquire into the validity of the claims of France to assume the rank of guide, or the functions of beacon, in the progressive development of humanity. Nations, it is now agreed, have the governments they merit ; and it is only necessary to read M. Dollfus's book carefully, and without prejudice, to form a correct opinion, both as to the character of France and of its present Government.

Liberty, M. Dollfus very properly observes, is a stern, somewhat harsh, undemonstrative quality in either nations or individuals, and its enjoyment can only be retained by continuous sacrifices on the part of the people who may for a time attain it.

In fact, true liberty, in a highly developed state of civilization, can only co-exist with the sacrifice of such of the consequences of extreme personal liberty on the part of one portion of society as would be likely to interfere with the enjoyment of the liberty of others. It requires, therefore, the habitual exercise of self-control amongst all the members of the society where it is supposed to exist ; but the very essence of this self-control is, that it should be voluntary, and rather in the mental constitution of the people than forcedly imposed by law ; whilst its exercise would necessarily create a spirit of self-dependence, which is the most diametrically opposite condition imaginable to anything like the action of a strong paternal centralized government. France has never attained this point of moral growth, and she remains to this day little better than a nation of great infants, who are in-

capable of thinking or acting for themselves, and who must feel the strong hand of their rulers to prevent them from running into every imaginable description of license, just as was the case in the time of the Fronde, or of the frightful Revolution of 1793. In England, this fact had long been known ; but it is consolatory to find that even Frenchmen themselves are beginning to discover its existence. It is more satisfactory still to the friends of humanity, to find that the real French philosophers are beginning to turn their attention to the ultimate causes of the national defects which have prevented the existence of freedom in France ; and that they should have succeeded so well as M. Dollfus, following in the footsteps of De Tocqueville, has done in identifying the mischievous influence of the omnipresent centralised power of the French Government.

Some time since, M. Guizot published one of his elegant, but essentially incomplete treatises upon the "Reasons why the English Revolution had Succeeded ;" but he failed then (as he had also failed unfortunately for the interests of France and of humanity during his long tenure of power) to see that the essential difference between the French and the English nations lies precisely in the fact, that the former was utterly incapable of self-government, whereas the latter was led by its local institutions to exercise that difficult but essential quality. Since the days of Henri IV. indeed, the constant aim of the rulers of France has been to destroy everything like initiative (to borrow a French word) on the part of the local authorities ; and through all the varying phases of the national history, the State has thus absorbed to itself more and more of the vitality of the nation. For some purposes, the instrument so fashioned is no doubt a very valuable and a very formidable one to the neighbours and rivals of France ; but the result has been to produce a state of civilization which cannot be likened to anything

but to the seed which sprang up in stony places, for it has no root, and in time of tribulation it will fall away. We have seen this in our own day ; and they who witnessed the utter collapse of French society in 1848, may well regard with fear and trembling the dreadful extension of the system of centralization which has taken place in that country since the establishment of the Imperial regime. Every relation of life is now brought under the influence of the State, which has (not to speak it profanely) erected itself into a visible providence, and has undertaken to guard its subjects against every ill that flesh is heir to. The consequence is, that the nation has almost ceased to think, to act, or to reason for itself ; and it holds the State responsible even for the atmospheric disturbances, or for the countless vicissitudes of life, provided only that it receive the amount of excitement and the glory it has been taught to believe necessary for the maintenance of its position in the eyes of the world. A nation which respected itself would never have consented thus to abandon its own dignity ; and the mere existence of the present helpless state of public opinion in France, proves that the people are there essentially vain, irreflective, and unfit for liberty, which requires indeed that men "should be made of sterner stuff" than to swallow vague declamation, or to yield the control of their own affairs to any practically irresponsible authority. May the lesson not be lost upon us, and may we pause in the blind career of imitation of French codification and of centralized administration, to which we are being hurried by the pretended advocates of social science, who are, it is to be feared, about as ignorant of the defects of the principles of government adopted in France, as they are of the opposite merits of the principles adopted by our forefathers, who carried to a successful issue the arduous struggle against the central Government by Divine Right !

M. Dollfus has rather graphically

described the existing state of society in France, and has stigmatised some of its defects in language which will no doubt expose him to the bitter wrath of the present rulers of that unfortunate country. But we cannot refrain from observing, that, like all the polemical writers who have lately treated upon the social state of continental nations, M. Dollfus does not dwell sufficiently upon the terrible influence of the law of inheritance established by the Code Napoléon. In many cases, the influence of laws extends far beyond the literal sense of the words in which they are expressed ; and we know no instance in which this moral phenomenon has been more strikingly exhibited than in the respective influences of the laws of inheritance in France and in England—nor in which the danger of substituting the erring reason of man, for the infallible dictates of conscience has been more distinctly proved. The French law of inheritance leaves the father a certain control over the real property of which he might be possessed ; but the bulk of that property must follow the disposition of the law, even when the will has been made, and the practical effect of this arrangement is to superinduce the habit of allowing *all* real property to follow those dispositions. In fact, society in France regards it as a wrong for a parent to leave more to one child than to another ; and thus the influence of the parents is singularly diminished, or, as the French themselves say of their own countrymen, that "*ils ont des petits, mais pas d'enfants.*" In England, on the contrary, the law only steps in to dispose of unentailed real property when there is no will ; and, in many countries, the action of the law in this matter is quite as democratic as is that of France, but the effect of our law has been to superinduce the habit of concentrating real property on the eldest son, in many cases no doubt to the unjust exclusion of the other children. But it is to be observed, that affection generally follows what may be called

a downward direction, and that there are far more bad children than there are bad parents; and that, practically, the results of our law are less injurious to the maintenance of family duties, or to the pecuniary interests of society, than that of the Code Napoléon. We have called attention already to the disruption it produces between the relation of father and child, and now we would briefly allude to the terrific effects on the store of public wealth produced by the lazy inaction and the bad cultivation which are known to be the inevitable consequences of a too great subdivision of property. The imposition of this part of the fatal Code Napoléon on other countries, during the brilliant period of the first Empire, has perhaps blinded the eyes of M. Dollfus to this source of evil; but he may depend on it that many of the exclusive defects of the French character are to be sought in this law, which, alas! some of our democrats are endeavouring to apply here.

We may, on some future occasion, return to this all-important question, as to the determining causes of national characteristics; for at the present day, their study has assumed a more than ordinary degree of importance, in consequence of the manifestly approaching struggle of races in Western Europe. In the mean time, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration for the boldness and the truth with which M. Dollfus has laid bare the defects of his own great and glorious nation. Lessons such as he gives, if well pondered, would do far more to raise the moral dignity of France than all the magniloquent nonsense about her sympathetic civilization of the Palais Royal philosophers, or her manifest destiny. France should first learn how to be, and to remain, free, of which hitherto she has shown herself to be utterly incapable, and then she may consistently begin her apostleship of liberty. As it is, she is little better than a brilliant freebooter amongst nations, embroiling

everything, founding nothing, or at least only feeble imitations of her own disguised slavery under the high sounding name of administrative centralization in all the details of social life. We in England would do well also to study the practical observations made by so acute a man as M. Dollfus on the results of the system we have evidently entered upon of late, "if we have writ the annals of our countless Commissioners and Boards true." Or is it true of nations, as it is too often with individuals, "that no one ever became wise by the experience of his neighbours?"

In saying thus much in favour of M. Dollfus's book, we beg, however, also to say that we do not admire his preliminary metaphysical observations. Like M. Antoine Arago, before noticed, M. Dollfus has tried in the first part of his work to be very fine, and very learned; but he has simply strung together a long chapter of metaphysical jargon about "*faits, et idées*," which we suspect that he understood as little about as his readers are likely to do. We recommend our readers, therefore, to turn over unread the whole of M. Dollfus's Introduction, and to go at once to the heart of his book. This, we repeat, will amply repay them.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.
Mammalia. Vol. I. Illustrated with upwards of Five Hundred Engravings.
London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin,
La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill.

THAN the subject of this beautiful volume, there is none more interesting or engaging to the young of both sexes. It has charms and attractions peculiar to itself. Nor is it often that we meet with either man or child that has not a love for Natural History in some one or other of its branches. It is one of the most pleasing, if not amusing of studies, and, as the Introduction to the work tells us,—

"Animal life is constantly claiming

our attention. We daily provide for the pets of the house. Flocks and herds graze in the meadows. Busy tribes of birds wander through the air, myriads of insects sport in the sunshine, multitudes in the bubbling brook, as well as in the deeply flowing river, and in 'the great and wide sea,' find both nutriment and joy. Even 'a drop of water,' a leaf torn from its parent branch, or a single blade plucked from the grass, has its living tenant, to whom, minute as it is, it yields an ample range.

"Of the animal kingdom, the Mammalia form the first class, and to this class the present volume, as one of a series, is devoted. The term Mammalia is employed to designate all vertebrated animals whose blood is red and warm, whose circulation is double, whose young, when born at the proper period, give signs of life, and are, in a state of nature, fed with milk secreted by the *mammæ* of the mother till they are old enough to procure their food, or to have it supplied from other sources. These, according to Linnæus, form the first class of the animal kingdom.

"At the head of this is man. But with him are comprehended those animals whose organization is most developed, whose senses are the most acute and delicate, whose intelligence rises highest, and who are more intimately connected with ourselves—claiming, in fact, more of our attention, and being more essential to our immediate well-fare."

Would that we could have laid our hand on such a volume as this in our boyhood! Then, it would have cost pounds instead of shillings. Nor can the young do better than lay up their little monies to put themselves in possession of this highly interesting and instructive volume.

THE LADIES' TREASURY: an Illustrated Magazine of Entertaining Literature, Education, Fine Arts, Domestic Economy, Needlework, and Fashion. Vol. II. London: Ward and Lock, 158 Fleet-street. 1860.

THIS Second Volume is quite worthy

of being placed side by side with its predecessor in point of artistic merit, literary excellence, and mechanical execution. From the first, the object of the publishers has been "to make this beautifully illustrated magazine as practically useful, and as attractively interesting to ladies, as the nature and size of the work would permit;" and in this they have succeeded admirably. The illustrations, which are upwards of one hundred in number, are superior specimens of wood engraving, and include architectural designs, many views of home and foreign scenery, some interesting historical subjects, with not a few fancy-work patterns, all drawn and engraved by the most experienced artists. The tales introduced to enliven the work combine the highest moral purpose with the greatest amount of pleasantry, while the lessons in French and German are based on principles so simple and easy of comprehension, as to render possible the acquisition of these two languages without the aid of a master, though not without the application and the labour of study. Add to all this, its articles on domestic economy and housewifery, on wedded life, on conduct and carriage; in fact, on all that is supposed to go to make up a complete and practical manual of general elegance, and it will be confessed that this volume, like some others which have come and are now issuing from the press of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, is one of the marvels of the age.

Next to good schools and able teachers, we feel persuaded that nothing will tend more to improve and elevate the masses of England's population than the publication of such first-class works on every branch of human inquiry in a cheap, yet available form. Create the taste for such works by supplying the article, and the demand will go on at a ratio almost surpassing belief. Education is increasing the taste for reading, and the works read should refine the taste.

THE ECLECTIC.

DECEMBER, 1860.

I.

DISEASES OF THE BRAIN.*

WE have already introduced this important work to our readers in a brief notice ; and we now propose to extend our remarks by way of giving a more detailed view of its contents. The subject is one of the deepest interest, and even of fearful moment, in the present state of society, in which so terrible a strain is often laid on the mind and nervous system by the demands which are made upon them in the effort to insure position, competence, and success in the career of human life, so crowded with eager and ever active competitors, to not a few of whom disappointment is inevitable.

In order to do full justice to the elaborate and voluminous work of Dr. Winslow, we should be obliged to quote many of the numerous and interesting though often painful details with which he has illustrated his subject, both from an immense variety of resources and from his own personal observations. Our space compels us to content ourselves chiefly with a sketch of some parts of its contents. The Introduction insists on the necessity of a careful attention to premonitory symptoms of disease in the brain, its insidious character, the importance of its early treatment, and the ill-consequences of neglect. Many illustrative cases are given in which the author thinks precursory symptoms might have been detected, and possibly remedied ; though he admits that in others, which terminated suddenly and fatally, it is probable that the indications were not such as could be interpreted with certainty. The slight changes, however, in thought, sensation, emotion, and all usual conditions of the mental and nervous system, which have been found to precede decided affections of the brain and mind, deserve the serious attention of all who are concerned for them-

* On Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. London : John Churchill.

selves, or for the well-being of those around them; though it must be admitted that many parts of the book require a rather strong head, and a tight rein over imagination and feeling, in order to read them without a tendency to morbid apprehensions. Of course this was to be anticipated in a work which would have been incomplete without illustrations in proof of the theories which it propounds. Still it is well to know what symptoms have been found to be diagnostic of incipient disease of the brain, especially as our author testifies that they may occur even years prior to actual development, and though often obscure may not seldom be detected and combated by careful attention. The physician and the patient are instructed not to be too regardless of such apparently trivial matters as an unusual "knitting of the brows, numbness in some part of the body, general or local muscular weakness, *ennui*, irritability and restlessness, depression or exaltation of the animal spirits, impairment of sight or of memory, defect or unusual acuteness of hearing, inaptitude for mental work, incapacity of attention, sleeplessness or lethargy, trivial deviations from usual habits of talking, defect in articulation, or any deviations from the usual mental, sensorial, or motorial functions."

Dr. Winslow, though fully insisting on the very intimate and immediate relation which subsists between brain and mind, is far enough from being a materialist. He is a decided believer in an immaterial principle or soul, quite distinct in its nature from every thing corporeal, though always acting in concert with the affections of the brain and nerves, and dependent on them for the exercise of its functions to an extent which it is by no means easy to limit. On the ontological question, *What is mind?* he justly remarks that we are at fault: "Have we any knowledge of its nature, clue to its seat, accurate idea of its mode of action, or anything approximating to a right conception of its essence? What are the modifications, the metamorphoses, organic or functional, which the vital principle and nerve-force undergo during their passage through the exquisitely organized and highly vascular cineritious, or vesicular brain-structure? How does the occult mental principle, believed by physiologists to be evolved or eliminated in the grey matter of the brain, become so mysteriously and marvellously changed from *nerve* to *mental force*, and *vice versa* in the hemispherical ganglia? What is the *vis nervosa* of Haller?—what is the *vis ritæ*? Are we not obliged to confess our ignorance of the ultimate principles of vitality as well as of intelligence? If our ignorance of healthy physical conditions is so profound, is it practicable for the psychological inquirer to arrive at an accurate acquaintance with mind when disturbed and disordered by disease? Have not all the efforts hitherto made to

solve the mystery connected with alienation of thought proved utterly unproductive of any scientific results? Is there any theory of insanity yet propounded from the bench, taught in the schools, or registered in our text-books, which will bear the test of metaphysical analysis, or stand the ordeal of strict medical or legal criticism? Let us, then, with a spirit of humility, fully acknowledge the extent of our ignorance of subtle abnormal mental phenomena, as well as our limited knowledge of the healthy constitution of the human mind."

While the author repudiates the attempt to elaborate a special-theory of insanity, he lays considerable stress on the fact of the close resemblance that exists between many forms of mental alienation, and the state of the brain and mind during sleep and dreaming. He thinks there is a remarkable analogy between these classes of psychical phenomena. Sir W. Hamilton observes: "When roused from the transition-state intermediate between sleeping and waking, we find ourselves conscious of being in the commencement of a dream, and the mind is still able to follow out the train of thought to a point where it connects itself with certain actual perceptions; we can still trace imagination to sense, and show how, departing from the last sensible impressions of real objects, the fancy proceeds in its work, distorting, falsifying, and perplexing these, in order to construct out of their ruins its own grotesque edifices." Instances are adduced, from various sources, of problems solved, and abstract questions of philosophy seen through, in dreams. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have thus solved a mathematical problem: Condorcet, in a dream, traced out the final steps of a calculation which had puzzled him in the daytime: Coleridge composed the poetical fragment, "Kubla Khan," in sleep which had overtaken him while reading "Purchas's Pilgrimage." Count Lavalette was asleep one night when the clock of the Palais de Justice awoke him at twelve. He heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, and then fell asleep again, and had a most horrible dream of darkness, and an ominous sound of cavalry and horses all flayed, presenting the most ghastly and terrific appearance. The wails of women and inarticulate groanings filled the air. The grim and bloody forms cast frightful looks on Lavalette as they passed. He awoke again, and his repeater when struck told him that the terrible phantasmagoria had lasted only ten minutes, though he believed it in his dream to have lasted five hours. "How closely," adds our author, "do these phenomena resemble those automatic operations of the intellect observed in insanity? In the latter condition, the rapidity as well as the loss of volitional power over certain trains of thought, are significant and characteristic symptoms. How often is all idea of duration obliterated during the continuance of this

disease, the patient appearing, after many months and sometimes years, to awaken as it were out of a fearful and troubled dream; the healthy ideas that had occupied the mind a short period previously to the accession of the insanity suggesting themselves to the consciousness with all the freshness, vividness and force of recently received sane impressions, contemporaneously with the restoration of reason to its healthy supremacy."

Of the strange and fearful illusions attendant on mental aberration, abundant examples are given. A lady, who afterwards happily recovered, imagined for eleven months that she was in hell, and that every person near her was a devil come to torment her. A professional gentleman, who also ultimately recovered, thought everything he ate and drank was drugged or poisoned, and this for nine months before his wife noticed anything wrong about his mind. He became at last so possessed with this idea that he nearly starved himself, and it was necessary to administer nourishment to him by the stomach-pump during many months. A lady of refined mind and delicate feelings was haunted continually with the most revolting images and ideas, which rendered her life a burden, and which she said on her recovery drove her to desperation. But there is no end to the delusions of a disordered brain and mind; in order to have a just appreciation of them, the extended details of cases, some of which are terrible enough, must be read as given.

Under the head of "Anomalous and Masked Affections of the Mind," our author remarks that mental disorder often shows itself at a very early period of life: "Decided paroxysms have occurred in young children when at school, and in more advanced persons whilst at college." One patient manifested decided symptoms at ten years of age. At fifteen, he was sent to a public school, apparently well; but at thirty insanity again discovered itself. M. Esquirol attests, in his "*Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*," that he is "more than ever convinced that the existing causes of insanity do not act abruptly, except when patients are strongly predisposed. Almost all the insane exhibit, before their disease, some alterations in their functions which commenced many years previously, and even in infancy. The greater part had convulsions, cephalalgia, colics, or cramps, constipation, or other irregularities. Several had been the sport of vehement and angry passions; some had had an extravagant imagination; others were excessively obstinate; some had been void of moral energy, timid, fearful, irresolute, indifferent to everything. With these dispositions, a mere accidental cause is sufficient to make the insanity break out." Haslam, Burroughs, Spurzheim, and others, our author informs us, have recorded cases of insanity occurring under eleven years of age;

Esquirol treated two children of eight and nine years, and a girl of fourteen, all labouring under mania ; and mental disease seems undoubtedly more frequent in childhood than is generally supposed. Not only hereditary tendency, but ill-directed education also plays an important part in its production. We have often reflected on the ignorance respecting nervous disorders in young people, which is too frequently evident in schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. No doubt epilepsy, or subsequent insanity, may be encouraged and developed by inattention to symptoms which all who have the care of youth should be able to recognize. Bad ventilation, which is very common indeed in all private schools, male and female, over-excitement of the brain by too great a demand on the attention, the absence of sufficient exercise, and the want of proper breaks and intervals, may produce a state of brain and mind which is put down to duncehood, when it ought to be ascribed to far other causes, if a dunce means a voluntarily stupid child. We ourselves know a case in which a boy at school was dull, absent, listless, suffering under headaches, and apparent temporary loss of consciousness: his schoolfellows used to point and laugh at him, and the master was so ignorant and unobservant that he allowed all this to go on till the poor boy was sent back to his sorrowing mother a confirmed epileptic, and we fear he so remains. The most crying evil of schools, whether for boys or girls, among the middle classes (and we do not mean to exclude from the remark many upper middle-class schools) appears to us to be the ignorance of the principles respecting the laws of health, and the means of preserving it.

The contrasts to former dispositions which the character often assumes in mental aberration are remarkable: the cautious, we are informed, become reckless; the economical become extravagant and prodigal; the communicative sullen; the neat in dress become dirty and careless; the timid brave; the kind and gentle are now rude and insulting; the benevolent become parsimonious; the religious neglect the ordinances of religion; the keen man of business takes no part in his affairs, and will not even converse about them. Nevertheless, "in many instances, it is difficult to distinguish between normal or healthy mental irregularities of thought, passion, appetite, and those deviations from natural conditions of the intellect clearly bringing those so affected within the legitimate domain of pathology." Are there any unfailing diagnostic symptoms by means of which we may detect these *pseudo* forms of mental disorder with sufficient precision to justify the conclusion that they result from diseased cerebral conditions? The difficulty is allowed to be great. A member of the House of Commons, now many years deceased, got into terrific paroxysms

of fury after making an electioneering speech. He seems to have been liable to this excitement, yet he was not mad: he used to cure his paroxysms by drinking off a pint of wine, which probably overcame the morbid cerebral action, and so allayed the excitement. A lady was, unfortunately for her husband, given to violent paroxysms of passion, in which she used to seize his hair and tear out handfuls by the roots. "This poor fellow," says Dr. Winslow, "has often come to me in great distress, beseeching me to protect him from her acts of insane violence. She was clearly disordered in her mind; but we [Dr. Webster and himself] could not detect, in our examination of her, evidence sufficiently conclusive to justify us in signing a medical certificate authorising her being placed under control, and it was felt that nothing could legally be done."

Of the effect of changes in the atmosphere on the nervous system, we have the following curious illustrations:—"In some conditions of nervous disorder, the slightest meteorological changes give rise to singular alternations of despondency, despair, hope, and joy; so completely does the mind succumb to physical influences. I have known a person subject to attacks of suicidal melancholy during the prevalence of a cold, blighting, depressing east wind, who appeared happy, contented, and free from all desire to injure himself under other and more genial conditions of the atmosphere. An Italian artist could never reside a winter in England without the distressing idea of self-destruction repeatedly suggesting itself to his morbidly distressed mind. I have known natives of France, accustomed from early life to the buoyant air and bright azure sky of that country, sink into profound states of mental despondency during the earlier periods of the winter season, if compelled to reside many weeks in London. A military man, suffering from severe mental dejection, was in the habit of promenading backward and forward in a certain track, towards evening, on the ramparts of the town in which he resided. When he walked *forwards*, his face fronted the east, where the sky was hung with black, as was, alas! his poor soul. Then his grief pressed doubly and heavily upon him; he was helpless and in deep despair; but when he turned, with his countenance towards the west, where the setting sun left behind a halo of glory and beautiful evening's red, his happiness again returned. Thus he walked *backward* and *forward*, with and without hope, alternating between joy and melancholy, ecstasy and grief, in obedience to the baneful and benign influence of the eastern and western sky! To this and extent are the functions of the nervous system and the operations of the mind under the dominion of ordinary physical laws."

Of Dr. Winslow's sense of the responsibility of his profession as

a psychological physician, and of the difficulties and anxieties which must often beset the path of one who is called on to pronounce upon so serious a matter as the sanity or insanity of a patient, we have evidence in the following passage: "The position of a psychological expert is one not to be ambitiously coveted. In cases of alleged insanity, he is occasionally compelled, when elucidating in courts of law the phenomena of mental derangement, to enunciate principles, as a pioneer of truth, in *advance* of the knowledge possessed by those who sometimes examine, and often severely, unjustly, criticise and calumniate him. When giving evidence on scientific points, he is occasionally and unavoidably obliged, in the expression of his opinions, to go counter to what are termed the "generally received" notions on the subject of insanity. If it be his desire, in imitation of certain *dilettanti* psychologists, to sail with the popular breeze, and to pander to the opinions of the vulgar, by making his views of insanity square with those ordinarily entertained by the non-professional, psychologically uneducated, and medically inexperienced part of the community, his task is a facile and an easy one; but if he forms a just estimate of his position as a lover and cultivator of science, and possesses a philosophic appreciation of his responsible vocation as a citizen of the State, physician, and medical jurist, and is resolved not to yield one inch of ground in his honest exposition of scientific truth, in deference to popular fallacy, or in slavish obedience to ignorant abuse and noisyclamour, he must expect to pay the penalties attaching to his exhibition of moral courage, and firm and unflinching adherence to the path of public and professional duty. He may be maligned, misrepresented and traduced, for adopting this honourable principle of conduct, but the cause he has espoused must eventually triumph over all difficulties temporarily obstructing its steady, onward, and advancing progress."

In the chapter on "Consciousness" there is much that is instructive to all readers. The author—whose mind is evidently deeply imbued with the views which the Christian revelation teaches us to take of the condition of human nature—has here introduced a variety of reflections and remarks which, in connection with the subject of his volume, are eminently calculated to be useful. He justly observes that a neglect of the practice of self-inspection and self-interrogation is a serious imperfection in mental discipline. "If we were closely to scrutinize the fathomless mysteries of the inner mental life, and fearlessly analyze the nature of the terrible conceptions that occasionally throw their dark phantasmal shade across the anxious and troubled breast, what a melancholy, degrading, and profoundly humiliating revela-

tion most men would have to make of the dark corners, secret recesses, and hidden crevices of the human heart! If this self-examination were faithfully and honestly executed, it would cause the best and fairest creature to shudder with terror at the possibility of such ideas ever intruding into the soul's solemn sanctuary. What mind is alleged to be so pure and untainted that has not been disposed to yield—when the reason and moral sense has, alas! been transiently paralysed, and God's grace ceases to influence the heart—to the seduction of impure thought, lingered with apparent pleasure on the contemplation of physically unchaste images, or delighted in a fascinating dalliance with criminal thoughts? What heart has been at all times free from malevolent passion, revengeful emotion, lustful feeling, unnatural, and, alas! devilish impulses? Is not every bosom polluted by a dark leprous spot, corroding ulcer, or portion of moral gangrene? Does there not cling to every mind some melancholy reminiscence of the past, which throws at times a sombre tinge over the chequered path of life? We may flatter our pharisaical vanity by affirming that we are exempt from these melancholy conditions of moral suffering and sad states of mental infirmity, but, alas! we should be belying human nature if we were to ignore the existence of such, thank God, only temporary, paroxysmal, and evanescent conditions of unhealthy thought, and abnormal phases of passion, which occasionally have been known to cast their withering influence and death-like shadow over the mind, blighting, saddening, and often crushing the best, kindest, and noblest of human hearts. Among the obscure, and as yet inexplicable phenomena of disordered intellect, stands prominently forward a condition, incipient phase, or pre-existing abnormal state, in which the patient, long before he becomes or is considered actually insane, is fully sensible, and exquisitely conscious of the predominance of certain morbid and unnatural states of emotion, idea, and impulse."

It seems to have been said, with some considerable degree of truth, that no man is always *himself*. Every one may be said to be mad more or less, at least at certain times. We little know of the moral volcano which may lie in the brain under the mask of the most placid countenance!—what terrific struggles with themselves, and with the evil of the heart, men may be sometimes agonizing under, who are to all observers patterns of virtue, of calmness, and of apparent deadness to the world. It is, however, most instructive, most consoling to all who know what the Christian conflict is, to find that men whom we should have supposed to be almost passionless, and living a sort of abstract life of high and profound contemplation on the most sacred subjects, are after all subjected to the ordinary lot of all who

engage in the warfare against flesh and blood,—against principalities and powers. Who would have imagined that such a man as Bishop Butler should have been one of those who suffered most from this inward conflict? He seems to have been a pattern of humility, seriousness, and indifference to the world, so that even his own relatives never hoped he would enrich them at his death. It was his remark when he was promoted to Durham, with its then enormous revenues,—“It would be a melancholy thing at the close of life to have the reflection that one had spent the revenues of the bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one’s friends with the promotions of it, instead of really having set oneself to do good, and to promote worthy men.” He was, consequently, a munificent benefactor to charitable institutions. He was so much of a recluse that at an earlier period, when Secker had occasion to mention him to Queen Caroline, she remarked that she thought he was dead, and having said so to Blackburne, he replied, “No, madam, but he is buried.” He seemed content to live all his days a lone and solitary life, and was perhaps the last man whom we should have expected to find recording of himself that he was “all his life struggling against the horrible, morbid, and devilish suggestions,” which, he says, “would have maddened him if he had relaxed the stern wakefulness of his reason for a single moment!”

There is little doubt that thousands of stories of apparitions may be traced to a mere subjective cause, a morbid condition of the brain, by means of which its own imaginations are projected outwards as objective forms. This may occur either with or without actual and decided aberration of the mind: the warning, of course, should be taken on their first manifestation. There is a “stage of insanity,” says our author, “in which the patient suffers, occasionally, most acutely from *phantasms*. He is quite conscious of the spectral illusions being dependent on a disordered state of the visual and perceptive faculties, often caused by gastric and hepatic derangement, and is able to reason with himself, and talk to others, respecting their nature and origin. I have often been consulted by patients suffering from this type of hallucination. These cases are not difficult to cure. One gentleman, for three months, was constantly followed by a terrible spectral image, resembling a brother who had destroyed himself whilst at sea. The patient had previously complained of headache, great nervous depression, and lowness of spirits. He never for a moment believed in the reality of the image. When he sat down to dinner, the spectre took his seat opposite. If he walked in the street, the phantom was by his side. When travelling by rail, the apparition was seated in the same carriage. The patient was a man of

good strong sense, and disciplined understanding. He was therefore competent to reason with himself philosophically in relation to the illusion, and to keep in check any disposition that might occasionally exist to believe in the reality of the spectral image. He eventually parted company with this phantom, but not till he had had a severe attack of confluent small pox, which nearly proved fatal. In a second case, a lady said her life was made wretched by a similar illusion of the senses. She was constantly tortured by grotesque figures in fantastic costumes. These phantoms danced round her during the day, and at night appeared about and sometimes in her bed. This patient never for a moment believed in the material character of these spectral illusions. She was in the habit of occasionally taking sketches of these curious phantasmal figures, many of which I was permitted to see. A worthy clergyman now under my treatment is subject to the most singular aural illusions. Several years back he had a severe attack of carbuncle at the nape of the neck. After recovering from this affection, he began to hear voices audibly speak to him. They often addressed him in Welsh, occasionally using particular phrases, idioms, and endearing epithets, which he had been in the habit of indulging in forty years previously, when paying court to his wife. On one occasion, I asked him whether he then heard the voices speaking to him? He replied, 'Yes, quite distinctly.' What are they saying? He replied, 'I would rather not repeat the words, as they are not very complimentary to yourself.' They were ejaculating, 'Don't leave your living; don't go abroad; don't do what he recommends; don't take the medicines he prescribes.' I had endeavoured to impress on this patient's mind the importance of relieving himself for a time from parochial duty. I advised a continental tour. Whatever I suggested for the re-establishment of this clergyman's health, these imaginary persons did their best most uncourtously to oppose."

A most extraordinary history is narrated, from an American journal of 1859, of a young lady of 19, who regularly saw spectres, from 1855 to 1858, previously to or at the time of the death of friends. This took place in some four or five instances. There is nothing in the narrative, as given, which intimates that the lady was then insane; nor is anything stated by way of accounting for these phantasms at the times when they appeared, coinciding with or preceding the illness and death of friends. Dr. Winslow offers no comment on this very remarkable case of hallucination, apparently prophetic, if we can rely on the exactness of the American narrative.

In the stage of morbid exaltation talents are exhibited for

poetry, mechanics, oratory, music, drawing, and other subjects, quite unusual, inconsistent with the previous education, and opposed to the ordinary habits of thought. Tasso and Lucretius are known to have written their most talented effusions while labouring under attacks of mental aberration. A young gentleman who afterwards became insane from ill-usage at school, had never shown much talent for arithmetic and mathematics; but after an acute maniacal attack, developed extraordinary calculating power, and for several months he was capable of solving problems of a somewhat complex description, with wonderful facility. But after his restoration to health, he relapsed into his former dulness and arithmetical incapacity.

In the chapter entitled "Stage of Aberration," the author treats of the way in which "incipient aberration may manifest itself in the intellectual, perceptive, and moral faculties," respectively. A fixed idea is resisted, but the mind constantly falls back under its tyrannical influence. Visionary impressions are called up, and true impressions are distorted and exaggerated, and are carried out to consequences which they do not warrant, in the estimation of a sound mind. Illusions of the senses fasten themselves on the imagination, which the sufferer is conscious have no existence apart from himself. The reason and the life of a patient, whose case is adduced, and who fell a victim to these illusions, "would, in all probability, have been saved, had timely medical aid been obtained for his relief." Cerebral as well as mental disease is often indicated in its incipient stage by such illusions as a "transient halo" around the real objects of sight, mistaking flat ground for chasms and precipices, small noises for loud and harsh ones, and the like. Actual aberration of intellect, as well as apoplexy, are frequently foreshadowed by the activity of the depressing passions, the patient being affected with a disposition to indulge in vague and undefined notions of approaching evil, so as to imagine that some dreadful calamity is about to befall him. A gentleman was possessed with the idea that he was to be tried for some crime, and he could not be persuaded to the contrary: this delusion was the almost immediate precursor of an attack of apoplexy. Another apoplectic patient was pursued by a spectre, as he believed, for many weeks before his seizure. Phantasms, and illusions of the sense of smell and touch, sometimes precede acute softening of the brain, or inflammation of that organ. Bouillard, Duchatelet, and Martinet, are referred to for cases. An eminent artist died of softening of the brain. Several years before the attack, disease of the brain manifested its incipency by pains in the head, flashes of light, dimness of vision, and dazzling images by day and night. Angels with flaming swords seemed to blind him by the electric flashes of the blades. These

spectral forms were constantly varied without any alleviation of his sufferings. He became totally blind. Some extra irritability of temper, however, was, strange to say, the only apparent mental result. There was no change in the intellectual functions; memory, imagination, and judgment, were unimpaired. It is remarkable that the eyes of this unfortunate man presented no appearance of physical disease. He died of apoplexy. The autopsy showed nothing unusual in the membranes of the brain, or the humours of the eye; but fluids occupied the ventricles of the brain, some portions of it were destroyed, others reduced to a deliquescent pulp, and the optic nerves had become little else than mere threads of very soft consistence. In this case—for which Dr. Winslow refers to a paper in the “Medico-Chirurgical Review,” by Dr. James Johnson—it seems doubtful at what period of the disease the softening of the brain took place, and whether the serous effusion into the right ventricle was the cause or the consequence of the apoplexy.

One of the most painful and humiliating contemplations in regard to our poor human nature is that of the perversions of the moral sense and feelings which often attend the early stages of insanity, and other forms of cerebral disease. These instances sometimes impede the course of law and justice. “For some time prior to the development of derangement of mind, or disease of the brain, patients have been known (contrary to their usual habits), to indulge in gross sensual excesses, to exhibit states of moral decadence, weakened and paralysed volition; to be guilty of acts of private and public indecency, dishonesty, debauchery, and beastly intemperance. These symptoms occasionally exist for years, before insanity has clearly declared itself.” Many examples are given. Ladies of good family and affluence have shown an irresistible propensity to pilfer, from shops where they dealt, everything they could lay their hands on, and conceal in their dress. A clerk, holding a confidential position in a bank, who was believed to be most conscientious, and who would always at once rectify a tradesman’s bill when a mistake had been made in his own favour by an undercharge, was obliged to resign his appointment because he was always stealing money from the bank, which was secreted in the lining of old clothes, apparently without the intention of using it. His mind afterwards became manifestly disordered, and he died of apoplexy. Great thickening of the skull was found, adhesions of the *dura mater*, and opacity of the arachnoid, together with some little extent of softening in the brain, and a clot of extravasated blood.

Dr. Winslow thinks that acts of immorality are sometimes the first demonstration of insanity. This is altogether a very painful
 (j as vitally related to the solemn question

of human responsibility, both to God and man. Our author justly asks: "Was the immoral offence the first overt act of insanity, or did the mind become deranged in consequence of the dread of exposure, disgrace, and punishment?" He is inclined, at least in one instance which is detailed, to the former hypothesis, especially as for some days previously to the commission of the offence the unhappy individual had been singular in his manner, and was heard to complain of headache, and restless and disturbed nights. Of course there must be many cases in which the most skilled human sagacity will be inadequate to determine the existence or the amount of responsibility for actions. In these cases, as much mercy should be shown as is consistent with the claims of society; the rest must be left to the "Judge of the whole earth, who will do right."

Among the very numerous topics of deep and painful interest which are so ably handled in this volume, is that of "general impairment of mind;" in which a sort of "precocious senility" may come on, as the result of anxiety, or the effect of excessive and severe cerebral and mental strain. The mind is now easily fatigued. The patient feels *below par*. His mind will not work, he cannot exercise continuity of thought, and all favourite pursuits become distasteful. With the weakened power of attention the will is enfeebled, and the mind seems as it were run away with by the most casual ideas and circumstances. Much instruction and warning may be gathered from the author's details on this part of his subject, in these times of severe tax and demand on the brain and nerves of young students, professional men, and men of business. The moral, of course, is to avoid as much as possible all the causes which are known to lead to such lamentable results. "The principal of a large academy of nearly sixty boys, a conscientious man, of anxious temperament, was always in a state of peevish excitement lest he should fail in the discharge of the serious and responsible duties devolving upon him. His mind was thus kept in an unceasing condition of perturbation. Under the severe amount of cerebral pressure and mental anxiety, he was conscious that his mind was gradually fading away from him. This condition of mental impairment existed uninterruptedly for four years prior to the attack of hemiplegia, which occurred shortly before his death, at the age of fifty-four, and was associated with softening of the brain." Other cases are given of victims to overworking of the brain: no doubt they are constantly occurring in the merciless business-whirl of this great city.

Some very curious instances are narrated of "chronic modified affections of the memory," as connected with early symptoms of brain-disease. One patient anticipated his paralytic seizures by always forgetting his own Christian name previously to their

approach. A gentleman in the incipient stage of white softening of the brain occasionally forgot his own name, and at other times his address, and would stop strangers and say, "I live so-and-so,—what is my name?" Or, "I am Sir So-and-so,—where do I reside?" An English lady, after a fit of apoplexy, was found to have lost the power of speaking English. She spoke only French. This continued for a month. "An old man forgot the names of persons, but appeared to recollect very correctly, every evening, a remarkable epoch of his life, though it had occurred a long time previously. When sitting with his wife, he imagined he was at the house of a lady with whom, many years previously, he was in the habit of spending his evenings. He would then, addressing his wife, say: "Madam, I cannot stop any longer with you; for when one has a wife and children, we owe them a good example I must return home."

On the other hand, there is an interesting collection of examples of vigour of mind in extreme old age. Cherubini was as brilliant in conversation as ever, at eighty. Gosse composed the *Te Deum* at seventy-eight. M. des Quensonnières was full of conversational vivacity at a hundred and sixteen. Leroy, at one hundred, composed a remarkably beautiful and spirited poem. Cardinal de Fleury was prime minister of France from the age of seventy to ninety. "Richlieu died at ninety-three. A few minutes before his death, a lady, wishing to encourage him, said: 'You are not so ill as you would wish us to believe; your countenance is charming.' 'What,' said he, with the utmost vivacity, 'has my face been converted into a mirror?'"

Our readers will perceive, from the very brief and imperfect account we have been able to give of Dr. Winslow's book, that even the general reader may find ample matter to interest, as well as instruct him. To the medical student, or practitioner, the volume will prove a most important and valuable collection of facts and theories, from the best English and Continental writers, on the subject of disease of the brain and mind, interspersed as their testimonies are with those of the author's own extensive experience. The impression which all who intelligently peruse the book cannot fail to receive from it is, that the author is not only one of the most competent physicians of the age in his own specific department, but that he is also a man of highly cultivated mind, of humane disposition, greatly disposed to sympathise with patients who are suffering under the most distressing affections which flesh is heir to,—a man of devout and Christian mind, and who may be relied on for truthfulness, honesty, and honour, in the exercise of his profession.

II.

THE NEOLOGICAL TENDENCIES OF THE AGE:—II.

Astronomy traces her genealogy to the oriental cradle of humanity—to the contemplations and speculations of patriarchs upon the plains of Chaldea. Primitive ignorance may have regarded the heavens as the curtain of a tent bespangled with stars, spread over the horizontal surface of the earth; and superstition may have invested the heavenly bodies with divine honour and authority; the Persian may have prostrated himself in prayer before the glorious Ruler of the heavens on the summit of his pyramidal fire-tower; and the astrologer prognosticated the destinies of nations and individuals from the aspects and portents of the stars. The light of science, however, at length penetrated the atmospheric veil of earth and ignorance, and revealed to a startled world the sublime knowledge of systems, suns, and satellites, revolving in harmonious order and undeviating regularity in the realms of space. The geocentric reluctantly yielded to the heliocentric theory of the universe and the astronomical discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo, not without the priestly opposition of the Popish Inquisition, which scented heresy in scientific novelties apparently antagonistic to the obvious declarations of sacred Scriptures. Can we not quote the very passages, urged those doctors of mediæval superstition, which assert that “the earth is fixed on foundations that it cannot be moved?” and that the sun stood still in the heavens at the command of Joshua, the captain of the Lord’s hosts? Conflicting as these statements apparently are with the conclusions of modern astronomy, the duty of constructing a harmony devolved upon the professors of Biblical criticism. The origin of the rainbow at the period of the Noachic Deluge, and the comparatively insignificant position which our globe occupied in the stellar system, were soon cited, canvassed, and wielded in argumentative opposition to the divine authority of the Scriptures and the scheme of Christian redemption. We have alluded to these discrepancies as apparent, because we do not pretend to arbitrate between the adherents of a literal, a figurative, and a scientific interpretation of the passages in question. Can any man predicate with certainty, from the language of the Record, that the sun actually or only apparently stood still in the heavens? deny the fact of the divine selection of the rainbow for the purpose of a significant symbol? or presume to maintain the “incompatibility of the Great Sacrifice” with the diminutive proportions of our terrestrial system? The brilliant astronomical discourses of Chalmers may be founded on “two truisms and three assumptions.” For aught we know to the contrary, the “Plurality of Worlds” conjectured by Plato, professed by Fontenelle, Brewster, and the priesthood of astronomy, as part

and parcel of their astronomical creed, and skilfully rebutted by Whewell in the recent controversy, may be the dream of a shadow. Be that as it may, disbelief in the Scriptural records has been originated and confirmed by the astronomical discussions to which we have briefly referred; and astronomical and Scriptural harmonies have hitherto proved as unsatisfactory as the GEOLOGICAL and Scriptural, to which we now refer as a sixth cause of modern Neology.

Dating its scientific origin no farther back than the beginning of the century, Geology not only ranks amongst the popular sciences, but finds cultivators and supporters amongst the "great men of the time." That the physical structure of the earth has assumed its present form during successive periods, styled the Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary, previous and preparatory to the historic epoch, which dates from the creation of humanity, 4,000 years (according to the received chronology) before the Christian era, is the incontestable fact proclaimed by the priesthood of Geology, and confirmed by "The Testimony of the Rocks." Discoveries such as these, which burst like a new revelation upon the vision of modern Christendom, are already familiar as household words. The features, flora and fauna, therefore, characteristic of these respective periods, need not be particularly referred to in this place. The concessions, however, which the Christian advocate has been finally compelled to make on Geological evidence, at the bar of public opinion, according to the catalogue of Hugh Miller, fall to be registered by us; and they are as follows:—1. The unsatisfactoriness of all previous harmonies between the Mosaic and Geologic records. 2. The non-occurrence of a catastrophic period at the Adamic creation. 3. The non-introduction of physical death at the Adamic creation. 4. The non-natural signification of the six days of Genesis. 5. The non-literality, or non-historicalness, of the Genetic record (chaps. i., ii.) And 6. The non-universality of the Noachic Deluge. With the exception of a few ecclesiastical colleagues and admiring disciples, "The Testimony of the Rocks" has been universally stamped, like all its predecessors, with unsatisfactoriness, and appropriately styled the Millerian, instead of the Mosaic vision of creation. Shall we then carve *ridiculus mus* upon "The Testimony of the Rocks," because it has dissolved, upon cross-examination, into "the baseless fabric of a vision?" By no means. Delete the "Mosaic vision," and extract the "two Records," "Palaeontology" and the "Noachian Deluge" are left behind to bear ample testimony to the utility of the newest of the sciences. First, then, what do the facts of Palaeontology attest? The incalculable antiquity of the earth; the universal reign of death, as well as the uniformity of the laws of nature during the whole palaeontological course of time, and by implication the non-occurrence of a "blank chaotic gap of death and darkness" at the creation of Adam, and the partiality of the Noachian Deluge. Such are the scientific revelations imparted by "the newest of the sciences" to the "old theology;" and what are the theological problems started for solution by these geological dis-

coveries? Query follows hard upon the heels of query. Does Moses determine the antiquity of the earth or the length of the day in the record of creation, or not? Was chaos local or co-extensive with the whole world? Contemporary with Adam or with the commencement of the first period of the Pre-Adamite world? Does the reign of animal death, anterior to the Adamic creation, militate against the dogma that "the mortal taste of that forbidden tree brought death into the world and all our woe," or not? A single glance will convince the veriest tyro either in geology or theology that each question presents a *nodus vindice dignus*, and our limits will not admit even of an essay towards their solution. "The facts of Palaeontology must be accepted," is the uncompromising tone of the geologist, "and leaves us now no choice whatever." Is there any court of appeal then, we ask, from the conclusions of the geologist? Certainly not. So long as he restricts himself to the office of interpreting the record of the rocks, we accept his geological testimony. But when he ventures out of his own proper walk, trenches upon the sphere, and assumes the functions of the philologist of the Mosaic record, we at once class him with the theologians,—such as Calvin, Turretine, Heidegger, and the Doctors of Salamanca, who challenged the discoveries and conclusions of Columbus and Copernicus, and reject his philological testimony. "To the philologist, then, we do appeal; and what does philology attest respecting the interpretation of the Mosaic record? The comparative modernity of the present constitution of the earth (dating, according to the received chronology, about 6,000 years ago), if not of the universe; the introduction of death posterior to the Fall; the dominion of darkness, disorder, and chaos prior to the first (literal) day's creation; the origination of the present constitution of the earth, terrestrial and celestial, mineral, vegetable, animal, and rational, in six days of twenty-four hours' duration, and the universality of the Noachian Deluge:—such are the conclusions tendered by philology, as well as the old theology, to the newest of the sciences, and the world at large; and we have no desire to conceal the fact that doctors differ upon all the topics claiming discussion in connection with this *vacatissimus locus*. The only fact which seriously militates against the creed of Christendom, is the prevalence of physical death in the Pre-Adamite world; for, as it is written, "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that (or in whom) all have sinned." And yet when we regard the proclamation of the curse and consequences of the Fall, not as legislative, but simply declaratory announcements of the everlasting law of the universe: when we consider that Christians are not relieved from the so-called consequences of the Fall, viz., physical dissolution, under the remedial system of Christianity: when we reflect, moreover, that moral and spiritual death dissolved the bonds of human and Divine love—the spiritual union which naturally existed between the Father and the children of primeval humanity—the restoration and re-union of which is accomplished

by the Christian religion, we at least do not despair of the construction of a geological and theological harmony.

We have thus traced the philosophical and historical origin of modern Neology; and although the present aspect of modern Christendom has been incidentally alluded to in the course of our previous remarks, we deem it expedient to refer, with all due brevity, to the probable consequences of these neological and innovatory opinions.

The distinction between Neology proper and improper—the former constituting orthodoxy and the latter heterodoxy—must necessarily be maintained by theological no less than by philosophical inquirers after truth. Reference has already been made to numerous ecclesiastical innovations, doctrinal, governmental, and liturgical, adapted and sanctioned by the reformed and reforming churches of modern Christendom, since the period of the Reformation. But who shall pretend to point out the *terminus ad quem*? If ever public opinion arrived at unanimity on any absorbing topic pertaining to the common weal, most undoubtedly that result has been attained in the universal anticipation of a COMING CRISIS, corresponding to the general expectation preceding the advent of Jesus Christ. Suspense is the epigraph visible on the brow of universal humanity, waiting for the *dénouement* of the Divine tragedy. The following quotation from Arnold's Correspondence expresses the deep conviction of every shrewd and sagacious student of universal history (for we must exclude our modern minor prophets, who predict the end of the world in 1867, from the category):—"I believe that 'the day of the Lord' is coming, *i.e.*, the termination of one of the great *aiōnes* of the human race; whether the final one or not, that I believe no created being knows, or can know. The termination of the Jewish *aiōn* in the first century, and of the Roman *aiōn* in the 5th and 6th, were each marked by the same concurrence of calamities, wars, tumults, pestilences, earthquakes, &c.; all marking the time of one of God's peculiar seasons of visitation. And society in Europe seems going on fast for a similar revolution, out of which *Christ's Church* will emerge in a new position, purified, I trust, and strengthened by the destruction of various earthly and evil mixtures that have corrupted it."

Presuming, then, that we are approaching the termination of a cyclic *aiōn*, "sundry superstitions and superannuations," to adopt the language of Isaac Taylor, must necessarily be thrown off during the "sifting process" inaugurated by modern Neology; and the first consequence we specify is THE REVISION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. Notwithstanding the pious horror and dread of innovation expressed by ecclesiastical conservatives, the extreme desirableness of the revision of the Sacred Scriptures has been generally agreed upon during the recent controversy, "for the purpose of silencing cavillers, and of giving satisfaction to pious and learned Christians." But the method of carrying it into accomplishment is a task of no ordinary delicacy and difficulty.

2. THE CURTAILMENT OF THE CREEDS AND CONFESSIONS OF CHRISTENDOM. That the Confession of Faith drawn up by the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and the XXXIX. Articles of the Church of England, which may be regarded as the authorized standards of Protestant doctrine throughout Britain, Europe, and America, are at once the result of a gradual process of formation and of a compromise, are incontrovertible facts, easily authenticated by a reference, *e.g.*, to Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines," "The History of the Westminster Assembly," &c., and the theological controversies of the age, waged within the pale of the Christian church. Framed as is every clause—with the addition of *extempore* contemporary notes and explanations!—for the specific purpose of disclaiming the heterodoxy of present, past, and future controversies, we have no intention either of subjecting the motley mass to critical dissection, or removing the chronic tumours and excrescences which have swollen into such huge and monstrous disproportions. The only argument in favour of their perpetuation has been practically disproved by a long course of experience—their signal failure to accomplish either doctrinal, governmental, or liturgical uniformity. Even on the comparatively unimportant point of ecclesiastical government, the formulas of admission into the Church and ecclesiastical offices are still as stringently enforced as in the age of the Reformation. How long shall this notorious "superannuation" survive its practical repeal? When shall the Protestant formularies be superseded by the Christian "form of sound words"—I believe that "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?"

3. THE ABOLITION OF NATIONAL CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS. The existence of national churches forms one of the strongest barriers in the way of "the restoration of belief," in accordance with the original institutions of Christianity; an assertion ratified by the co-existence of Popery, Puseyism, and Puritanism, and, we may add, Parkerism, and perhaps Pantheism, within the pale of the national Church of England. The monstrous fact is quoted and supported by a reference to a similar state of matters under the Jewish dispensation, in favour of their cosmopolitan scheme of comprehension, by the Cambridge Essayists and Oxford Reviewers. Have they forgotten, however, that Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes, were formed in the Jewish Church during the latter stages of national existence—the puling period of second childhood—the evil epoch of mumbling mummeries, mammonism, and martyrdom? And are they prepared to accept the obvious inference that the anomalous and factious condition of the Anglican Church attests the dotage and decrepitude of a decadent institution? The inference is as irresistible as the progress of Civil and Religious Liberty, divinely sworn to redress the extant political, ecclesiastical, and social grievances which tax the heads and gall the hearts of heaving humanity. That a national ecclesiastical institution was not contemplated by the founders of Christianity, is based on principle, upon

the Theocratic polity sanctioned during the Mosaic dispensation, and directly opposed in all its details to the model churches of primitive Christianity, are propositions which meet with unanimous assent by every one who recognizes the new and not the old covenant as the ultimate standard of Christian appeal. And without dwelling upon a topic which has received practical illustration from the experience of the unendowed churches both in Britain and America, we simply append the extract of a speech embodying within a short compass the gist of the voluntary controversy, delivered by a Protestant doctor at the recent commemoration of the Tricentenary of the Reformation in Edinburgh:—

“ Church Establishments—establishment of it by the civil magistracy, by the power of his sword, either in the way of making exactions for its support, or suppressing what he in his spiritual supremacy judges to be inimical to its spiritual interests ! The dogma, as stated in the First Scottish Confession, stands thus :—‘ To kings, princes, rulers, and magistrates, we affirm that principally and most cheerfully the conservation and purgation of the religion appertaineth, so that not only are they appointed for civil policy, but also for the maintenance of the true religion, and for suppressing of idolatry and superstition whatsoever. And, therefore, we confess and avow that such as resist the supreme power, doing that which appertaineth to this charge, do resist God’s ordinance, and, therefore, cannot be guiltless.’ So testified John Knox. But consider, especially, the improvement made in the testimony by the Westminster divines, at what is called the Second Reformation. ‘ The civil magistrate may not assume to himself the administration of the word and sacraments, or the power of the keys of the kingdom, yet he hath authority, and it is his duty to take order, that unity and peace be preserved in the Church, that the truth of God be kept pure and entire, that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed, all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented or reformed, and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed. For the better effecting whereof, he hath power to call synods, to be present at them, and to provide that whatsoever is transacted in them be according to the mind of God.’ What is the Scriptural authority they quote for all this ? Not one word of the New Testament, except at that point where they assign to the civil magistracy the power to call synods in the way of taking order for the heaven-commissioned spiritual work. They quote these words :— ‘ And when Herod had gathered all the chief priests and scribes together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.’ Was there ever—I do not mean subjectively, as if there had been malice in their own hearts, but objectively as an idea—was there ever a more *perverse blaspheming of God’s word* ? that the conduct of this tyrant, bent on the strangling of the infant Redeemer, should be instanced as an inspired authority for Church supervision by the civil power ! It is indescribably horrible. And for that other point,

in which they assign power to him to take order that all the ordinances of religion be observed, they instance for authority the words of 2 Chronicles xv. 13—"They entered into a covenant that whoever would not seek the Lord God of Israel, should be put to death, whether small or great, whether man or woman." I denounce the doctrine and system of our reforming ancestors on the subject of the civil magistrates' power in religion, as being not only unscriptural, but violently anti-scriptural—as violating the kingly prerogative of Christ—as violating the liberties of his Church—as violating the natural rights of conscience, as perpetrating abuses in the Church, instead of rectifying them, as impeding the progress of the Church, instead of aiding it—as inundating the Church with worldliness, and quenching its spirituality—as cherishing a Diotrephan class of men, who treat with hauteur brethren who are immeasurably oftentimes more worthy than themselves by every measure, whether of morality, piety, or well-doing—as a principle which is the grand obstructive of Christian harmony; which in our own country was once tyrannical and cruel, and which, as now modified by advanced civilisation, is mean and mercenary; which is the grand cause of the present distraction and perplexity of our commonwealth, and which abroad throughout Europe, after having for many weary centuries of turmoil and oppression, of imprisonment in cells of injustice, of martyrdom at the stake, of bloody wars, of expelling the gospel from countries into which it had entered,—is now perplexing the whole of the civilised world, and threatening us with a universal cataclysm of humanity!"*

The only other probable consequence deserving mention is the REORGANISATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND SOCIETY—the full and final consummation of all the progressive tendencies, civil and social, as well as ecclesiastical, characteristic of the present transition period. Did the bigoted Hebrew, sitting in Moses' seat at the advent of Christ, we wonder, ever dream that the synagogue was divinely destined to form the model and basis of the new and universal Kingdom of God, the establishment of which was the sum and substance of his earnest and perpetual prayer? Be that as it may, all the elements necessary for the construction of the Christian Church were selected out of the ruins of the decadent Jewish institutions. The most superficial student of Sacred Scripture must notice that the venerable patriarchs who dispensed justice at the gates of the city, took the seats of "the elders" in the synagogue on the holy Sabbath, formed the Ecclesiastical Executive, conducted, as we say, the public worship of God, publicly read and commented upon "the Holy Writings"—in a word, acted in the capacity at once of ecclesiastical rulers and public speakers in the Jewish synagogue (or popular church)—the combination of offices co-existing in the "Royal Priesthood" of Christianity, a fact candidly acknowledged

* Speech of the Rev. William Anderson, LL.D., of Glasgow.

by an Anglican archbishop. That Luther originally based the Protestant Reformation on the doctrine of the universal priesthood is asserted by Gervinus, but, "dreading another Munster," he finally established the episcopalian orders and ecclesiastical castes, which assimilate the Protestant to the Papist Church. Directly opposed, however, as is the existence of a "Diotrephan class, who look with hauteur upon brethren," both to the letter and spirit of Christianity, their extinction may be anticipated with as great certainty as the abolition of the Jewish priesthood. And can any one doubt that the "royal priesthood" of Christianity will assert and vindicate their religious liberties, and ultimately wield the powers, privileges, and prerogatives of ecclesiastical rulers and public speakers, belonging to them by "divine right" in "the Church of the future?" For a long period these divine powers, so far at least as the Christian Church was concerned, lay in a state of dormancy and torpidity. We say divine powers, for powers they are, designate them as men may: "faculties," "endowments," or "gifts," divinely bestowed on each member of the Christian brotherhood for the execution of a special purpose, for the fulfilment of a peculiar mission, in the political no less than in the ecclesiastical sphere of human action. The recognition of the fact, and the performance of the related duty, forms, indeed, one of the most notorious "signs of the times." The present period has been briefly styled, "the era of missions,"—missions home and foreign, missions to Roman Catholics, coast missions, working men's churches, open-air preaching, ragged schools and reformatories, asylums and penitentiaries, and last, not least, Sabbath-schools. Christian missions, charitable and benevolent institutions, we find all of them, whose agents are drawn, in the great majority of instances, from the membership, not of the "holy," but of the human ministry—not from an order, but from society—not from a class, but from the community. The question forces itself upon our notice, what connexion do the present Christian Revivals bear to the resurrection of their Christian agencies and instrumentalities? Most undoubtedly they are related to each other, as antecedent and consequent. Shall we traduce these "laymen" and "evangelists," *ἀσθενοὶ διδασκαλοὶ καὶ ἰδιῶται*, men un-officed and unclerical like the Christian apostles, as false teachers—agents unlearned, unauthorised, and unaccredited of God and man, who are usurping the rights, and claiming admission into the priest's office for a bit of bread? Or, shall we hail the appearance of these modern prophets and evangelists, as the successors of prophets and apostles, who supplemented the deficiencies, denounced the negligences, and finally superseded the necessity of the Jewish priesthood? We speak to wise men. Judge ye.

We bring our remarks to a conclusion by wishing God-speed to all those civil, ecclesiastical, and social tendencies, which shall issue in due time in the consummation so devoutly to be wished as the re-organisation of the Christian Church and Society.

III.

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

It would be highly presumptuous, nay it would be utterly false, to assert that Christians generally did not entertain the doctrine of Divine influence. But it is by no means certain that their views are very clear in reference to it. Many give to it a general theoretical assent, who are far from allowing it to be faithfully and practically exhibited in their lives; and not a few are inclined to ascribe many of its effects to mere moral influences. But if it be true to the extent that it has been ordinarily understood, and if it can be proved that it is necessary for the preparation, stability, and final glory of the Church of Christ, no semblance of a reason can be found for the silence which is frequently observed concerning it. As, on the other hand, if it be not true, or if it require certain limitations and modifications, ingenuousness, regard for truth, and the well-being of the Church demand an explicit avowal of the reasons for the same.

There are many who believe that the agency of the Holy Spirit is not excluded from the work of conversion, even when they assert that the word alone produces conviction in the mind. They found the justness of their remark upon the fact that He is in the word, and acts upon it in such a way as to make it efficacious, notwithstanding the opposition which the heart manifests towards it. But it is extremely difficult to understand this, since the word remains the same both before and after conversion. Nothing has been added to it; no difficulty has been taken from it; no additional light has been cast upon it. The man observes that it is exactly the same truth to which he has listened a hundred, perhaps a thousand times before, without any practical effect; and now, when least expecting it, his attention is seriously arrested, and he yields himself unreservedly to its influence. Subsequent examination by no means removes the difficulty, upon the supposition that the truth has converted him. For he can trace no new revelation in the word, and he can detect no other effect than what he might have expected to witness at any former period of his history.

The fact is, that the force of moral motive is not sufficient of itself to produce this radical change, otherwise those whose *judgments* are continually convinced of the truthfulness of Christianity, and are ready to acknowledge their assent to its claims, would submit their *hearts* to it sooner than they do. Hence, if we ascertain the secret of their present opposition, we shall be able perhaps to detect the agency by which it can be removed. Observe, then, the way in which the heart of a sinner must be operated upon in order to draw out his sympathies towards God. His *disposition* is naturally opposed to God. He rejects the persuasions of the motives to holiness. He will not submit to the obligations which rest upon him to love, fear, and

reverence his Maker. But we know that he ought to do so ; we are convinced that his own reason tells him so. Upon this we found our appeal, and urge the truth upon his attention and belief. This is all that we can do. This is all that we are required to do. But who is not aware that he may still refuse to obey, and that in every instance in which his conversion is delayed, he has in fact rejected the evidence and the power of the truth ? Whatever, then, may be the character of the motives which are presented to his notice and urged upon his acceptance, his nature will remain unimpressed till another agency works upon his heart and reduces its enmity. The motives themselves are not, therefore, imperfect, but the man is. The moral government of God is not defective, but the subject is. We are thus shut up to the conclusion that the Spirit alone can change the heart, by removing the enmity, by disposing the affections, and by directing the will to such employments as are consistent with the nature and destiny of the soul.

The truth of these observations is singularly illustrated in the history of the preaching of our Lord previous to the outpouring of the Spirit. The wisdom and closeness of his appeals, instead of producing conviction, seemed only to increase the hardness of the heart. Though he taught as one having authority, and not as the Scribes ; though that authority was acknowledged and felt ; and though his enemies were so convinced of the truth of his statements as to be unable to ask any more questions, yet they persisted in rejecting his doctrine ; and, fatal presumption ! ascribed his deeds to unworthy motives. But when the Spirit was poured out, thousands became the subjects of the truth, believed in it, and were saved. The disciples were furnished with superhuman influence to effect the conversion of the world ; and were appointed to exert it whenever an occasion served. But though their ministry was backed with the exercise of a most extraordinary and miraculous agency, multitudes failed to be converted, and died in the general ruin that soon after came upon their city.

But if the truth itself, as propounded by faithful and earnest men, be inadequate to the accomplishment of this grand design, much more so must be that which is denominated its civilizing influence. For though it be true that the grosser forms of impiety, such as atheism and infidelity, are removed by the exercise of reason, by the study of nature with the help of Revelation, and by the benign influence of benevolent and Christian institutions,—yet with all the outward appearance of conformity to religious principle, and with all the semblance of a nominal Christian community, there may be as deep, settled, and rooted a dislike to the regenerating truths of the Gospel, as in a nation where they have altogether been treated as a fable and a dream. It is in vain that we look for the absence of immorality and vice among those who acknowledge this civilizing influence. Their deeds, though much more subtle in their character, are frequently as barbarous and injurious as those which obtain in countries where the Gospel is not known. Though they profess

their belief in the virtues and graces of the Christian religion, yet they manifest a singular dearth of heavenly-mindedness, meekness, patience, forbearance, and love. In short, no greater enemies to the truth of Christ can be found than those who, whilst they declare themselves to be the subjects of the kingdom of God, are nevertheless aliens at heart, and bitter opponents to virtue, when their inclinations or interests prompt them to gain a selfish end. If we would seek an illustration of this, it is to be found in the strange outrages which have been committed upon other countries; in the unjust and cruel exactions which have been made to support tyranny and pride; and, as in the case of the inhabitants of ancient Parga, in the merciless and unjustifiable surrender of the rights of others to an implacable foe. There is not a mind that reflects for a moment upon the records of history but must be convinced of the truth of these statements. Its annals breathe out slaughter, devastation, and plunder. Chicanery, intrigue, plots, and conspiracies darken almost every page; and the black catalogue of crimes seems to be fathered by the burlesque of religion. Now all this has been enacted in a nominal Christian country, and frequently under the pretence of a Christian motive. It is a dreadful picture of human nature, and certainly argues very little in favour of the civilizing influence of the Gospel, when viewed apart from the operations of the Spirit.

We are aware that some may triumphantly refer to the present signs of the times as indicative of a more humane and principled exhibition of the precepts of the Gospel. But a nearer inspection into the causes of this change will elicit a result (in reference to the mere professors of Christianity) equally as unsatisfactory as that which existed in more troublous times. It is admitted that the Gospel has a civilizing influence; but then it is only through the medium of those who have received it into their hearts. The nominal or theoretical Christian does not extend its generous influence. Divine agency may overrule his habits and opinions, so as to cause them to work together with other things in the production of good; but the influence which he exerts, separately considered, does not produce this effect. Indeed the contrary might naturally be expected; for he is either more careful to advance his own secular interests, than to make sacrifices for the benefit of his neighbour, and the establishment of the Church; or he wages a polemical warfare against those who differ from him in opinion, and if he dared, would consign his opponents to the faggot and the flame, or to some other species of misery equally charitable and corrective. There is nothing that the formalist dreads more than vital godliness; and there is nothing which the mere controversialist dislikes more than the rapid extension of principles to which he is opposed.

But still it may be asked to what principle is the present quiescent state of the Church and the country to be attributed; for even the nominal Christian community contribute of their substance and energy for the support of benevolent institutions, and must therefore be considered as a part of the agency by which the well-being of

society is promoted? In answer to this it will not be at all necessary to advert to the motives which induce many to act in this direction, though in not a few instances their purity might reasonably be questioned; nor is it requisite to speak of the fashion of *giving* that is in vogue, which prompts many to extend their charity because of the names by which certain lists are headed. These things would account for much of the apparent cessation of hostility; but by no force of reasoning could they be made to prove the extermination of the spirit of opposition, were an occasion to arise that would admit of its exercise.

Rejecting then, for the moment, reasons like these, it may be well to glance at the relations which these persons sustain to the Church, and which the Church sustains to them. There is evidently an approximation to uniformity of procedure on both sides. With reference to the Church, this charge may be considered as merely assumptive. But its truthfulness will appear if the strict and absolute character of the duties of Christians are contrasted with their present pursuits. They are commanded to be perfect, even as their Father who is in heaven is perfect. They are required to denounce all unworthy motives; to oppose avarice, pride, voluptuousness, and formality; and to refuse acquiescence with the customs and maxims of the world. But is it not notorious, in too many instances, that even those whom we believe to be the disciples of Christ, are found to be resorting to methods of increasing their number, power, and authority, by appealing to passions and principles which are by no means in harmony with the spirit of Christ; and that, too, under the plea of being all things unto all men? Is it not a fact that they lose sight of the necessity of being a *peculiar* people, but are found among the haunts of humble or of fashionable dissipation, pleading as their excuse that religion will lose all its attractive power if they are too rigid and exacting in its observance? There can be no advantage gained by glossing the discrepancy. It admits of an absolute demonstration that the Church unbends too much to the world; and that the world, because of her laxity, feels no awe or aversion whenever her stern and inflexible purity is proclaimed from her pulpits or by her pen. Were it otherwise, the two classes would be much more distinct than they are. The wall of separation would be much more clearly defined; and the power of purity would excite equally as much opposition now as in the days of Bunyan, Baxter, and Howe, or of Whitfield and Wesley.

No! men are not changed in their natural feelings towards the Gospel. The objection to its absolute supremacy is as strong now as it was in the time of our Lord's appearance upon the earth. It is in vain, therefore, that the Church looks for the adoption of her principles by the world, through a limited conformity to its spirit and practices. The end has uniformly failed whenever such expectations have been raised; and has even been inverted in contradistinction to them. It would be a singular anomaly if it were not so; for, in spite of injunctions to the contrary, men almost always take their

standard of action from human conduct rather than from moral principle; and judge, think, and act accordingly. Hence the failure which arises in connection with a preached Gospel, when the conduct of the expositor is inconsistent with his profession. Besides which, as Christians are more prone to partake of the character of the world than of the spirit of Christ, and to imitate the procedure of the world rather than the example of Christ, they are much more likely to forego their own principles than to induce others to forego theirs; and they need to be sustained by a power, superior even to the principles themselves, to prevent so fatal a result. It is because of this liability to depend upon a false standard that we insist upon the necessity of Divine influence to fortify their minds in danger, and to furnish them with a power by which to overcome temptation.

But if Christians are thus exposed to danger, what must be the condition of those who have never received the truth into their hearts, and who have only given an intellectual assent to it? It cannot be a matter of surprise that they should conform to the world, or that they should be ready on all occasions to advance reasons for their conduct. Still the question recurs in reference to the nature and extent of their conformity to the Church also, and requires a distinct solution.

It is well known that early associations, education, and general custom have a considerable influence upon the minds of men, and that the form of religion is taught them almost as soon as they begin to reason and think. In our country especially this system prevails to a very great extent. It is considered indecent and disreputable for children to grow up without a general acquaintance with the Scriptures. Parents are supposed, even by the world, to be singularly remiss if they neglect this branch of their children's education. But notwithstanding this apparent zeal for religious instruction, what are the results in reference to a large portion of the existing community? With a considerable amount of general information upon religious doctrine, with many prejudices fostered and matured in favour of a certain class of religious tenets, and with abundant sources for correct opinion on the right hand and on the left, how do they comport themselves in relation to this matter? They hold the truth perhaps, but they hold it in unrighteousness. They freely admit its correctness and beneficial tendency, but they esteem its effects to be of a general and *national* rather than of a particular and *personal* character. And when they come to mingle in society, they are prepared to consider themselves as sufficiently competent to settle how far religion should actuate their own lives as well as the lives of others. Infidelity and gross impiety would shock their notions of propriety, but subordinate acts of immorality they sparingly reprove. Scandalous and blasphemous productions of the press would excite their horror, perhaps rouse their indignation; but refined and ingenious theories, though possessing infidel tendencies, produce no alarm. And so long as the outward deport-

ment is regulated by prudence, and the man does not commit himself to any palpable act of vice, he may pass very well for a Christian.

It is to this cause, at least to a great extent, that the present state of forbearance may be traced which nominal Christians manifest towards the Church. Far from finding any ostensible occasion for ribaldry and persecution against her members, they seek to avail themselves as much as they can of her systems of philanthropy, and, with apparent zeal for the poor, found hospitals and benevolent institutions for their individual and collective benefit. But with all this approximation to uniformity of practice, there is nothing more certain than the existence of a deep-rooted dislike to the self-denying principles of the Gospel, which would easily find vent were the fashion of professing religion exchanged for one similar to that which obtained in the Court of the licentious Charles. Puritanism, as it is called, is no more an object of complacency now than it was in the latter days of Milton; and it is only to be fully and faithfully exhibited, to call down the sneer and contempt of the self-righteous soul.

What, then, it may be asked, has the mere civilizing influence of Christianity done for society, or what can it do to improve its condition apart from the agency of the Spirit? The increase of the knowledge of its formula, and of its general character and design, may tend to widen the intellectual vision of man; but it never can, and never will, reform his heart. It may give him mental superiority over the inhabitants of barbarous and uncultivated districts where the Gospel is not known, but it will not check the influence of his passions when once they are roused to malice or revenge. He is still at enmity to God by wicked works, and cannot be expected to manifest the lovely and amiable characteristics of the Christian. He may be attached to his friend, or even to his neighbour, but he will not *love* his enemy, or *pray* for them that despitefully use and ill-treat him.

If, then, neither the power of the truth as such, nor its civilizing influence is capable of effecting the conversion of the world, will calamity and trouble be able to produce it? The general effects of a public calamity are usually manifest in an unnatural degree of excitement, in bitter lamentations and prostrations of the soul, and in an earnest deprecation of the calamity itself. Sometimes, too, a nation when suffering assumes the garb of mourning, and for a time professes to humble itself under the mighty hand of God. But as soon as the scourge is removed and its visible traces are effaced, the bustle and activity of life is resumed; serious thought and care are banished from the mind, and the world laughs and forgets as before. But wherefore should we marvel at this? The instrument merely by which the affliction was produced has been discussed and deplored; not the power by which it was wielded, nor the sinfulness by which it was occasioned. And natural causes alone have been sought to account for it, when it ought to have been attributed to the direct agency of God. Or even if this has not been the case, and the malady

has been traced to the intervention of the Almighty, and humiliation and confession of sin have ensued, an unchristian-like fear is all that has been aroused, and the world has been as far from being reformed as at any former period of its existence.

The same effects are traceable in relation to individual cases; for though the heart be softened for a moment, it is only that it might eventually become more impervious to every external reforming influence. But does not this open to us the secret of the general failure of affliction in converting men to God? One would have thought that nothing could more effectually soften and subdue the rebellious nature of man than calamity, distress, or suffering; but at the same time, nothing is more true than that in the vast majority of instances the result is quite the reverse. This may occasion our surprise, but it accords with the conviction of our judgment and the experience of our hearts. Why it should be so, we know not, except that the Spirit has not exerted his agency to render the means efficacious, or because his influences have been resisted. But whichever view is taken, the conclusion will force itself upon the mind that the severest calamities may befall mankind, but they will not learn righteousness if the Spirit of the Lord be not present to instruct them.

Admitting, then, the failure of such means as these, will the possession of secular power and grandeur accomplish the desired result? What has been the history of the Church in past times? The frequent defections of the Jews, even in the zenith of their prosperity, are too well known to need any comment. Theirs were the temple, the sacrifices, the law, and the promises. To them chiefly were committed the oracles of God. The world was taught to regard them as peculiarly favoured by the Divine Being. Yet they fell into the grossest state of corruption, and abandoned the pure and holy worship of Jehovah for the worship of idols, for the most unprincipled state of opposition to His will, and for the inculcation of doctrines wholly at variance with the spirit of the Jewish economy.

But passing through a period of several centuries to the time when the Christian religion was nominally pre-eminent, do we find the state of things in any way improved? Look, for instance, at the condition of the Church at the fourth century, when it may be considered to have been in its high and palmy state, sheltered, as it was, by the patronage of Constantine the Great. "The Bishops assumed in many places a princely authority, particularly those who had the greatest number of churches under their inspection, and who presided over the most opulent assemblies. They appropriated to their evangelical function the splendid ensigns of temporal majesty. A throne, surrounded with ministers, exalted above his equals the servant of the meek and humble Jesus, and sumptuous garments dazzled the eyes and the minds of the multitude into an ignorant veneration for their arrogant authority. The example of the Bishops was ambitiously imitated by the Presbyters, who, neglecting the sacred duties of their station, abandoned themselves to the indolence and delicacy

of an effeminate and luxurious life. The Deacons beholding the Presbyters deserting their functions, boldly usurped their rights and privileges, and the effects of a corrupt ambition were spread through every rank of the sacred order." Mosh. vol. 1., pp. 266, 267.

"The number, however, of immoral and unworthy Christians began so to increase, that the examples of real piety and virtue became extremely rare. When the terrors of persecution were totally dispelled; when the Church, secured from the efforts of its enemies, enjoyed the sweets of prosperity and peace; when the most of the bishops exhibited to their flocks the contagious examples of arrogance, luxury, effeminacy, animosity and strife, with other vices too numerous to mention; when the inferior rulers and doctors of the Church fell into a slothful and opprobrious negligence of the duties of their respective stations, and employed in vain wranglings and idle disputes that zeal and attention that were due to the culture of piety and to the instruction of the people; and when (to complete the enormity of this horrid detail) multitudes were drawn into the profession of Christianity, not by the power of conviction and argument, but by the prospect of gain and the fear of punishment,—then it was, indeed, no wonder that the Church was contaminated with shoals of profligate Christians, and that the virtuous few were in a manner oppressed and overwhelmed with the superior numbers of the wicked and licentious. It is true that the same rigorous penitence which had taken place before Constantine the Great, continued now in full force against the flagrant transgressors; but when the reign of corruption becomes universal, the vigour of the law yields to its sway, and a weak execution defeats the purposes of the most salutary discipline. Such was now unhappily the case; the age was sinking daily from one period of corruption to another; the great and the powerful sinned with impunity; and the obscure and the indigent felt alone the severity of the laws." It is impossible to suppose that the Church could become an effective instrument in the conversion of the world under such a regime as this. But instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely, as illustrative of the withering influence of temporal prosperity and grandeur among the members of her community. Even when she had ample scope to exert a noble and exalting influence upon society, we invariably find that her power was perverted, and that her means were appropriated to self-aggrandisement, luxury, and pride. It may be all very well for a country to be called Christian because of its national religious institutions, but unless it possesses something more than these, unless its religious thoughts and feelings are moulded by the influence of the Holy Spirit, it can never be entitled in strict justice to the high sounding title, and it never will become an efficient means in expelling the corruptions of the human heart. It may attempt to establish religious order by acts of Parliament, or to compel men to conform to certain rituals and formularies, or it may even give a toleration to the endless diversified opinions which men now but whatever may be the external character of its pres-

perity, nothing short of the direct control of the Spirit of God can render it effectual in the production of good to the world, or of well-being to the Church. It is of no consequence which section of the Christian community may predominate—whether Episcopalians, Presbyterians, or Independents—whether those who enjoy the temporalities of the State or those who support themselves by voluntary contributions; the end will be the same, whichever party is the greatest in power, wealth, and influence, unless Divine agency be sought to counsel and direct them: for “it is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

But if secular power and authority fail to accomplish this end, will an external unity either in doctrine or form of Church government produce it? With respect to the former, it is well known that it cannot be obtained; and if it could, it would not of itself avail anything. It has been tried over and over again, and has failed. Men have convened from all parts of the world, and canvassed in the most free and unsparing manner the various doctrines of the Gospel, and made concession after concession for the sake of preserving harmony among themselves; but after all they have separated, leaving a large number unsatisfied as to the result, and with their hearts pained to the quick at their want of success. A multitude of minor associations have been found, counter resolutions have been passed, manifestoes have been put forth, contravening the confession of faith established by the previous majority; and the Church has become, in fact, more divided and rent in sunder than before. The attempt, even in our days, to form an evangelical alliance upon a doctrinal basis can by no means be regarded as successful. It is true that an apparent union exists among many who first originated and supported it; but it is surprising to read the diversified opinions which the Dissenters entertained, and which even the Unionists themselves put forth upon many points; and it only proves how exceedingly futile and Utopian it is to expect a multitude of men to forego their long-cherished and sometimes painfully-wrought-out views for a uniform standard of principles.

Besides which, it is reasonable to suppose that the doctrines of the Gospel would become much more easily understood, and appreciated, were they not thrown together in a didactic form, and presented to the notice of men for their implicit trust, whatever might be the difference of opinion concerning them;—and, of course, none can enjoy the privileges of the alliance without an adhesion to their standard. If the principles of Christianity were so clearly defined and expressed as that no mistake could arise by a diligent and searching investigation into them, then there could be no objection to such a formula; and men might with advantage be referred to it as the invariable basis of their belief. But facts prove the contrary. Christianity admits (and we think very wisely) of very diversified views respecting many of its principles; and in the end fares much better by separate and independent examinations thereof. Truth is elicited by a healthy friction of mind, and by a comparison

with the researches of different men. Opposing sentiments suggest others. These again reveal more truths, or expose more errors. The vast mine of religious principle becomes fairly explored; and it must go hard if some golden truth be not ever and anon brought up to the light of day, and made to glisten amid the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. At all events, the world is purified from ancient forms of error and superstition; and if others arise and take their place, it is that they may share the same fate.

Upon the whole, therefore, Christianity can lose nothing by the exercise of private judgment, and may be expected to gain greatly by its free, temperate, and judicious exercise.

But what, after all, is the effect which such an union of sentiment has upon the world? Ungodly men are not concerned about the associate views of Christian men, except to ridicule them, should any unfortunate discrepancy appear. Far from appreciating the motive, they look only at the novelty of the gathering; and instead of expecting benefit from it, almost hope to see division and discord. And the history of the Church (alas, that it should be so!) furnishes too much ground for the prospect of a realization of their wishes. But discrepancy appears; and what then? Certainly a very different result to that which was entertained. Or uniformity prevails; and what then? Is the world more convinced than it was before? Effects prove the contrary. Men cling to their own opinions still, and will exert the privilege of thinking for themselves. They may, perhaps, glance at the creed, but they will consider much more attentively the remaining differences. They may be silenced by the absence of one occasion of reproach, but they will not be converted. We could wish the contrary, but we see no reason for expecting it. The Spirit of God alone can effect it; and creeds will be found utterly useless when they are made to assume His place.

But if this be the case with reference to uniformity in doctrine, what may we legitimately look for in relation to unity in the form of Church government? Let the best system be devised that human ingenuity can contrive; let all its parts be symmetrically moulded, and let it come forth faultless and complete, and be applied under the most auspicious circumstances, what will it produce? Great hopes of success, doubtless, would be entertained; but failure would characterize its exercise, even as it has done others, where the Spirit has been wanting. The prophet Ezekiel furnishes a lively illustration of this. The Spirit of the Lord, in a vision, set him down in the midst of a valley which was full of bones, and caused him to pass by round about, and behold there were very many in the open valley; and lo! they were very dry. The question was put to him: Son of man, can these bones live? And he said, Oh, Lord God, thou knowest. And it came to pass that as he prophesied according to the direction of the Lord, there was a noise and a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone; the sinews also and the flesh came upon them, and the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them. And not until he prophesied again, and

He wind, thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four
th, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live, did
unto them; and they live, and stand up upon their
great army.

y of all forms which the Church may employ for
of the world. Placed in the midst of a moral Gol-
may devise expedients for the restoration of human
may even succeed so far as to invest it with the very
of the Christian character; but to what purpose will all
er and decency exist, if the life—the soul that animates, and
hes, and lives—be wanting. It will remain what it is,—nothing
a lifeless, though excellent and unexceptionable form; and will
produce no intelligent, practical, and beneficial results. Noble and
grand as the structure may appear, death will reside within, and
corruption will speedily ensue. Indeed, corruption *itself* only has
been encased, and that merely for a time. The period will arrive
when this casing, too, shall decay and perish with the using.

But is it not strange that men should be so fascinated with a thing
which they know can at best be of temporary duration? And that
they should seize with such convulsive grasp the bubble which
bursts the moment its fragile form is touched? Yet so it is; and we
see, at this particular day and hour of the nineteenth century, men as
intent upon their airy nothings as though the experiment were to be
tried for the first time, or as though they had discovered the general
panacea for mortal woe. Oh, that the Spirit of God would descend
from heaven and enlighten their judgment, that they might be in-
duced to lay aside these foolish endeavours, and address themselves
to something more noble, something more worthy of their own minds,
and the destiny of immortal souls! It is His vital, quickening, sanc-
tifying and enlightening influence that we need; and if that be not
obtained, the man lives and labours in vain who attempts to reform
the world.

IV.

A DIALOGUE WITH A LEARNED CHINESE.*

ON THE VIEWS ENTERTAINED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN ON VARIOUS POINTS
OF INTEREST CONNECTED WITH RELIGION, AND THEIR BELIEF IN
SPIRITS, DEMONS, THE METEMPSYCHOSIS, ETC.

Foreigner.—Please, give me some information on the three famous
religions of China, called Yu, Shih, and Taou; or, what is better
known, the Confucian, Buddhist, and Taou Sects.

* This man formerly assisted Dr. Morrison as a copyist or writer.

Chinese.—Yu is the denomination of scholars, and therefore called the Learned Sect; it is also called the Sacred Sect, from the regard that is paid to Confucius, who is revered as a sage, on account of the profundity of his wisdom, the resources of his intellect, and the admirable principles that guided him in all his actions. He had many disciples, to whom he imparted instruction on almost all subjects, except those treating on the gods, anarchy, supernatural events, and physical force. With respect to the worship of spirits, he considered the subject too difficult or abstruse to speak upon. Moreover, it accorded with ancient custom and law for the Emperor to sacrifice to heaven and earth; the Princes to the gods of the land and the grain; the high officers to the tutelary deities; and the scholars and common people to worship their ancestors. Each class was expected to keep within its own proper sphere, and not to exceed it. And with regard to supernatural appearances, muscular feats, and insurrection, he considered them not to be in accordance with right principles; and were, therefore, not subjects lightly to be spoken about.

Foreigner.—Have any temples been erected to do him homage?

Chinese.—There have. There is a fine temple erected in the province where he was born, the walls of which are red and the tiles green; the image of Confucius is placed in the centre, and on either side are the tablets of the seventy-two worthies, his most distinguished disciples. Each spring and autumn, official personages repair thither to offer sacrifices with the greatest possible respect and solemnity. Each province has also large literary halls, in which at certain specified seasons all the public officers assemble and do him homage. A kind of prayer or eulogistic discourse is read aloud, and, after offering up the usual libations, the officers and scholars retire to their respective duties. A succession of dynasties has passed away, but none has failed to show him the greatest respect.

Foreigner.—Please, now tell me something about the sect of Shih.

Chinese.—It is the religion of Buddha: his surname was Shih, and therefore it is thus designated. The priests of this religion shave their heads, and wear long-sleeved gowns. It did not originate in China, but was introduced from India during the dynasty of Han (or about the time of the Christian Era.) It teaches men to cultivate virtue and to do good, and then at death they shall ascend to the western heaven, and enjoy perfect felicity; but if, on the contrary, they follow a wicked course, they must suffer ten thousand kinds of punishment in hell, and for ever be unable to revolve again in the circle of life. Those things not being altogether against reason, induce many to believe and follow this religion.

Foreigner.—What are the rules of admission into the priesthood?

Chinese.—They must leave their homes, their father, mother, wife, and children; and not caring for any of them, they must henceforth reverently regard the chief priest as their guide and instructor, and be to each other as father and son. The priests must go bare-headed, to show they have put off the cares and vexations of the world; and live

upon a purely vegetable diet, in order to compassionate animal life ; beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and everything possessing life, are not to be destroyed. The food that is allowed consists of peas, beans, fruits, rice, the young shoots of bamboo, and vegetables of all kinds. The priests live in the temples, and eat at one common table ; they vary in number from a dozen to two hundred, according to the size of the temple. They chant morning and evening prayers before the massive images of Buddha, taken from their religious books ; repeating them over and over again, especially the sacred name of Buddha. They also offer up prayers on behalf of others, asking that they may be delivered from calamity and distress ; and they also perform rites for the dead, raising them from purgatory, &c.

Foreigner.—Do many believe in the doctrines of the priests ?

Chinese.—A great many do, because of what they affirm respecting the unlimited resources of Fuh (or Buddha,) to afford universal succour to all mankind. A Buddhistic work says :—" Beyond this sentence, O-me-to-fuh (one of the names of the god,) you need not say a single word. Let each seek a retired room, and sweep it clean ; place therein a small image of Buddha ; put incense and pure water, with a lighted lamp, before it ; whether painted on paper, or carved on wood, the figure is just the same as the true Buddha ; love it as your father and mother ; venerate it as your prince and ruler morning and evening ; worship before it with reverence ; on going out, inform it ; and on returning, do the same. Whether you travel, act as in the presence of Buddha. Whether you eat or drink, offer it up first to Buddha. Raising the eye or moving the lips, let all be for Buddha. Let not the rosary leave your hands, or O-me-to-fuh depart from your mouths. Repeat it with a loud voice and with a low one ; quickly and slowly, with clasped hands and with banded knees, at home or abroad ; in a crowd, or when alone. Thus to repeat it will move your feelings, and make your tears to flow ; will inspire the celestial gods with awe, and the terrestrial demons with reverence."

Foreigner.—Please give me a short history of the Taouist Religion.

Chinese.—It commenced in the remote history of the Emperor Wang (about five hundred years before the Christian Era,) owing to the fondness for studying the methods of prolonging life to an indefinite extent. One Le-arh, called also Leou-tze, was the man whom after generations honoured as the founder of this religion. From him Confucius inquired what were the principles of social order or good manners. He embodied his views in a well-known book called the Taou-tih-king, which discourses on the mysteries or paths of reason and virtue. The priests who belong to this sect braid up the hair in a tuft on the top of the head, and wear long-aleeved garments. It is optional whether they forsake their families, or continue to live with them. Those who forsake all reside in a Taouist temple, confine themselves to a vegetable diet, and are called priests of eminent virtue. Their temples are generally placed on elevated positions, surrounded by fine trees, images of

gods and goddesses occupying the interior ; the wealthy subscribe towards the support both of these and the Buddhist temples.

Foreigner.—What does this religion teach men ?

Chinese.—It originally taught men to adorn themselves with virtue, to nourish nature, to circulate the breath, and to refine what is gross and sensual. But the priests of the present day altogether misunderstand their duty ; they only know how to learn to chant a few sentences from the sacred books, and on behalf of that pray to the gods to confer happiness. Those who remain with their families are called common or social priests, and they act also as magicians or necromancers, perform rites for the dead, and are very numerous. They are great exorcists, and are much sought after by seamen and the friends of sick persons. Ordinarily, they dress and eat as other persons do ; but when engaged in religious performances, they attire themselves in the usual priestly costume.

Foreigner.—Is the Mahomedan religion allowed in China ?

Chinese.—This religion has long existed in China, and has never been proscribed during several successive dynasties. It is chiefly on account of this sect always paying respect to the laws of the country, and while maintaining its own religious opinions not given to proselyting, that it has not been prohibited. Chinese Mahomedans differ in nothing from other Chinese, except in their religious ceremonies and modes of living. They do not eat pork, nor will they partake (if invited out to a feast) of any animal food, unless it has been slaughtered by one of their own people. In their private houses there are no idols, but whether they have any images in their Mosques, I do not know—strangers are not admitted. I have often heard some one reading aloud their sacred books. In the province of Canton, there are about 2,000 Mahomedans, and they are to be found in every province ; but they are very unwilling to inform others about their affairs. They bury their dead in a large mausoleum outside the gates of the city ; the corpse is now shrouded and placed in a curiously shaped coffin, which allows the body to drop from it into the mouth of the general tomb—if it should fall with the face looking upward, the relations consider it a happy omen of future felicity.

Foreigner.—I should like to hear what the Chinese think of good and evil spirits.

Chinese.—The common notion is that the good spirits, or gods, reside in heaven, and that the evil spirits, or demons, dwell in the inferior regions ; and that while the principles of the former are pure and illustrious, those of devils are dark and debased. The gods are considered to be able to afford universal help or succour to mankind ; hence the Chinese erect temples to honour them, and they also worship them in their private dwellings. A loft or small chamber is set apart for the idols, with some title or badge which designates them ; before these are placed incense vessels, candle stands, and other articles used in worship. Every day, morning and evening, incense sticks are lighted, and on the first and fifteenth of each month, and on other special occasions, there

are, besides burning of candles, gilt and silvered paper (to represent money,) and offerings of meat, rice, wine, &c. presented to the idol, with much bowing and kneeling, to propitiate the divinity and obtain protection in times of suffering and perplexity. Each person seems to follow his own inclination as to the object and times of worship—there is no one idol invariably worshipped—I am unable to give the number of the gods, but you can examine the record of their names and history. The most famous and the most commonly worshipped in Canton are the goddess of mercy, called Koon-Yam ; Kwan-Tae, the god of war ; Pak-Tae, the northern god ; Teen-Haou, the mother of heaven ; Wa-Kwong, the god of fire ; Tsoi-Shan, the god of wealth ; and Kum-Fa, the patroness of married women. Besides these there are many others too numerous to particularize, who are honoured by some and not by others. I cannot say I have much knowledge about them.

Foreigner.—What of the evil spirits or demons ?

Chinese.—According to the vulgar opinion, a demon possesses shadow without substance—perhaps makes some perceptible sound—has power to deceive and injure the lives of men. It is probable the chief demon spoken of in books is one of these. At certain seasons, devils are worshipped, especially during violent sickness and dangerous disorders, attended with delirium or something unusual and alarming, supposed to be the result of diabolical influence. The evil spirit is soothed and exorcised by the usual offerings of incense, paper, money, rice, wine, &c., or by crackers and other incantations, which are performed outside the great door. Moreover, as the Chinese generally very much dread these hungry ghosts, and believe that they are capable of doing much mischief, they adopt the following method of driving them away :—They paste up outside the door some mystic characters, the names of gods, that are supposed to possess the extraordinary power of eating them up ! At the sight of this charm, the evil spirits who wish to enter the house are deterred approaching the inmates. I dare not pronounce an opinion whether it is true or false, but such is the prevailing idea. You say that you hear at times the beating of gongs, firing of crackers, and blowing of the conch at the dead of night, with loud shouting of voices ; all these sounds are superstitious rites connected with the expulsion and exorcising of bad spirits from human dwellings and sick persons. This belief in evil spirits and demoniacal possession has taken hold of nearly every one ; and whether it is true or not, no one examines : the people just follow the customs of the age, and do as others do, without thinking whether it is right or wrong, advantageous or otherwise.

Foreigner.—Then the Chinese often speak about Genii — what are they ?

Chinese.—The Genii were originally men, but by reason of the purity of their minds, the practice of virtue and abstraction from the world, have become possessed of the faculty of pre-knowledge and the power of transmutation, and doing wonderful things. Their souls are in heaven ; still they are not regarded to be

either spirits or demons, but are denominated Genii. They are supposed to perform their virtuous deeds in some quiet spot in the deep recesses of the mountains; I have not seen any of their magical arts, but books say they can cross a river upon a slender straw, or extinguish a fire by spurring out upon it a cup of wine, &c. The names of the eight principal genii are known to every one, even children are made acquainted with them. I have only seen one of them regularly worshipped, who is believed to understand the healing art; so that when men are sick, they apply to this Sii-shun-yéang to succour them.

Foreigner.—What is the explanation of the two characters so frequently used in China—*Chuen lun*, to revolve in a circle as a wheel—the metempsychosis.

Chinese.—They simply mean that the life of man is ever revolving in a circle, like the turning of a wheel. It has been handed down that in Hades there are ten kings, who judge the actions of men, good or bad, committed in their former life; just the same as magistrates pass sentence upon criminals here. Whenever men die they must of necessity pass before the tribunal of these ten kings; and as the last is called the turning-wheel king, this judicial process goes round like a wheel. It is impossible to discover the method and laws of their adjudicature, but the general opinion prevailing is simply this:—The kings having judged that such a class were free from vice in the former life, command them to re-enter the circle of life in the upper world, as men of the highest order. Those that are not perfectly virtuous are classified in two orders. If the good actions exceed the bad, they are ordered to return to this world and become again ordinary men; but those whose actions here were wicked, are punished by being transformed into birds and beasts, or are perhaps for ever shut up in hell. Life and death, from thus resembling the revolutions of a wheel, are thus designated. But it is a subject that needs investigation.

The above short description, by a native, of the religious views of the Chinese, will give the general reader but a faint idea of the ignorance and follies connected with idolatry. It is the uniform opinion that the Chinese had a far better knowledge of the true God, and were more sincerely religiously inclined 2000 years ago than they are in the present degenerate times. They are a people that may now be truly said to be without God, and without hope in the world; and not desiring to retain the knowledge of the Most High God, handed down to them by their ancestors in the early ages of the world, they seem to me to have lost what little they once knew of reverence for, and worship of, the Supreme Being, and have substituted in His place a vast number of imaginary beings and deified men, to whom they render the homage of their lips. They cannot be without some object of worship; but they care very little what it is, so that it is placed among the worshipped beings allowed by the State, and sanctioned by custom. Nor does it at all matter whether the idol is enrolled

among the Buddhist or Taouist sects, or whether the worship is offered in a Buddhist or Taouist temple ; the offerings and mode of worship are the same. It is a mere round of formal heartless ceremony, without meaning or interest to the worshippers ; at least, if we can judge from the frivolity and carelessness which usually mark their religious observances. The common people and women (who form the largest proportion of those who frequent the shrines or temples of the gods) have no thought or knowledge whatever of the god worshipped, beyond its name and general celebrity ; and unless some favourable response is soon given, its shrine is forsaken for another, that may prove more propitious : occasionally even the angry and disappointed worshipper will vent his displeasure in no measured terms of abuse, and even drag the idol from its seat and give it a ducking in water, or set up another in its place. The worship offered is pre-eminently selfish in its aims and objects from beginning to end. The offerings are not very expensive, because all that is eatable is afterwards consumed by the worshipper ; and a proper compensation is expected for the burning of so many incense sticks, also the candles, and heaps of gilt paper. It is not for a moment thought that sacrifices and vows can be made from purely disinterested motives ; or that the genuflexions and thumpings of the head on the ground can go unrewarded. No such thing—a Chinaman rarely does anything disinterestedly. He looks to the main chance more than most men ; and if he thought that his offerings and trouble in frequenting the temples would certainly be unremunerative, they would soon be given up ; in fact I have met with several who had come to that conclusion, and boldly declared it was of “no use to worship the gods.” These were among the comparative few who had abandoned idolatry from a long experience of its uselessness and folly, but not of its criminality and sin.

Buddhist books strongly recommend the abstinence from flesh as the only sure method of purification, and discountenances the killing of the useful ox, the pig, and every living animal ; but the Chinese are great utilitarians, and are ready to consume everything that comes in their way (even dogs, cats, and rats, when nothing better can be had ;) therefore a strictly vegetable diet is mainly confined to the priests (and by them it is not observed very scrupulously,) and to women who have been persuaded to vow never to touch flesh meat or any animal food again. Some of these, much enfeebled from the want of it, came under my medical care ; and though I clearly pointed out the cause of their debility and other ailments, yet I rarely succeeded in inducing these poor superstitious women to alter their course of diet. The work of saving animal life, repairing temples, bridges, and roads, giving away coffins, firewood, rice, and several other modes of bestowing alms and doing good offices, have all a scale of merit attached to them, which is confidently expected will be of advantage and profit to the benefactor, both in this life and after death. I have not observed the self-inflicted cruelties upon the body, such as exist in India ; but abstinence, hermitage, voluntary poverty and seclusion

from the world, &c., are all minor exhibitions of meritorious self-sacrifice and devotion. But the Chinese are too practical and non-contemplative a race to have much sympathy with fetichism, meditative silence, and abstraction from the world. These acts of devotion are consequently not much encouraged; in China, indeed, the priests of Buddha and Taou exert very little influence upon the community at large; they are despised rather than respected, and are often jeered at, as useless members of society. Still such is the force of custom, and fear of acting contrary to it, that the priests are usually invited to chant the funeral rites over men who might have ridiculed them when alive, and even have forbidden them to enter their houses. I have had many opportunities of observing the Chinese character, and ascertaining the amount of religious knowledge they possessed, but I do not remember finding *one* able to give a proper reply to the simple inquiry—Who made you? They are undoubtedly ignorant of the Great Creator; and if they do not absolutely deny His existence, they do not even seem to acknowledge Him in His works or providence. The genial warmth of the sun, and the needful rains of heaven, which the compassionate Preserver of man so liberally bestows upon them, and on which they are so dependent for their daily subsistence, seem not to awaken one spark of acknowledgment to the Giver of all Good, who is indeed kind to the unthankful and to the evil. I have also yet to learn their acknowledgment of guilt, and the need of a sacrifice to atone for it. All the meat offerings presented are thank-offerings; they are the flesh of killed animals that have been baked or cooked. The idea of an atonement for sin never enters into the mind of a Chinese when presenting himself and his gifts before the shrine of his gods. Their views also respecting a future life and the immortality of the soul are very obscure and contradictory. They worship their dead ancestors—call the spirit back after death—speak of a former life—have a notion of good and bad spirits—profess to believe in the transmigration of souls, and the existence of heaven and hell (the horrid punishments of the latter being depicted in *Buddhists'* books and temples;) and yet as a people they may be truly said to have no sure belief of a future state, or have much, if any, care to know about it. Some deny it altogether,—others say it is wrapped in mystery and doubt; but the greater part never give the subject a thought, and live and act as if there was no hereafter. Their chief objections to Christianity are—

1st. It is a foreign religion, good, perhaps, for foreign states, but not needed by them.

2nd. They ridicule the idea of being expected to believe in Jesus, who, they say, was regarded as a criminal, and adjudged worthy of death by crucifixion:—"the Cross is foolishness unto them."

3rd. They deny the possibility of the divinity of Jesus, the Saviour of men, on the ground that he could not be in heaven and on earth at the same time. The Trinity in Unity is a doctrine not to be easily

perceived; it is a matter of faith, not of natural comprehension. "No one can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

4th. They see nothing wonderful in the incarnation and miracles of Jesus; such like events are recorded in their books, and they are not particular to prove their authenticity as to time and place, &c.

5th. The doctrines of Jesus, they say, must be acknowledged to be good in the main, but they are not superior to those taught by Confucius, and therefore not needed by the Chinese.

6th. If this religion is so true and important, how is it, they ask, that China, which has existed so long, should not have heard of it before?

7th. Objections are raised against the dates of the Bible, and some of the Old Testament histories.

8th. They strongly object to Christianity being the only true and consistent religion in the world. They think it should be more tolerant. Many would be willing to put Jesus Christ at the very top of the list of their gods, if those beneath should not be excluded from worship also.

9th. The objection probably which has the greatest weight arises out of the general opinion, that because ancestral worship is forbidden, Christianity is chargeable with the great fault of not inculcating the chief virtue of the Confucian ethics,—viz, filial piety, which is to be exemplified, not only to the living, but to the *dead*.

It will be seen from these preceding remarks how destitute the Chinese are of right religious feelings, and how much they stand in need of every help from Christian countries to give them the revealed will of God. What they want is practical Christianity, made known to them by the living voice, and by the printed page, and exemplified in a holy life. They are keen observers of human nature, and readily perceive the weaknesses of men, and the imperfections of systems and differences of sects: they have plenty of these themselves; and the aim of British and American Christians should therefore be to give them the pure word of life, the simple truth as it is in Jesus, without any particular regard to sects and formularies. To *evangelize* China and India is the greatest and noblest work devolving on the Christian Church at the present day. It has been begun, and is now being carried on with increasing vigour; but seeing how miserably inadequate the means are to accomplish the great objects in view,—the field so large, and the labourers so few,—does it not appear incumbent upon us to use every exertion, under God's blessing, to support and increase the facilities of spreading the saving knowledge of the Gospel to these countries, containing, as they do, more than half of the population of the world?—*one* being the richest and largest colony of the British crown; *the other* of the greatest importance to us as a mercantile and manufacturing people, and towards which many eyes and anxious hearts are specially directed at the present time.

I confess I feel much surprised to hear of the great unwillingness of

many studying for the sacred office of the ministry, to offer themselves for foreign service in India or China ; and also at the small sums contributed by many to the various charitable objects both at home and abroad, as *compared* with what might and ought to be given, if we are to judge of a man's prosperity in business and good position in the world by the establishment he keeps up, or the liberal expenditure upon his table and dress.

V.

ZINZENDORF.—CHAPTER IV.

A BRIEF SKETCH FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MORAVIANS.

THE rumour of the Count's blessed work in the Moravian congregation had penetrated to Berleburg, in the Principality of Wittgenstein. At that time (1730) Ernest, the reigning prince there, was a man full of faith, but inclined to the study of the occult sciences, drawing around him all those who had given themselves up to researches after the hidden and mysterious, and who had in consequence been put out of communion by the churches to which they belonged.

Amongst these people had arisen the desire of uniting under a more regular discipline ; they therefore wrote and begged the Count to come and help them to build a church. He went, and his mission there was to uphold the Word of God in opposition to reason and vain imaginations, which he says he did, "depending in all he said on the Divine guidance and support."

At first he was successful, especially with one of their number, the well-known Dippel. This man was a true example of one who, through pride and vain-glory, had made shipwreck of his faith, but whom God's saving grace carries safely over the stormy waters, until he finds the Rock where his foot may rest. He died in the faith, having cast down the idols he had formerly set up. When the "Inspired Ones" in the Wetterau heard of Zinzendorf's visit to their brethren at Berleburg, they begged him to come to them also, that he might "prove their faith." He came and found an established congregation, at the head of which was a self-styled "Prophet," whose declarations were believed implicitly, and looked upon by his congregation as the direct revelations of God. They did not live altogether in one place, but were scattered throughout the Wetterau and its vicinity, and they had their meetings sometimes at the Ronneburg and sometimes in different parts of the country.

The Count's state of mind at that time will be best expressed by a

quotation from a letter written to a friend :—" My motive," he says, " in coming to the Ronneburg was to preach Christ to its poor and miserable inhabitants—to visit them in their houses, as I have been accustomed to do elsewhere, and to seek to save their souls. If I am hindered in this my work, which I know I have undertaken with sincerity of purpose, then I cannot deny that I find it unbearable ; for ten years past I have made my own way everywhere, and struggled through difficulties of all kinds, and I will do the same here ; for I am so full of pity and sympathy for these poor souls, and my Saviour is so dear to me, that all I have hitherto sacrificed for His sake seems but a small thing, and I am ready to give my life if necessary."

All this the Count turned over in his mind, and though it did not discourage him, yet he came to the conclusion that the work at the Ronneburg might perhaps progress better in his absence than during his presence there. The Count felt that wherever there were souls to be saved, there was a field of labour open for him. Livonia was a country to which he felt particularly attracted. Thither, on the shores of the Baltic—where the German language was spoken, and Luther's doctrine still taught in its purity, but where the poor Esthonians and Livonians, who were the original inhabitants of the country, could not even read the Bible in their own language—he had received repeated calls to go, and various reasons now determined him to obey them. The Count's meeting with Rothenbacher and his wife at the Ronneburg had re-awakened his interest in the Salzburg exiles. Many, he knew, had found a refuge in Prussia ; and he wrote to the King (the father of Frederick the Great,) warmly recommending them to his Majesty's notice and kindness. Numbers of them had settled in Lithuania, and he longed to visit them. Himself an exile from his country, his great desire was to comfort those in like circumstances. This has always been a characteristic of the Moravians. In 1728, two Brethren, Schmidt and Nitschmann, left Hernnhut, to carry comfort and help to the persecuted Salzburgers. The undertaking was contrary to the advice and wishes of the Count, and neither of them ever reached their destination. They were imprisoned in Bohemia : Nitschmann died in prison, and Schmidt did not regain his liberty till six years after. Thus it is ever in the Church :—" If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it ; or if one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

The 26th of July, the day fixed upon for the Count's journey to Livonia, was now approaching ; and the whole of the little pilgrim band had assembled on the eve of his departure, for a few parting words from their beloved head, at the same spot where, seven weeks before, the Salzburger and Rabbi Abraham had discussed his arrival ; and these two formed part of the circle now gathered round the old walnut-tree : the Salzburger, because he belonged to the congregation—the Jew, because he was allowed to come and go as he chose, according to the custom of the Moravians. The Count's discourse, this evening, was on his favourite subject—the love of the Lord Jesus, and the power

which he bestows on His servants to win souls for Him. All listened attentively ; even the children ceased playing, and seemed to wish to understand his words.

The Count spoke of the need and desirableness of continuing the mission at the Ronneburg and in its neighbourhood. He appointed to each one his work, and listened to the various reports of their labours and successes ; and this was all done not as a master, but as a brother, who at all times reserved the post of most difficulty and danger for himself.

A spirit of truly fraternal union reigned amongst the little band that night, and each sympathized with the other in their different experiences of joy or disappointment. At length, turning to the Salzburger, the Count said :—" Brother Rothenbacher, I have thought much about you. What say you to coming with me, and joining your Brethren in Prussia ? You are alone here, separated from your own people ; and your heart probably yearns for them, more than you like to own. I have seen you frequently bowed down with grief and your wife in tears, and I know what home-sickness is."

" I heartily thank your Lordship for your kindness," replied the Salzburger. " You mean well towards us both, but it is best for us to remain where we are. Now that we have found some of the Lord's people, we are no more alone, as we were when we first came here. What would be the use of our returning home now ? We can gain our bread and work for the Lord here as well as there ; and what we have lost, our Brethren cannot give us back ; the Lord alone can comfort us in our trouble ;" and the Salzburger covered his face with his hands and wept.

All present looked with astonishment at the man, whom they were accustomed to see at all times tranquil and cheerful, and full of submission to the will of God. His wife rose from her seat next to the Countess, and kneeling down by him on the grass, gently touched his arm, and whispered :—" David, my beloved, the Lord says in his Word : ' Whoso hath forsaken houses, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.'"

A time of persecution came ; and these poor Salzburgers were to be driven from their homes. Very simple and affecting is their own record :—

" We householders then knew what would befall us. Fourteen days were allowed us to sell our house and cattle and to arrange everything for our departure !

" The day of ejection arrived. The dragoons entered our houses with drawn swords. Those who were prepared, took up their bundles, and went ; those who were not prepared went without. That hour will never be forgotten by the Protestants ; for this happened to us for our *faith's* sake ! Women lamented, and children wept, the cattle lowed, the soldiers cursed and swore, and drove us, poor unarmed people as we were, out before them at the sword's point. But this

lasted but a short time. Suddenly, a little white flag was raised in the midst of us, and a voice commenced singing—

‘God is our stronghold firm and sure,
Our trusty shield and weapon.’

“And now you should have seen the triumph of our Protestant faith! Before the hymn was ended there was no more need for the soldiers to drive. No eye looked back. All walked as if they were going to their homes. The sick were carried, the wearied led, the hungry were fed by those who had brought food, all unnecessary household articles were thrown away, and those who had money shared it with those who had none.”

Few of the exiles slept that night. Magdalena’s simple narrative of the sufferings of the Salzburg Protestants, hitherto little known, recalled to their minds their own troubles in Moravia and Bohemia, with their frequent and merciful deliverances, and attuned their hearts to thanksgiving. It had long been the custom of the Moravians to spend the night before any important step was taken in earnest prayer, and Zinzendorf, in particular when his soul was agitated by any new plan, spent many hours in close communion with the Lord. This night, with many prayers and tears, he recommended his family, his congregation, and all his concerns to God. “With tears?” dost thou ask, dear reader? Yea, with tears—tears mingled not unfrequently with the Count’s work, even as they did with his Master’s when he wept over Jerusalem—Zinzendorf prayed and wept; and I tell this to such as have themselves wept and striven in prayer for their own and others’ salvation. The fruits of such tears will be known on the last great day.

Early the following morning, the Count stood at the castle gate with a small travelling bag in his hand. The beadle stood ready to open and let him out quietly at a side-door, when the old Rabbi suddenly made his appearance, saying, “Let me accompany your lordship as far as Gelnhausen; I have watched through the night, so as not to miss you. We shall have a bright morning,” added he, as they passed through the gate into the open air; “my old heart yearns for the morning light; I cannot sleep any more until I know what it is that my soul is in search of.”

Then Zinzendorf opened his lips, and preached the Gospel to him, till the old man wept and wrung his hands. Thus they passed through the wood, and came in sight of the little church standing by itself on the hill. The sun was rising, and its first rays shone on the golden cross of its steeple.

“Seest thou the sign, Abraham?” said the Count; “the God of thy fathers plants this cross in thy night of darkness, and illumines it with the light which cometh from above. Believe then on Him who died thereon for thee, who there bore all thy griefs, and who offers thee his full salvation.”

“So be it, then,” exclaimed the Jew; “and glory be to God who

has had mercy upon me ! And now, my lord, farewell ; here our paths diverge ; you are in haste to move on, and I must remain here and pray." Silently they pressed each other's hands, and separated.

The Countess's position in the little community was a peculiar one since her husband's departure. She had no desire to assume any authority over the different members in their self-constituted labours, nor did she wish to take the Count's place in deciding matters of judgment, and yet she *was* the centre round which they all moved, and this lay entirely in her own personality, and in the intenseness of her devotion to her husband's work. Dignity and tenderness, seriousness and gentleness, strictness tempered by lenity, were all most remarkably blended in her character. She spoke little, but her silent sympathy was always felt, and induced others to open their hearts to her, and then her peculiar gift, that of consoling and binding up the broken heart, was brought into action, and none could comfort as she did. She had great knowledge of the world and of mankind, which enabled her at once to unmask a hypocrite, but she never refused the comfort of her presence, and her sympathy, and prayers, to even the most degraded who acknowledged their sins, and sought to amend their lives. All this she had learnt in the school of the Cross, and she made good use of the experience she had gained there.

About the middle of August, clouds seemed to gather more and more over the little community at the Ronneburg. In addition to this, her son Ludwig, a child of three years old, fell ill and grew rapidly worse, for want of medical aid. The state of the roads round the Ronneburg, in consequence of continued and fearful storms of rain and hail, was such as to render them wholly impassable. The Countess had contrived to send a messenger to Badingen to summon a physician, as her repeated and earnest entreaties by letter had failed to bring one ; but even this attempt proved fruitless, for such was the storm that raged that day, that the messenger found it impossible to return. All her endeavours to stop the progress of the fever which was devouring her child's life had proved ineffectual ; night was again drawing near, the child's restless tossings and moanings increased ; no human aid was nigh to administer relief ! It was an hour of darkness ; faith wrestled with the Lord as Jacob did of old ; the agony of the mother's heart rose in a piteous cry for the help which was still denied, and almost in despair she sank on her knees by her child's bed, and wept out her bitter sorrow. Christian Renatus and Benigna were on their knees in a corner of the room, the little girl praying with a fervour far beyond her years. The Brethren were assembled in De Watteville's apartment, uniting in supplication for the life of their beloved child, and suddenly there came a gentle tap at the door of the sick room ; a scarcely audible " Come in," was followed by the appearance of a little old man with long white hair, and a serious but benevolent countenance ; he walked straight up to the Countess, and said in a low voice :—

" I hear you are in anxiety about your child's life, my lady ; you

will therefore forgive me for essaying if there be yet a means of prolonging it."

"If what you do is in the name of the Lord," replied the Countess, "then try your skill upon my child, but, if not, then I deem it safer in the hands of its guardian angel, than if any powers of darkness should combine to restore it. I know you not," she continued; "who are you, and how came you up here on such a terrible night?"

"I quite believe your ladyship knows me not," said the little man, smiling; "few are acquainted with me here, but for all that I am well known to Him whose eyes are flames of fire. My Patmos, as I call my dwelling, is in the tower to the north-east; few ever come there, and I seldom leave it. My occupations have nothing in common with the world, and the world, therefore, nothing in common with me. When I am happy or sorrowful, I tell it to the stars, or to Him who made both them and me. I am an unworthy disciple of philosophy, and in my search after divine wisdom have discovered some good remedies for the alleviation of human suffering. To save life, of course, is out of my power."

"Do your best, good man," replied the Countess, who liked what she read in the countenance and words of the old man—"do your best, and assuage my child's fever: more I ask not from the Lord for this night; to-morrow, may be, He will hear my prayer for his life, but whether he will take him to himself, or give him back me, I leave entirely in his hands."

In the meantime the old man had placed a chair near the bed, sat down, and was looking tenderly at the sick child. After a brief survey, he sighed gently, and drew from his coat-pocket a little bottle containing a transparent fluid, of which he poured a few drops into the half-opened mouth of the child, and then sat down quietly to watch their effect. A profound silence reigned in the apartment, but outside the storm was still raging wildly.

In a few minutes, the apartment was noiselessly filled with the members of the little Pilgrim congregation. They assembled round the dying bed of little Ludwig; and while they were singing in sweet subdued tones one of their own beautiful hymns, the child fell asleep!

The sun rose, and its rays lighted up the sweet pale face, on whose features seemed already to dawn the light of eternal day. Below, in one of the small dark rooms of the castle, lay Rabbi Abraham; and as the little old man, who had attended the death-bed of the Countess's child in the absence of medical aid, entered his room early in the morning, he turned to greet him, and said in a low voice, "Welcome, brother Owler. Many years hast thou sought me in the name of the Lord, and admonished me with kind and loving words. Now I am found of Him. My end is nigh, but my salvation also! Tell me, Brother Dober," and he turned to the brother, who was praying by his bedside, "will the Lord accept one who cometh to Him at the last hour, and who has never been baptized?"

"Yes," answered Dober, firmly, "for assuredly He declares in His

Word,—‘he that cometh unto me, I will in *no wise* cast out.’ The Saviour’s blood was shed for thee, if thy heart truly believes in and yearns for Him.”

“Oh blessed be the Holy One of Israel for these words! Now I will depart in peace. I have found Him who gave himself for my sins, my God and my Saviour! Zadok, my son, draw nigh and receive my blessing.”

In the language of his forefathers, the old Jew poured forth a rich blessing on his only child; but his voice grew more and more feeble towards the end, and with a scarcely audible “Hallelujah,” he sank back on his pillow and expired.

It was difficult for the exiled Countess to find a resting-place for her beloved child. The Ronneburg had no cemetery attached to it, and several of the neighbouring villages refused to admit the remains of the little stranger within their consecrated ground. The pastor of Haag thought differently. Not far from the place, where a few years later the foundation of Herrnhaag was laid, the little boy was buried. The school children joined the little company of mourners, the Muscovite’s children had decked the coffin with garlands of fresh flowers, and with prayers and hymns of praise they committed him to the earth, and raised a cross over his grave.

And how did the Count receive the tidings of his child’s death? In a letter to his wife, written immediately after the news had reached him, he says:—“I never imagined to myself the loss of our darling child; but now I seem to feel in his death the seal set to our exile, and the end of fourteen years of wedded life, spent in continual combats and trials, which His love alone has enabled us to bear. But this is the end and the grave of our warfare; henceforth we shall see triumphs. I can only thank the Lord on his behalf, that he has so early gotten the victory.”

“We shall see victories:” and in truth his journey was a triumphant one from beginning to end. Wherever he appeared his enemies were silenced, and he gained new friends.

In the beginning of October, 1736, we find him on the summit of a wooded hill, looking down into a beautiful valley, surrounded by dark pine woods. He is resting for a few moments, and pointing with his stick to the scene below, now lit up in the rays of the setting sun. He exclaimed:—“This, then, is the dwelling-place of the Salzburgers:—here they have found rest!”

The Count’s companion, a sturdy peasant, lifted his cap and replied, “Yes, thanks be to God, they now live there. The King has given them this valley to build upon and cultivate for themselves. It is a fine piece of land, but, for such as are accustomed to the mountains, rather too flat.”

All was life and activity in the village. Most of the houses were still unfinished, and all sorts of habitations had been hastily constructed to give temporary shelter to several families at once. But love was yet warm in the exiles’ hearts. They helped each other heartily and industriously. Their aspect was healthy and cheerful.

The strangers paused before a newly-finished house. The garland was just being raised on the roof,* and the head mason stood on the top, not with a glass of brandy in his hand, as they do now, but a Psalter, and loudly proclaimed the praises of Him who delivers the prisoners and brings wearied wanderers to a place of safety. The neighbours down below sang a sweet hymn, and the pastor consecrated the new house with an appropriate prayer. Friends and neighbours shook hands, and the young girls hung up the garland of autumnal flowers over the door of the house.

There was a spirit of joy and peace in the little community, and Zinzendorf felt himself quite at home with the Salzburgers. From their pastors he heard the highest testimony to their unwavering faith, and the tongue of several among them, to whom he spoke separately, overflowed with the praises of the Lord, who had been with them in all their troubles, and conducted them, as He did Israel of old, through their night of weeping to a land of peace and rest. Many beautiful instances were told him that evening in their assembly of the wonderful leadings of Providence in individual cases. The Count listened with the deepest interest. Suddenly he inquired, "Did you know an exile named David Rothenbacher?"

"Rothenbacher!" exclaimed a number of voices. "Where is he? Do you know anything of him and of his wife, whom we left behind in Bavaria sick? Oh, tell us what you know of him, for he is related to many of us here!"

"He lives," says the Count, "and his wife also, but they are far from hence."

As the Count uttered these words, a gentle sobbing was heard at one end of the apartment, and a young girl who had been spinning near the window fell on her knees and thanked God before all present for having preserved her parents. It was Anneli, Rothenbacher's daughter. All sympathised with her in her joy; and presently she rose, and going up to the Count, laid her hand on his arm, and begged him to assure her once more of her parents' safety. "Tell me where they are, that I may join them, and take the load from their hearts, which I know must be there, if they think I have abjured my faith. I was kept back by force when our people left, and they told lies about me. But I travelled after them alone, over the mountains, and experienced the Lord's mercy through much trial."

From hence the Count journeyed to Königsberg, and then on to Riga; and his unwearied efforts to do good to poor perishing sinners were much blessed.

In Lithuania the Count found much work to do. The poor Esthonians and Livonians were in a sadly neglected state. They had been christianized by force; but only some of the German and Swedish nobility knew the Gospel. Several of these had begged him to come

* A Continental custom whenever a house is finished.

over and do something for the poor people, and he set to work at once. The printing of a Lithuanian Bible was agreed upon, and schools were established for the education of future teachers. When the Count returned to Prussia, deeply affected with the success of his labours, he was surrounded at once by persons of every class, all anxious to make his acquaintance, and begging for his help and sympathy. Pastors who had the welfare of their congregations at heart came to be taught of him. Nobles, who strove after a higher nobility, military men and poor tradesmen, all wanted to see and know him. But the object of his journey was not yet attained. From Memel he wrote to the King, Frederick William the First, requesting some favours for the Salzburgers, and desiring again, as he had done before, that the King would investigate his labours and the doctrines he preached. On his arrival at Berlin he was at once invited to visit the King at his country seat. His Majesty was greatly prejudiced against him, and looked upon him as a deluded fanatic; for as such the Count had been represented to him. Zinzendorf appeared before him, full of dignity and seriousness, answering all the King's questions with promptitude and decision, and made a joyful confession of that faith which the King himself revered and professed. Again and again he sent for him, promised the Moravians his protection and favour, and gave two of his ecclesiastical orders to examine Zinzendorf in theology, in order to quiet the tongues of the orthodox clergy, and then to ordain him a Lutheran clergyman; both of which took place somewhat later.

Again it is a gloomy evening, like the one some weeks ago, when little Ludwig was taken, and again the Countess is sitting with her women by the sick bed of a beloved child. This time it is Agnes, her youngest born, not a year old, who is lying in a burning fever.

As the Countess was bending over her darling, the child opened her eyes, and gladdened the mother's heart by one bright, hopeful glance, closed them again directly, and fell into a delicious slumber.

After a long silence, a knock was heard at the door, and the Countess was informed that Magistrate Schuchart desired to speak with her.

"Let him come in," was her answer.

The magistrate entered; and, throwing a half-frightened glance first at the old Alchemist, who was present on this as on the former afflictive occasion, and then on the sick child, said, in a whisper—

"Your ladyship must forgive me if I am compelled to present myself on a disagreeable errand. But I must execute the commands laid upon me, and they are to the effect that your ladyship, with your whole suite, must evacuate the castle within twenty-four hours from this time. These are the orders of my gracious lord and master."

"What is the reason of this?" asked the Countess, greatly agitated.

"That I cannot explain," was the answer.

"And will the command admit of no delay? You see, Master

Schuchart, that my child is sick unto death. Your lord cannot wish me to lose another of my children here."

The Magistrate was much disconcerted, and answered hesitatingly that his orders were imperative to accept no excuses for delay; and, if necessary, to use force in order to remove them. He therefore prayed that the Countess would commence preparations for departure immediately, that he might not be reduced to this painful necessity.

The Countess looked at her sick child, and her eyes filled with tears.

Benigna now rose from her seat, and, laying her hand on her mother's, said—

"Let us go, mamma; the Lord is the strength of the weak: He will carry our baby in His arms, and bring her to a place of safety."

"So be it," said the Countess; and, stooping down, she kissed the noble forehead of her courageous child.

The day of departure was the 11th of October. The sick child was not yet out of danger; and the poor Countess was nearly crushed. Many of her enemies were about, rejoicing in the trouble and sorrow of which they were the cause, and laughing at those to whom her departure was a deep heart-grief. And, for the comfort of the exiles, there were indeed many of these latter. Numbers came from all parts to join in the last evening service at the Ronneburg; and when Watteville, in a prayer full of deep and earnest love, recommended all whom they were leaving behind to the care and protection of the Lord, there was such sobbing and weeping that his words were scarcely audible. On her departure, she was nearly overwhelmed with demonstrations of affection and regret. The Jews accompanied her carriage, with tears and lamentation, to the edge of the wood. All the children of the school followed; and when the Countess stopped once more to bid them a last farewell, she gave to each child a little token.

The castle of Lindheim was their destination for that day. The old Baron Schrautenbach and his wife made the Countess heartily welcome. A part of the pilgrim band took up its abode there for the present: the others separated, and went in various directions. Benigna and Christian Renatus were soon quite at home. In Ludwig Schrautenbach they found a companion after their own heart—lively and enthusiastic in character, and with a heart full of love to the Saviour. He listened with delight to the accounts that Benigna and Renatus gave him of their occupations at the Ronneburg, and exclaimed, with ardour—

"When I am a man, I will build a habitation there for the Brethren who love the Lord to rest in after their labours!"

"May God grant it!" said Benigna.

A few weeks later, on the 7th of November, about mid-day, a travelling carriage halted at the inn door at Gelnhausen. The driver asked the way to the Ronneburg; but the host replied that

it would be impossible to reach the castle before night, with tired horses and heavy roads.

"You would do well to rest here for a few hours, and gain strength before you proceed."

A gentleman now looked out of the carriage-window, and in an instant the host's cap was off his head, and, with low bows, he was welcoming the Count back to the Renzig Valley.

"Your Lordship will have had plenty of work to do for your Master, no doubt; but it would have been well, too, if you had remained here. The Brethren have had to leave the Ronneburg, and the poor souls up there are starving, and there are none to take pity on them."

The Count joined his hands, but said only—"Lord, thy name be praised!"

Presently, he inquired whither they had gone.

"First to Lindheim," was the answer; "but whether they have already proceeded onwards to Frankfort, whither they were bound, I cannot say."

"When the horses have rested, drive up to the Ronneburg," said the Count, to the driver; and, turning to his companions, he continued—"We will walk across the hills."

He shook the host by the hand, and walked out into the storm. His companions followed him in silence.

When they had reached the skirts of the wood, whence the first view of the Ronneburg is obtained, the Count checked his steps.

"See," he said, when they had reached the top of the hill, "we are not at home here; no one comes to meet us: we are strangers. Those we love are away; and yet I feel as if we should not be unwelcome. Where the wood has once taken root, there it must grow—that's its nature."

The children, who were playing under the gateway, first discovered and recognised the Count; and, with cries of joy, went to announce his arrival. All who were at home that day assembled in the hall, and brought their own peculiar greeting. The Jews wept and kissed the Count's hand. The Muscovite made low bows, and mumbled a Latin speech; his wife came behind him, in the meekest subjection, but her eyes spoke the pleasure she felt. Even some of the "Inspired ones" appeared, and Barthelhans, the tinker, declared, with a volley of asseverations, in which Black Greta joined him, that he and his were innocent of having caused the Countess's departure; that he would give his heart's blood for the Count and his family, and that they would not let the Count leave them again even if the magistrate—

But at this point the last-named individual appeared himself. The tinker swallowed his words; and the magistrate shook hands with the Count, with downcast eyes and a countenance that betrayed the struggle between his duty and his inclination.

It was the 7th of November, the birthday of the Countess, which he had hoped to spend with her at the Ronneburg; therefore, he

had hurried "*home*," as he thought. But this time the *home* was at Frankfort; and, on the following day, the deeply-tried husband and wife met once more, and embraced each other with tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

VI.

THE SINAITIC MANUSCRIPT.*

It will be remembered that Tischendorf published a fragment of the Greek Septuagint in the year 1846 from a manuscript obtained in Egypt, to which he gave the name of the "Frederick Augustan Codex," after his royal patron, the King of Saxony, under whose auspices he had made the journey, which issued in its discovery. Having explored the libraries of Paris, England, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, the bounty of the king, his friend, enabled him to travel into the East to prosecute the work of disinterring parchments of the Holy Scriptures, and other works of ancient learning, from the monasteries and tombs in which they had long been buried. The success of our own Tattams and others might well stimulate his zeal, while the fact that he followed in the track of equally learned and industrious antiquarians might in the same degree have abated his hopes of success. The greater part of 1844 was devoted to research in those regions, from which no student returns absolutely empty-handed; although as time rolls on, and the ground is more frequently gone over, less and less remains for learning, aided by curiosity, to glean.

What Tischendorf secured during his sojourn at Sinai, in the monastery of St. Catherine's, was a miscellaneous collection of fragments of old MSS., deposited in a basket, as of no value—incapable of connection, restoration, or use,—waifs saved from the fire to which others had been committed. Amongst them were scraps of a copy of the Septuagint, too small to be cared for by the monks of St. Catherine's, by whom they were easily surrendered to the German *savant*. By him they were naturally prized as of extreme importance from their presumed antiquity, surpassing anything known in Europe: *quo dubito an quicquam in membranis Græce scriptum exstet antiquius*. But larger portions of the same MS., containing the whole of Isaiah and the books of Maccabees, which he was fortunate enough to discover on the same occasion, he could not prevail on his

* Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici auspiciis Imperatoris Alexandri II. suscepta. Edidit Enoth. Frid. Const. Tischendorf, Theol. et Phil. Doctor, &c., Lipsiæ. F. A. Brockhaus. 1860. Quarto pp. 124.

monkish entertainers to part with. Solicitation was vain—so that Tischendorf did the next best thing which a disinterested scholar could do, and that was to urge the religious care of the MS. upon his hosts. His hope was that either himself or some other student of sacred learning would yet succeed in becoming its possessor. This much-coveted fragmentary Codex, after many years of waiting, and fancying the while that it must have found its way to Europe by the hands of some more lucky adventurers than himself, Tischendorf has at last succeeded in being the medium of introducing to the critical world. The enterprising critic visited the monastery once again in 1853, determined to transcribe what remained of the Codex, should it still be found deposited within the walls of St. Catherine's—but to his dismay he could then obtain no tidings of the precious document. This was a terrible disappointment to high expectation, and forced Tischendorf, in his *Monumentorum sacrorum ineditorum Nova Collectio*, Vol. I., 1855, to content himself with printing a single page of Isaiah, which he had transcribed on his first journey to Egypt.

It was not to be supposed that a literary resurrectionist, with such a decided vocation for codex-snatching as our author, could rest contented with so unsatisfactory a conclusion of his quest; that pickaxe and mattock would be quietly laid low to rest with a—

Nunc arma. . . . hic paries habebit.

Tischendorf's solicitude for his desiderated *corpus diplomaticum* was too effectually awakened to fall into any siren slumber; and nothing would satisfy his vigilance but an active search. The good-will of the present Emperor of Russia was secured by memorial for his enterprise, so that towards the end of 1858, he was commissioned on the part of his Imperial Majesty to prosecute his research again in the precincts of Sinai, with a view to the recuperation of the much-longed-for manuscript. No sooner was his edition of the New Testament, with critical apparatus, out of hand—the *Editio Septima Critica Major*—than Tischendorf started again, and reached the scene of his discovery on the 31st of January, 1859. Henceforth, we must describe his proceedings by particular dates, for the story has all the minuteness of a diary and all the interest of a romance. So little success did he meet with to reward his earnest inquiries, that by the 4th of February he had thought of bending his course homeward, and had engaged his horses and camels for the return journey to Cairo on the 7th, when walking with the Providor of the Convent, he spoke with much regret of his ill-success, and of the worth of the MS., of which he exhibited the printed fragments in his works. Returning from their promenade, Tischendorf accompanied the monk to his room, and there had displayed to him what his companion called a copy of the LXX, which he, the ghostly brother, owned. The MS. was wrapped up in a piece of cloth, and on it being unrolled, to the surprise and delight of the critic, the very document presented itself which he had given up all expectation

of seeing, and with it far, far more than he could calculate upon seeing, even in case of success. His object had been to complete a fragmentary Septuagint, but with a good fortune that rarely falls to the lot of literary explorers in the present day, he alighted upon a copy of the Greek New Testament attached, of the same age as the other, perfectly complete, not wanting a single page or paragraph: *ne minimā quidem lacunā deformatum*. This was, indeed, a glorious discovery, an un hoped-for boon, a literary crown to his previous labours that overtopped them all, and would never fade. These precious fragments—for they lay loose and disjointed in a heap with no cover but a cotton rag—Tischendorf conveyed like stores of gold to his cell from the monk's chamber, who had himself taken them from the apartment of the librarian. In solitude, Tischendorf gloated over his hid treasure, and poured out his thanks to the God of Heaven who had so strangely prospered his journey. Unable to sleep from excess of joy, he sat up the whole night transcribing the Epistle of Barnabas, which was at the end of the New Testament. Next day, it was agreed with the fraternity that as soon as permission could arrive from their superiors at Cairo, the document should be forwarded to that city for the purpose of transcription. Starting on the 7th of February, our German divine reached his destination on the 13th, and there, after the lapse of only eleven days, he received the precious parchments on the 24th.

Within two months afterwards the whole was carefully copied,—comprising more than a hundred thousand of short lines, in which the Codex was written,—partly by the hand of Tischendorf himself, but also partly by the labour of two friends whose tasks he revised, letter by letter. Much additional labour was imposed by the emendations made in the original text of the MS. in nearly eight thousand different places. These, of course, had to be taken note of no less than the unaltered readings, with a view to a really accurate and satisfying edition of the whole.

Once the MS. was copied, the original became of course less matter of request than before. The monks might take it back, or bestow it where they pleased; but Tischendorf—very judiciously, as we conceive—suggested the propriety of their presenting it to the Emperor Alexander, as a tribute of respect for an eminent professor and ornament of their common faith. This suggestion was unanimously adopted; but as no sufficient authority existed at the time for making the gift absolute, Tischendorf was allowed to take the MS. with him to St. Petersburg, in order with its help to complete a scrupulously accurate edition for the press. On the 28th of September, it was entrusted to his care at Cairo for that purpose, Tischendorf having between the conclusion of the transcription and that date made a lengthened tour for literary purposes through Jerusalem, Beyrout, Smyrna, Patmos, and Constantinople. It were merely superfluous to add that wherever he went he met with a courteous reception, and all available assistance from Russian ambassadors and consuls, to whom Tischendorf makes ample and grateful acknowledgments.

In the middle of October our successful traveller left Cairo and reached St. Petersburg in the next month. The manuscripts which were the acquisitions of his journey were submitted to the inspection of the Emperor, by whose command they were opened to the public examination of the curious for a fortnight, especially the Sinaitic Codex, whose fame had been promulgated by native Russian authors some few years before, no less than by the Leipzig professor. With the publication of this latter Tischendorf was charged, in the most speedy and convenient manner possible; but so as to exhibit correctly the ancient handwriting, to be worthy of its Imperial patron, and to meet the just expectations of scholars devoted to the study of the sacred texts.

The method of printing to be pursued is that of our own Codex Alexandrinus, by types cast in the form of uncial letters,—a method rendered the more easy in the present case by the great uniformity observed throughout in the characters of the MS. Smaller letters, indeed, are sometimes found at the end of lines, a remarkably common characteristic of ancient MSS., and these are represented in types of corresponding diminution; but, besides this, where compound letters or syllables occur, or diphthongal or contracted characters, these have their counterpart in the printed edition, in peculiar types. The ink to be employed, moreover, will bear resemblance to the faded ink of the Codex, and be rather brown than black.

An equal care will be expended on the exhibition of the emendations of the first and second corrector, who are both of a venerable antiquity. These are to appear on the page along with the text: but the corrections by later hands in the shape of erasures, additions, or diacritical signs, will be exhibited and described in the commentary.

A few pages taken here and there from the text will be rendered, by the arts of photography and lithography, so accurately as to leave no information wanting to obtain a correct notion of the appearance of the Codex. It will live before the student's eye.

This Sinaitic manuscript, when it makes its appearance, is intended to occupy three quarto volumes, of which the two earlier will be devoted to the Old Testament, and the remaining one to the New. They are to exhibit the text in four columns on each page, as in the Codex itself, with the poetical books—the Psalms and others—stichometrically arranged in two columns.

The New Testament volume will include the Epistle of Barnabas and that of Hermas, of both of which the Greek originals had hitherto escaped detection.

A fourth volume will follow, dedicated to a comment, critical and palaeographical, on the preceding text, together with copious prolegomena, embracing the history of the Codex, its age, its comparison with other fac-simile copies, its text, and a collation with the Vatican, Parisian palimpsest, and the British Codex. A. Tischendorf is sanguine enough to hope for the establishment of a fixed and settled Greek text of the New Testament, as the probable result.

The whole four volumes are to appear in St. Petersburg in the middle of the year 1862, and the impression will be limited to three hundred copies. The special reason for fixing this period, and hastening the execution of the work, is, that in that year the Russian empire completes a thousand years of its history, and the publication of this *opus aureum* of Biblical criticism will be considered, amongst others, no unbecoming memorial of a great political event. The copies provided—the complete and fac-simile copies—will not be for sale, but at the disposal of the Emperor, of his free will, to the learned corporations of the world.

The common edition will exhibit the text stichometrically arranged, but in the ordinary Greek type, of which Tischendorf gives a specimen in his *Notitia*, now lying before us. All the other critical apparatus will be as available to the purchasers of this edition as to the favoured possessors of the *livre de luxe*. In 1862, the whole New Testament may be expected in a cheap form, from the press of Mr. Brockhaus, of Leipzig. So far for the facts connected with the discovery of this interesting document: and now for a few matters relating to its peculiarities of lection and appearance.

There are only 345 folios and a half of the entire Codex remaining; of which 199 belong to the Old Testament, and 147 and a half to the New, comprising, under this latter title, Barnabas and the Shepherd of Hermas. The Old Testament portion begins with a leaf containing chapters ix., x., xi. of the First Book of Chronicles. Six folios follow, containing the Book of Tobit, completing the portion wanting in Tischendorf's prior Friderico-Augustan MS. Eight leaves are devoted to Judith, which is perfect. Twenty-six folios contain the entire First and Fourth Books of the Maccabees. The whole of Isaiah fills 26 folios, and six follow, with the earlier chapters of Jeremiah. Nine of the minor prophets are represented here, viz.: Joel, Obadiah, Jonah, Habakkuk (spelled *αμβακουμ*), Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, occupying fourteen leaves. The whole of the poetical works are complete in their stichometrical form, a form so common, on the testimony of Gregory of Nazianzum, Amphilochius, Epiphanius, that these were called the stichometrical books. These are in two columns only; and stand in the following order:—Psalms, 40 leaves; Proverbs, 15; Ecclesiastes, 5; the Song of Solomon, 3; the Wisdom of Solomon, 9; the Wisdom of Sirach, 25; Job, 15.

The New Testament follows Job, and its books stand thus: the Four Gospels; the Epistles of Paul; the Acts of the Apostles; the Catholic Epistles; the Apocalypse of John; the Epistle of Barnabas, with the fragments of Hermas. Like the Vatican MS., the Sinaitic Codex adopts the curt titles for the sacred books, of *κατα μαθηταιον, προς ρωμαιους, πραξεις αποστολων, επιστολη ιωαννου*.

Tischendorf claims for the MS. an antiquity reaching back to the fourth century. The singular regularity of the characters is presumed to be proof of its age, inasmuch as it shares this peculiarity in common with the few oldest MS. known; moreover, it does not

use initial letters. And it adopts either no system of interpunction at all, or a very defective and irregular one. The orthography of the MS., the order of the books, the simple titles of them, and the absence of the accents, are also pressed in to give testimony to the ancientness of the Codex. The Ammonian chapters and Eusebian Canons are wanting in this copy, as well as in the Vatican, although that before us does not share with the Vatican manuscript in the use of the peculiar divisions observed in the latter. The seeming adoption of the apocryphal works of Barnabas and Hermas, is likewise regarded by Tischendorf as proof of its antiquity; for on the testimony of Clemens of Alexandria, and Origen, we know that down to the third century these works were considered as belonging to the canon, while Eusebius admitted them as *Scriptures of doubtful recognition* amongst the ἀντιλεγόμενα in the early part of the fourth century. But, toward the close of that century, in the Councils of Laodicea, A.D. 364, and Carthage, 397, these works obtain no place amongst the canonical books. As six folios, moreover, have been lost between Barnabas and a fragment of Hermas, as is ascertained by the quarto foldings, it is presumed that these missing leaves may have contained another of the doubtful books, while at the end of the imperfect Hermas may have followed a fourth. It is open to suggestion, indeed, that the Alexandrian Codex of the British Museum, with its Epistles of Clement at the end, may compete in antiquity with the Sinaitic on this same ground of containing apocryphal books within its covers; but to this the answer is, that although late in the fourth century Jerome declares that the first Epistle of Clement was publicly read Scripture in some places (*nonnullis vero locis etiam publice legi*), it is certain that the second epistle never shared that privilege. Some other reason, therefore, than its use in public services must have prompted its addition to Codex A., while the fair presumption, on the other hand, is in favour of the Apocalypse being written at the end of the Sinaitic Codex, while the books of Barnabas and Hermas were still in public repute and use. This is Tischendorf's argument, not ours.

Another mark of presumed antiquity is the absence of the closing verses of the Gospel of Mark, which Eusebius and Jerome alike testify to be wanting in the more accurate copies—the latter saying even more largely than this—*Omnes Græcæ libros pene hoc capitulum non habere*. Yet all our known Greek MSS. uncial and cursive alike with the Itala and Vulgate, the Syrian and Gothic versions, &c. &c. exhibit our full common text, with the exception of the copy before us, and the Vatican code. This MS., then, which exhibits the Eusebian usage, is probably of the Eusebian age, say before 340.

The words ἐν ἐφεσῶν, moreover, are wanting after *ros otow* in the first verse of the Epistle to the Ephesians; a peculiarity exhibited in the Vatican copy also. The presumption is, therefore, that both these copies exhibit the text of the older Greek Codices of Basil.

In common with most, if not all the older MSS., the Codex Sinaiticus inserts the Ephelkystic *n* as readily before a consonant as

before a vowel. No discretion appears to have governed its employment, for it is found present and absent in the same verse under all circumstances.

The usual contractions appear, of $\overline{\kappa\upsilon}$ for $\kappa\upsilon\rho\iota\omicron\nu$, $\overline{\iota\nu}$ for $\iota\eta\sigma\omicron\nu$, $\overline{\pi\rho\epsilon}$ for $\pi\alpha\tau\rho\omicron\varsigma$, $\overline{\pi\nu\varsigma}$ for $\pi\nu\epsilon\upsilon\mu\alpha\tau\omicron\varsigma$, $\overline{\chi\nu}$ for $\chi\rho\iota\varsigma\tau\omicron\nu$, $\overline{\omicron\nu\nu\omega\nu}$ for $\omicron\upsilon\rho\alpha\nu\omega\nu$, $\overline{\theta\upsilon}$ for $\theta\epsilon\omicron\nu$, $\overline{\alpha\nu\omicron\varsigma}$ for $\alpha\nu\theta\rho\omega\pi\omicron\varsigma$, and so on. These are scarcely worth observing, except that they may help, with other marks, to determine the age of the Codex.

Itacisms are abundant; as, for instance, $\alpha\iota$ for ϵ , $\alpha\sigma\phi\alpha\lambda\iota\sigma\alpha\sigma\theta\alpha\iota$ for $\alpha\sigma\phi\alpha\lambda\iota\sigma\alpha\sigma\theta\epsilon$, Matt. xxvii. 65; yet three imperatives end in ϵ in the same verse, without any change.

A more remarkable instance of the same change appears in xxviii. 5, where $\phi\omicron\beta\eta\theta\eta\tau\alpha\iota$ for $\phi\omicron\beta\eta\theta\eta\tau\epsilon$ is followed directly afterwards by $\zeta\eta\tau\epsilon\iota\tau\epsilon$, an imperative in the usual form.

An instance of the converse, in the case of a noun, is exhibited by Mark i. 5, where we read $\iota\epsilon\rho\omicron\sigma\omicron\lambda\upsilon\mu\epsilon\iota\tau\epsilon$ for $\iota\epsilon\rho\omicron\sigma\omicron\lambda\upsilon\mu\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota$; other instances are— $\alpha\nu\alpha\beta\epsilon\nu\omega\nu$ for $\alpha\nu\alpha\beta\alpha\iota\nu\omega\nu$, Mark i. 10; yet $\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\beta\alpha\iota\nu\omega\nu$ correct in the same verse; $\zeta\epsilon\beta\epsilon\delta\epsilon\omicron\nu$ for $\zeta\epsilon\beta\epsilon\delta\alpha\iota\omicron\nu$, Mark i. 19, 20; $\alpha\pi\omicron\lambda\epsilon\sigma\epsilon$ for $\alpha\pi\omicron\lambda\epsilon\sigma\alpha\iota$, Mark i. 24; $\epsilon\rho\gamma\alpha\zeta\epsilon\sigma\theta\epsilon$ for $\epsilon\rho\gamma\alpha\zeta\epsilon\sigma\theta\alpha\iota$, 2 Thess. iii. 10; $\kappa\epsilon\sigma\alpha\rho\alpha$ for $\kappa\alpha\iota\sigma\alpha\rho\alpha$, Acts xxviii. 19; $\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\beta\epsilon\nu\omega\nu$ for $\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\beta\alpha\iota\nu\omega\nu$, James i. 17; $\epsilon\pi\iota\sigma\kappa\epsilon\pi\tau\epsilon\sigma\theta\epsilon$ for $\epsilon\pi\iota\sigma\kappa\epsilon\pi\tau\epsilon\sigma\theta\alpha\iota$ James i. 27.

This is the more uncommon itacism, and will therefore justify this allegation of instances.

$\epsilon\iota$ for ϵ occurs in $\iota\epsilon\rho\omicron\sigma\omicron\lambda\upsilon\mu\epsilon\iota\tau\epsilon$, recently quoted; another case of $\epsilon\iota$ for ϵ is shown in $\eta\gamma\gamma\epsilon\kappa\epsilon\nu$ for $\eta\gamma\gamma\kappa\epsilon\nu$, Mark i. 15.

These are both extremely common forms of this peculiarity, and demand no further remark.

But the converse of the latter change, namely, the representation of an original diphthong $\epsilon\iota$ by the single iota, is so frequent in the manuscript before us, and that, moreover, in inflections and syllables where a long sound necessarily falls, and renders the absence of the epsilon the more remarkable, that this peculiarity becomes in some sort a characteristic of the MS., and may lead, with other features, to a conjecture concerning its natal soil.

$\Sigma\iota\sigma\mu\omicron\varsigma$ for $\sigma\epsilon\iota\sigma\mu\omicron\varsigma$, Mark xxviii. 2, is common enough to be unworthy of note, $\epsilon\iota\theta\iota\alpha\varsigma$ for $\epsilon\theta\theta\epsilon\iota\alpha\varsigma$, Mark i. 3, $\beta\alpha\sigma\iota\lambda\iota\alpha$ for $\beta\alpha\sigma\iota\lambda\epsilon\iota\alpha$, Mark i. 15; but it seems uncommon to encounter $\upsilon\mu\iota\varsigma$ for $\upsilon\mu\epsilon\iota\varsigma$, Matt. xxviii. 5; $\pi\omicron\rho\epsilon\nu\theta\iota\sigma\alpha\iota$ for $\pi\omicron\rho\epsilon\nu\theta\epsilon\iota\sigma\alpha\iota$, Matt. xxviii. 7; $\tau\eta\rho\iota\nu$ for $\tau\eta\rho\epsilon\nu$, Matt. xxviii. 20; $\sigma\upsilon\nu\zeta\eta\tau\iota\nu$ for $\sigma\upsilon\nu\zeta\eta\tau\epsilon\nu$, Mark i. 27; $\epsilon\pi\iota\tau\alpha\sigma\iota$ for $\epsilon\pi\iota\tau\alpha\sigma\sigma\epsilon\iota$, *ib.*; and $\chi\iota\rho\omicron\varsigma$ for $\chi\epsilon\iota\rho\omicron\varsigma$, Mark i. 31.

The infinitives of verbs in this form are extremely frequent, and are remarkably peculiar. We observe in a short space, in addition to those instances above— $\lambda\alpha\lambda\iota\nu$ for $\lambda\alpha\lambda\epsilon\nu$, Mark i. 34; $\mu\epsilon\nu\iota\nu$ for $\mu\epsilon\nu\epsilon\nu$, John xxi. 23; $\alpha\rho\epsilon\sigma\kappa\iota\nu$ for $\alpha\rho\epsilon\sigma\kappa\epsilon\nu$, Gal. i. 10; $\iota\delta\iota\nu$ for $\iota\delta\epsilon\nu$, Acts xxviii. 20; $\alpha\pi\omicron\theta\alpha\nu\iota\nu$ for $\alpha\pi\omicron\theta\alpha\nu\epsilon\nu$, Apoc. ix. 6.

We find nothing like this last peculiarity in the Vatican MS., which corresponds to so great a degree with the Codex whose specimens are under review.

Ου for ω appears in κλειψουσιν, Matt. xxvii. 64: ω for ο, ποιησαμεν, Matt. xxviii. 14; αυτων, Gal. i. 1; λεγων, Acts xxviii. 26: ο for α, ιασομαι, Acts xxviii. 27; ε appears for ι in δλεως, Mark i. 17; ε for αι in απολεσε, Mark i. 24; ζεβεδεου, Mark i. 19, and ζεβεδεον, verse 20; εργαζεσθε, 2 Thess. iii. 10; πεση for παιση, Apoc. ix. 5; ε for α in ανεβησαν, John xxi. 3, if not a various reading; τεσσαρες, Apoc. ix. 14; ε for ει, πλεον, John xxi. 15; υ for ι, τριτου for τριτου, 2 Cor. xii. 2.

Without adducing any larger number of special varieties or examples, we may state that we have detected a hundred and thirty-five instances in the course of the few pages devoted to extracts from the New Testament in Tischendorf's specimens.

From pages 22 to 38 of our *Notitia*, the Editor has assigned to an exhibition, in four columns on the page, of a fac-simile distribution of the Old and New Testament texts, in ordinary Greek types. It fairly represents the original, and is without accents and stops. The extracts are miscellaneous, and not consecutive; the Old embracing scraps from Tobit, Judith, and Maccabees of the Apocrypha, Isaiah, Psalms, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon; the New, from page 30 to 38, having extracts from Matthew, Mark, John, 2 Corinthians, Galatians, 2 Thessalonians, Hebrews, Acts, James, and Apocalypse. Since in the New Testament so many as ten authors are presented on eight pages, it must be evident to every reader that the extracts are short.

The readings of this manuscript will go to confirm many which appear in the Vatican and the oldest known MSS.; but at the same time the Codex Sinaiticus differs considerably from the Vatican Code, especially in the greater correctness of its scribe. Some thousands of various readings in Codex B must be ascribed to sheer carelessness or incompetence in the original writer, and have no critical value whatsoever.

In our collation, for instance, of Codex B, in Mark i. 1—35, with the Elzevir of 1624, we find ninety-one variations from that text; many of these mere lapses of the pen, and some—alas! that we should have to say it—provoking and unpardonable misprints of Mai's edition. In the same verses in Codex B, for so Tischendorf marks this great discovery—we meet with eighty-four variations. This does not seem a great discrepancy in number, but the difference between their differences from the common standard of comparison is remarkable. For instance, in the first verse, B inserts *νιου θεου*, which Cod. Sin. omits. B omits *εγω*, which Cod. Sin. inserts in verse 2. B omits *και* before *κηρυσσων*, which Cod. Sin. exhibits, and again before *εγενετο* (9). There is a great difference in verse 10, Tischendorf reading *καταβαινον και μενον επ' αυτον*, B *καταβαινον εις αυτον*. At the beginning of verse 14, the *Notitia* reads with 1624, *μεταδε* instead of *και* with B; and in verse 18, *ηκολουθησαν* instead of B, *ηκολουθουν*; it further contains *εκειθεν* (19), which B excludes; it has *σου* (24) for the incorrect *συ* of B; it includes *το πνευμα* before *το ακαθαρτον*, which B omits, probably from homœoteleuton. Tischen-

dorf's MS. reads again, in verse 28, ἡ ἀκοαῖτον εἰς ὅλην, whereas B reads ἡ ἀκοή αὐτοῦ εὐθὺς πανταχοῦ; it further puts της ιουδαίας of the same verse for της γαλιλαίας of Codex B. Further, in verse 29, it reads with the Textus Receptus ἐξελθόντες ἦλθον, but B changes the number into ἐξελθὼν ἦλθεν; it reads ἔδω with the T. R. for ἔδωκεν of B (32). From κακῶς ἔχοντας of 32 to the same words (33), a long omission by hom.—supplied indeed by a corrector in the lower margin—takes place in Tischendorf's Codex which does not occur in B; in 34 it does not exhibit the transposition which B makes of the words λαλεῖν ταδαιμονία; and finally, with the T. R., it does not admit the supplement or gloss of 34, in B, χρῆστον εἶναι.

The Vatican and Sinaitic MSS. agree in reading τῷ ἡσάμ τῷ προφητῇ in verse 1; in omitting ἐμπροσθεν σου, verse 2; both observe the same double transposition in verse 5, as well as another transposition in verse 9; both read σοι instead of φ, verse 11; both omit ἐκεῖ in verse 13, and transpose ἡμέρας τεσσαρακοντα; both agree in omitting της βασιλείας in 14; both read καὶ παραγων for περιπατων δε, 16; both read συμωνος ἀμφιβαλλοντας in the same verse, instead of αὐτοῦ ἀμφιβαλλοντας ἀμφιβληστρον; both omit αὐτων after δακτυα, verse 18; both agree in the exclusion of the exclamation εα, but the corrector of Tischendorf's MS. supplies it in the margin (24), and in reading φωνησαν before φωνῇ μεγάλῃ, 26; both agree in the reading διδαχῇ καινῇ κατ' ἐξουσίαν (27), one of the most characteristic in the whole chapter; both omit αὐτης after χειρος, and εὐθεως after πυρετος (31). These, be it remembered, belong to a portion only of a single chapter.

On the whole, however, we may venture to say that the MSS. exhibit the same general type, and correspond more closely with each other, than either of these old uncials would be found to do with any modern cursive.

We doubt the extreme age of either, and by no means acquiesce in the claim put forward by Tischendorf for the prime antiquity of his Sinaitic Codex. Its tattered condition insensibly biasses the judgment of the critic, and leads him to ascribe to venerable rags an age which he denies to a well-preserved family wardrobe, which may owe its better condition not to fewer years, but to greater care in keeping. The Vatican Code has for centuries been in safe hands, which have at least preserved the sleekness of its skin, although they may have shrunk from acquaintance with its inner structure; whereas the ignorant and apathetic monks of the desert handed their unvalued treasure over without concern to the custody of the damp closet, or the fretting moth. If we look at the written characters of the two MSS., the small folios of the Roman Code, and the longer leaf of the Arabian one, we shall find the former more minute, rude, and imperfect. In elegance of the form of the letters, the pre-eminence is easily claimed for Tischendorf's great discovery. In all likelihood there is no great difference between the ages of the respective documents, probably not so much as one hundred years.

The testimony of this manuscript will be appealed to, in order to decide the conflicting claims of certain long-disputed passages in the New Testament. While we cannot speak for the entire text, until we see a consecutive whole, we are enabled to specify a few of its readings, wherein, with the authority of an oracle, it seems to settle controversy, the entire tendency of modern investigation leading in the same direction. For instance, it excludes the doxology at the close of the Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 13.

The Gospel of Mark ends with the 8th verse of the xvth chapter, cancelling or ignoring the twelve verses which follow in our revised text. We should be glad to know whether a blank page, or portion of a page at this place, indicates a knowledge on the part of the transcriber of the existence of those additional verses, and a critical care in their exclusion. It would seem to be so in Codex B.

It omits the whole narrative of the woman taken in adultery, John viii. 1, 2.

In the Epistle to the Ephesians the words *ἐν φανέρῳ*, about which there has been much controversy, are wanting.

In 1 Timothy, iii. 16, the reading of the newly-discovered Codex is, *ὃς ἐφανερώθη*—"Who was manifested in the flesh," not "God." But a corrector, whom Tischendorf places as late as the twelfth century, has asserted the word "God," yet so carefully as to leave the original text intact. Without prejudice, we trust we may say that we are not satisfied with this reading, *ὃς, who*. The contracted *Θεός* presents the same word essentially with the addition of the cross bar above, *ΘΣ* and the tittle in the letter Theta, so that the one could be easily mistaken for the other by an ignorant or hasty scribe. And the evil would not rest with the single copy, as in a printed book, but every copy or translation made from it would spread and perpetuate the evil. The sense refuses *Θεός*; and even if the word itself were not used, the signification of the passage implies it. If it be replied that it is an emendation of some theologian, our answer is that it is one of the most happy in the world. Bentley, in his most felicitous mood of conjecture, never imagined anything half so neat, complete, and exigent, as this change. If it is a forgery, he must have been a singularly clever suppositor who first drew his pen over the relative pronoun of the text, and made that a direct statement which before was only a clear implication. According to our idea, the internal evidence of the passage is so strongly in favour of the common reading, that no amount of external evidence can displace it.

In Acts xx. 28 the common reading is confirmed *τῇ ἐκλήσει τοῦ θεοῦ* "to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with his own blood."

And in the celebrated passage of the Heavenly witnesses, 1 John v. 7., we have the evidence of this, as of all other trustworthy Greek manuscripts, that the lection is spurious. This last discovery seems to give the *coup de grace* to a forgery that has imposed upon countless generations of men, and has drawn down on the head of many a blameless and orthodox critic the vials of sectarian wrath, as though

- to dispute the passage were to deny the faith. Yet the triple testimony of the context—"the spirit, and the water, and the blood"—constitutes so perfect and beautiful a witnessing to the Messiahship of the Son of God, that we need no importation into the passage of any other witnessing—the proposed interpolation only marring the connexion of the apostle's reasoning, and spoiling what it attempts to mend.

With a most praiseworthy liberality of citation, Tischendorf has presented the readers of the *Notitia* with a collection of some four hundred readings out of the Gospels in his Codex. Of these more than one-half agree with his own previously-printed New Testament, and rather less differ from it. On what principle he made his selection of passages we cannot say: some of them have long been matters of controversy and general interest; but the majority have no special value.

From Matt. x. 41, he quotes *λημψεται* with the letter Mu, for *ληψεται*, the usual mode of spelling the word, and, after Hug, gives it an importance which by no means belongs to that orthography. It has been abundantly shown, since Hug's time, that this orthography is common, and has nothing in it distinctive of Egypt or of any other region of the Greek-speaking world.

On the subject of orthography in general, we may observe that little can be built thereon in determining either the age or the native country of a manuscript, except where it may exhibit a distinctly pronounced dialectic peculiarity. Many of Tischendorf's printed readings in his texts, after Lachmann, consist solely in an adherence to an antiquated and fluctuating mode of spelling. In this feature, as well as in observation of grammatical forms and syntactic concords there are gross inaccuracies and perpetual variations in these old records—a circumstance not to be wondered at when we bear in mind the class from whom the scribes were usually taken, expert scribes but ill-trained scholars. Several peculiarities of expression retained in our common texts of the Apocalypse are traceable to the same origin—the ignorance, hurry or neglect of the transcriber, and not necessarily the fault of the original author. Of laches of this sort our MS., in common with many other, abounds: Ex. 9. Apoc. ix. 7. *δμουματα* . . . *δμοιοι*: Apoc. ix. 18. *φωνην* . . . *λεγοντα*: Apoc. ix. 19. *οὔραι* . . . *ἐχουσαι*. We have many instances besides marked in this book and others, but revert to a single sample from the Gospels: Mark xviii. 14. *βδελυγμα* . . . *ἐσθηκοντα*. To our mind, it indicates a serious want of judgment to attempt to give currency and perpetuity to such gross mistakes as these, as parts of a standard text of the Greek Testament, especially since their weight is counterbalanced by correct spelling and faultless concords in the same MS. on similar occasions and with the same words. We embalm, as it were, sordid flies in the amber of permanent imprints when we reproduce mere mistakes as the deliberate records of competent scribes, and, in a sense, as the utterances of inspiration. In the case of fac-similes such a course is obvious and correct—every jot and tittle of the MS.

claiming presentation to the reader's eye. In John iv. 7, Tischendorf's own Testament reads $\pi\epsilon\upsilon$, for $\pi\epsilon\upsilon\omega$, to drink—a mere peculiarity, and possibly a blunder of the scribe; but in 1 Cor. ix. 4, $\pi\epsilon\upsilon\omega$. We may expect to see $\pi\upsilon$ in his next edition, for such is the curious spelling of the Codex Sinaiticus, with a few others. Tischendorf's blind adherence to novelties of this unimportant kind, and slavish, but most unequal submission to the testimonies of the older uncial texts, (adopting many readings, on the sole authority of Codex B.) rob his texts of much of the weight they would otherwise carry with discriminating scholars. It would puzzle the Leipzig professor himself to specify the advantage we gain from reading $\pi\epsilon\upsilon$ for $\pi\epsilon\upsilon\omega$, in the text referred to, when Herodian distinctly declares that it was incorrect to pronounce the word as a monosyllable, even the ruder ancients never having countenanced such an abuse; and gaining no assurance, amid the conflicting testimony of MSS. that such was the word used in the autograph of the Apostle John. This, with sundry other peculiarities, is not to be commended in the learned and indefatigable author of our present *Notitia*.

We should do him an injustice, however, if we did not, ere we close, describe in one short paragraph some other contents of this interesting quarto pamphlet. His journey was productive of a fertile harvest of more or less value in the shape of fragments of Greek palimpsests, Greek Uncial MSS., Greek cursives, Syrian and Coptic religious works, Hebrew MSS., Samaritan, Slavonic, Abyssinian, Armenian, and a few antiquities of a miscellaneous kind. He has thus succeeded in rescuing from possible destruction some portions of works, the very dilapidated state of which would precipitate their fate by rendering their custodians careless. A small library of antique documents of priceless worth has rewarded his researches, and of these the most important will be placed in our hands by the medium of the press as occasion and leisure shall serve. Amongst other matters contained in the *Notitia*, in a detail of some fifty pages, we find the commentary of Origen on the Book of Proverbs in Greek, to the text of which Tischendorf appends notes that impugn the correctness of Mai's edition in hundreds of readings. Speaking of Mai's book, he describes some of the blemishes of the text as of prodigious faultiness—*quæ ex miro errore fluxisse dicar*. His own edition is of surpassing interest—full of Scripture quotations, and marked by all the peculiarities of Origen as a commentator.

But the main topic of interest is the disinterred Codex itself, which possesses the unique distinction of being the *only copy of the New Testament in Uncial characters which is complete*. A. wants the greater part of Matthew, besides sundry leaves here and there. B. wants half the Hebrews and the Apocalypse. C. is only a collection of fragments; while D. contains no more than the Gospels and Acts. We need go no further—for the Codices nearest to completeness are A and B. B., on the contrary, is perfect from beginning to end, and being the gift to the Christian Church of an Arabian monastery

at the foot of Sinai, presents us with the singular fact that three thousand years after the giving of the Law, from the same spot issues the only perfect copy of the writings of the New Covenant which has survived in its peculiar type to our own times. It is a fresh illustration of the contrast, exhibited in the text of St. John, "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ."

It proclaims, moreover, the only use which monasteries and convents have ever subserved, namely, the preservation of manuscript books. On the invention of printing, hundreds of thousands of parchments found their way to the bookbinder as the most proper material for his handicraft. In the presence of the newly-gained faculty of easily and marvellously multiplying printed books, written books became of no value, and were sold to mechanics for the purposes of their trade. Those only that lay hid in monasteries escaped the ravages of the spoiler; and a kind Providence has thus overruled an essentially bad and unchristian institution to good ends. We never knew any other advantage that monkery has brought to the world or the churches, while it has been the parent of a thousand ills—its worst, perhaps, being the representation that spiritual religion is incompatible with common life. Yet, what were Christianity if it were not a blessing and a consecration for the market and counting-house, the factory and the domestic fireside?

We have but a word to add, and that is this: that critics have been building up a satisfactory text of the Greek New Testament by industrious research and careful collection for the last three hundred years. Every fresh discovery of MSS. has corrected some things, and added and taken away others; but all, like the present magnificent Codex, confirm the essential integrity of the text now current in our midst. They shake no doctrine; they scarcely affect a single important word, and leave the impression upon the most studious and sagacious minds—those that have most closely sifted the matter, and possessed the rarest qualifications for a correct decision—that the ordinary Greek Testaments, from Erasmus downwards, make no extravagant claim upon our fullest confidence when they demand to be considered adequate representations of "the true sayings of God."

VII.

PHILARETE CHASLES.*

WHEN the streams of French literature are so tainted at the source that it has become rather a painful thing to a thoughtful person to see a young girl absorbed in one of its thin and gaudy-covered

* *Etudes sur les Hommes et les Mœurs au 19^e Siècle. Portraits Contemporains, Scènes de Voyage, &c.* Par M. Philarète Chasles.

volumes, parents may thank us for directing them to an author who, as far as we know, has written nothing offensive to modesty and morality.

M. Philarète Chasles, chevalier of the legion of honour, Conservator of the Mazarin Library, and Professor of the College of France, is not only an eloquent writer and lecturer, an eminent linguist, and an original and unprejudiced thinker, but a Christian and a Protestant. He was born at Mainvilliers in 1799; his father was a stern republican and member of the Convention, who, having somehow given offence to the Directory, was imprisoned at Ham, of which Philarète describes his early impressions.

"I was a mere child," says he, "when the name of Ham resounded in my ears—it was the terror and the amusement of our evenings. I know its black stones, its ramparts, its winding stairs, its platforms, as if I had built them. I know the depths of its fosses; I see at this moment my father's prison-cell."

After a confinement of some months, the elder Chasles was liberated. He was still true enough to his party to destine his son to fight for the Republic, and had him carefully educated at the College of Angers, after which he prepared him to pass his examination at the school of St. Cyr. But a different course lay before him.

"In the April and May of 1815," says Philarète, "there were many ill-conceived, ill-conducted conspiracies in Paris, aided by men who ought to have punished them, punished by men who had provoked them. . . My father was living in strict retirement with his family at the extremity of Paris, in that old hotel Flavicourt, which he had bought, and which had sheltered so many illustrious names—Michelet, old Dr. Pinel, and Merimée. Here, far from the tumult of the busy world, we looked on it as the hermit in his cave regards a distant city in flames. To me Madame de Stæel's 'L'Allemagne' was just then more interesting than all the conspiracies in Europe; my school-days were over, and my father, influenced by Rousseau, thought that I should prepare myself for manhood by learning some handicraft trade. It may be imagined how little agreeable this prospect was to a youngster who was deep in Rousseau, Ossian, Werter, and 'the Genius of Christianity,' who fancied himself a thinker, and who aped with all his might the romantic school of philosophy. A trade? What a blow! What ignominy! Nothing short of profound filial obedience bent my will to the horrible paternal common-sense. I thought myself a hero in accepting sorrowfully, but without murmuring, the best guarantee a youth could give of being prepared against a reverse of fortune, by becoming, from a composer of useless theories, a useful compositor in a printing-office.

"There was then in Paris a printing-office, unique in its way. Three incomplete compositors'-boxes stood idly on the second floor of an obscure house in the Rue Dauphine. Their owner was poor, and worse than poor—afflicted in body and mind—an old Jacobin, who lived, it would be difficult to say how—he did not print even an

almanack. I think the police kept an eye upon him, of which my father was ignorant. He only saw in this old, deserted office, a place where I might be kept out of harm's way. Without any workmen for bad companions, I was about to become a workman myself, free from danger. Old Jacques was to set me in the right way, and for three months I regularly ascended at eight o'clock, and descended at three the four flights of stairs which led to his dismal old workshop.

"There I mused—I dreamed. . . . I had a tragedy in hand, vague thoughts of tenderness to follow, and Gessner to read. I accomplished punctually my set task, but then flew with rapture to those weak pastorals, whose washy moralities then seemed to me the last excess of good taste and elegance. O, ye Idyllian shepherdesses! Oh! Chloe, Daphne, and Leucothœ! how charming I thought you in that desolate garret, peopled only by spiders, with its little barred windows, whence I heard the faint, distant sounds of barrel-organs, street-cries, rolling carriages, the moans of an epileptic boy in a neighbouring room, whose fits commenced at a regular hour, and the indistinct murmurs round a gaming-table in the lower part of the house."

Philarète's good inclinations led him to employ odd times in printing for his own amusement extracts from his favourite authors, sometimes translated by himself. In this way he picked up a little knowledge of German, by translating and composing "*Hermann and Dorothea*." One Saturday evening, having commenced a translation of Gessner's *Daphnis*, he left the book behind him on the printing-press. Next morning he was to accompany his father into the country to inhale the first breath of spring; and being anxious to take his book with him, and also to give some money to the epileptic boy's mother, he returned to the printing-office at seven o'clock. He observed, without thinking much of it, a couple of men standing at the foot of the staircase, who eyed him attentively as he passed. He ran up, gave his mother's charitable present to the poor woman, fetched his book, and on coming down stairs, observed a man with a scarf across his breast, lounging in the door-way. Turning back to inquire how Jacques' sick wife was, he found himself seized by the two men, who, to his surprise and consternation, searched him minutely. They then looked about them, found his portfolios, and seized his unlucky tragedy. After closely interrogating him, they carried him off to the police-office.

This young lad, carefully brought up in simplicity, innocence, and refinement, found himself cast among the scum of Paris, male and female, in a chamber, the very atmosphere of which was poison. He shed tears and crept into the embrasure of a window to avert his eyes from others, but he could not close his ears. Among the sixty prisoners, the least offensive to him was a crazy fanatic, pale as a corpse, with long white hair, who, amid curses and scoffs, preached rapidly and irreverently of a renovation of society, to spring jointly from the influences of Christianity, Robespierre, and animal magnetism.

Philarète passed the night in a chair—in the morning a portion of prison food was served round. He asked permission of the gaoler to write word to his mother of his detention, but was refused. Three days of this wretched life threw him into a fever.

He was then allowed pen and ink. He wrote a few agitated lines to his mother, and also a note to the Prefect of Police; the same evening he received a few words from his mother and a ring. Next morning ill, unwashed, and in prison-soiled garments, he was taken by two gendarmes to be examined.

Suddenly a cry from a well-known voice thrilled him to the heart. His invalid mother had found means of placing herself in his way and straining him to her heart. They spoke only by their tears—she was speedily removed.

The lad then found himself standing before a bloated official, with beetle brows, and a low forehead, on which his wig was placed awry.

"Young gentleman," said he, abruptly, "you belong to a race of vipers—a race that must be crushed; otherwise, France will know no peace."

"I expected, Sir," replied Philarète, with spirit, "that your business was to interrogate me, rather than abuse me."

The little man bristled up, and, thumping his two fists on his desk, exclaimed:—

"How now?—am I to be taught my duty by *you*? You'd better teach me, Sir!"

"It is enough, Sir," coldly replied the lad, "to remind you that I am neither a guilty nor suspected person, but quite innocent, and unable to guess why I am here."

"That's it!" said the other, contemptuously; "you're a fine talker, upon my word!—a young liberal, it is easy to see. Clerk, take down what he says!"

"Then, as if fretting in his harness, he began to open my portfolio, and turn over the pages of my unfortunate "*William Tell*." He asked me if I liked the reigning dynasty, to which I, with a self-possession I now wonder at, replied—

"I know not, Sir, whether I like any dynasty. I have but just left school, and questions like these, I think, are out of your province. As for my verses, they were intended for the Odéon; they have nothing to do with politics, and you will do but bare justice by restoring me immediately to my family."

"Do you know, Mr. Reasoner, that I could immediately put you in a dungeon in the lower fosse?"

Boiling with rage, he made Philarète sign the paper on which his words had been taken down, and he was then carried off to another room, where an aged officer, arrested like himself, was waiting. Looking mournfully at the boy, he took his hand, and said:—

"*You*, too, accused of conspiracy? How old are you, my young friend?"

"Fourteen."

"Capital!"

The old colonel cast himself on his bed, and remained silent. In the evening two gendarmes removed Philarète to the Conciergerie.

When the prison-doors reverberated behind him, he felt as if they were enclosing him in his grave. He was led up staircases, along galleries, the darkness of which was here and there illumined by blood-red lamps attached to the walls.

"I am sorry to say," observed his conductor, "that we have orders to put you *au secret*."

"What's that?"

"A chamber where you cannot get out, and where you will see no one!"

They had meantime begun to descend. Many gratings closed behind them with a clang; a door studded with iron nails admitted him into his cell.

It was about eight feet by five, and about twelve feet high; the floor beaten like that of a cellar; a glimpse of blue sky through the mockery of a window high up in the wall; such was the destined abode of a lad of fourteen, who did not even lie under suspicion.

Claude, his gaoler, however, was kind to him. He let him know that a good deal might be done for a pistole—his slang for money. Accordingly, Philarète assured him his father would not fail to come down with plenty of pistoles if he were put in communication with him. Claude soon arranged that he should change messages, though not letters, with his mother, and have tolerable food, a bed, chair, and table.

"That I have since," says Chasles, touchingly, "experienced the greatest indifference for the common affairs of society—that I have opposed to the Utopian hopes of my enthusiastic friends not an ironical scepticism, but a serious disbelief—that I have proclaimed, from the moment of my using the pen, the inevitable decline of Christian Europe, and especially of French society, which has so lost its sense of justice, and its love of God—may be easily accounted for when my imprisonment is considered. Within those damp walls I might well learn to think."

"Reverie," he adds, "is the only luxury of a prison." He obtained books, mused over them, and made extracts from them. He pored over Ariosto, and wrote imitations as true in feeling as false in style. He read Richardson's "Pamela," which he found at once indelicate and prudish. Best of all, he devoured Tasso, and found that a beloved hand had taken the means of corresponding with him through its pages, by marking certain words in pencil, which, read consecutively, formed sentences.

The boy's mind preyed on itself, and then on his health. Three times in eight days he was allowed a short airing in a prison-court. He was then shut up again, for aught he knew, for life. One day, however, Claude entered, and laconically said,—

"You may go away. A hackney-coach is waiting for you."

Oh, blessed news! How his young heart leaped within him! In a little while he was beside his sick mother's bed, exchanging kisses

and tears—clasped in his father's arms in the fragrant garden, and feeling his heart ready to burst as he saw the tears trickle down the old man's furrowed cheeks.

"My son," said Charles, in an agitated voice, "France is too hot to hold you. You have nothing any longer to do here—you must sail for England the day after to-morrow. France totters; Jean Jacques foretold it. You have served your apprenticeship, like Emilius; you must now, like him, go on your travels."

In another week the boy was in London. M. de Chateaubriand, influenced by a mother's tears, had procured his liberation from what seems to have been a captivity imposed by mere wantonness. A gloomy conviction that France was treading a downward course was thus stamped irrevocably on one of her most harmless subjects. Charles says, he came to England a *young old* man, with only one friend in it, an amiable young French lady, who was governess in the family of an English duke.

Elizabeth, as he calls her, watched over him with the affection of an elder sister; and, when at the end of two years (probably employed in a printing-office) she saw he looked fagged, and out of health, she persuaded him to take a holiday in the north, and gave him a letter of introduction to a family in Northumberland. She warned him that he would find them serious people.

Charles describes his journey into the north like a French Geoffrey Crayon. The wild, monotonous country, as he approached the coast, struck him unpleasantly. He alighted at a little hostelry named after good Queen Bess, in a seaport town, the appellation of which he disguises, and, instead of delivering his letters, made his way down a shelving, pebbled path, to the shingle, and looked about him. In front was a calm sea; on either hand, sharp, eccentric cliffs, crested with marine vegetation; the only buildings in sight were an old church and almshouse.

Philarète seemed to revive with every breath he drew; and to regain health of mind as well as body almost by magic. His old prison-dreams and morbid fancies had all faded away; he felt ready for anything, and resolved to face his new acquaintance without delay.

An old blue-jacket, watching him from his cottage door, offered to be his guide, and, as they talked, pointed out to him and told him the names of several sloops and brigs (which Charles uniformly spells *bricks*). They retraced the little pebbly path, passed the "Queen Bess," and presently found themselves before a large brick house, which seemed already shut up for the night. This being the domicile of Mr. Ezekiel F., of whom Charles was in quest, he ventured to knock at the door; on which an old woman, "all bones," put her head out of an upper window, and told him the family had gone to bed, but that she would let him in, and show him his room, and he could deliver his letter next morning.

Charles then gives what he considers some sketches of English sectarian life and character. Mr. Ezekiel F., he says, was, as may

be inferred from his Biblical name, of Puritan descent; a man of forty, a Calvinist, and a coal and corn merchant. His probity was established; rich and of sober habits, calm and inexorable, his character might be read in his impassive features. Six feet in height, erect and solemn, his appearance was not easily to be forgotten. His conversation was continually interspersed with Scriptural quotations; he spoke little, and never smiled. No family discussions ever took place in his presence. His household took their tone from him.

How Miss Elizabeth could ever reconcile herself to sending this young Frenchman to such a family circle for purposes of recreation, we know not: possibly she had his conversion in view. At all events, he was much more docile under the circumstances than might have been expected; and he says the Pharisaical precision of his hosts was somewhat compensated for by their old-fashioned hospitality. On his part, he took pains not to offend their prejudices.

They rose at five o'clock all the year round. They spent an hour in religious services, his attending which, as a stranger, was dispensed with, but he could hear them humming old time-honoured hymns. They breakfasted at eight, dined at two, and supped at seven, at a large table, dark with age, without any table-cloth, but spread abundantly with plain and wholesome food. Not a trace of the precious metals was to be found in the house. There were straight, high-backed chairs, a useless old clock (for all the family used the hour-glass and dial), and walls covered with a dismal grey paper, unadorned by pictures or engravings. But then, there was "a luxury of cleanliness, a refinement of neatness and order, which favourably though seriously impressed the mind."

M. Charles then proceeds to describe Mr. F.'s wife—his "yoke-fellow in the Lord," as he called her—the young widow of their only son, left dependent on them with three infant children, for whom alone she seemed to live—and their daughter Sybilla, "a brunette with blue eyes," who seemed unconscious that life had any other duties than piety and housewifery. Then a lover appears on the scene—"a young Hampden," in Quaker suit and broad-brimmed hat, with rich brown hair that *will* curl, shading a calm and intellectual brow. Philarète hardly knew whether to smile or be interested in the sober courtship: on the whole, he inclined to think there was great earnestness in it, and that much more was felt than displayed. "I was touched almost to tears," says he, "at their leave-taking. Sybilla softly said, 'The Lord be with you.' His reply was, 'May He protect you under the shadow of His wings!'"

After a stay of two months with these good people, during which time he inspired them with a kindly feeling towards him, without their making any efforts towards his conversion, or, as he says (evidently proud of his English idiom), "holding forth," he was summoned to town by the news of his friend Elizabeth's dangerous illness. He left the lovers on the point of being married, and the household enlivened by a moderate joy; they seemed to regret

losing him. The old Puritan even told him that should he ever become entangled in the snares of the world, and wish to disengage himself from them, he might always look on his house as an ark of refuge.

Elizabeth recovered. Charles passed two more years in London, which would make him somewhere about the age of nineteen, and then he revisited the north. The Puritan's household was broken up! He knocked at the door, but received no answer. Surprised and disappointed, he strayed down to the beach, and there found his old friend the sailor. He asked news of the F——s.

"Ah, Sir," said he, "God has dealt severely with them. If you will follow me, I will take you to their old servant, Rachel Blount, who lives hard by."

And then followed the details of a domestic tragedy. In this little village, Charles says, he made acquaintance with the majesty of nature, strength of feeling, and of religious faith, in a manner never to be effaced.

Next we have his "Portraits Contemporains"—sketches of his intercourse with Coleridge, Jeremy Bentham, Ugo Foscolo, &c. He was unpleasantly impressed with Foscolo's exaggeration and eccentricity. "He did not talk, he declaimed: he did not recite, he ranted." It was impossible to find a greater contrast to him than Bentham. He visited the old materialist in the Birdcage Walk, and took a turn with him in his garden, where he poured forth his ideas on the future prospects of the people, in broken sentences and piercing accents, till his walk became a run. At length he suddenly stopped before two trees at the end of his garden, and made Charles read these words inscribed on them:—"To the Prince of Poets."

"My young friend," said he, "I think of cutting down these trees and converting Milton's house into a chrestomatic school! Are you enamoured of the ideal and poetic delicacies the world think so much of? All the worse for you!"

"Then," thought Charles, "where the grand old poet tranquilly pursued the bent of his genius in solitude, a noisy rabble will daily assemble and profane the holy ground."

Bentham guessed his thoughts, and observed, "I do not despise Milton; but he belonged to the past, and the past is worth nothing."

After mystifying the young man by much visionary talk, he hastened with him in-doors, to escape a shower of rain, and sitting down to the piano, began preluding upon it, to prepare himself, he said, to proceed with a work on prison discipline. On parting, he presented Charles with a huge packet of his works. He had previously said he should like to return to this world some centuries after his death, to see how people were acting out his theories. Charles had his private doubts whether the theories would not be forgotten.

Elizabeth was annoyed at this visit to Bentham, and would not rest till she had put Charles in the way of making acquaintance with Coleridge, whom she called a *truly* great thinker.

"We presented ourselves," says Charles, "about eight o'clock, at

the genteel little residence of Coleridge. Some thirty people were assembled there, in a little blue drawing-room, simply furnished. We entered quietly, without any one taking notice of us. Coleridge, leaning against the chimney-piece, his arms folded and his eyes fixed on vacancy, was giving himself up to the inspiration of the moment, and apparently talking to himself rather than addressing his auditors. His voice was mellow and sonorous; his features expressive, and his lofty brow crowned with thick brown hair, intermingled with threads of silver. . . . Surrounded by a circle to whom he imparted and from whom he derived enthusiasm, he was giving a vivid analysis of the dramatic poets of Greece. It would be necessary to hear him, to form any just conception of the outpouring of his ideas on these great men, of the distinctness with which he portrayed the pathetic tenderness of Euripides, the harmonious grace of Sophocles, and the sombre eloquence of *Æschylus*. For full ten minutes he expatiated on the Prometheus of *Æschylus*; and, as he raised the veil of allegory, his eye kindled, his voice deepened, his eloquence became more burning; and he seemed to reproduce the victim of fate in all his torments and his unquenchable energy. Soon the mythological type disappeared before the destiny of the Christian; and in the boldest and most brilliant of pictures, he represented the enigma of human life. He followed Hartley through his metaphysical subtleties; plunged fearlessly into the questions at issue between spiritualists and materialists; brought in Berkeley, Malebranche, Cudworth, decyphered the hieroglyphic theories of Lord Brooke, ruffled the leaves of the fantastic Duchess of Newcastle, cited the nervous eloquence of Tillotson and Clarke, touched on Leibnitz, and then on Spinoza. Meanwhile his words flowed on as unceasingly and spontaneously as the waves of the rolling sea, till, having reached his climax, he, in softer accents, uttered some lines of Dante, and then stopped."

This intellectual display naturally penetrated the young Frenchman with profound admiration. He went to Coleridge three nights running, and got him to explain to him his system—as far as it was explainable.

"What studies this man must have gone through!" exclaims he, "to arrive at such results, and possess such varieties of knowledge! The brilliant prose of Jeremy Taylor, the sonnets of Bowles, and the essays of Addison; Jean Jacques and Rabelais, Crebillon and Goldsmith, each had their due appreciation from him. Romance, history, poetry, the drama, the fine arts, he knew them all—he could enjoy them all. The cabalistic theories of Fichte and Kant, the systems of Winckelman and Hegel found him among their adepts. Coleridge drank of every stream; poet, philosopher, thinker, artist, critic, scholar, and man of taste, he has left little to show what he was."

A true saying. Coleridge happily knew the truth and taught it, but he could not act it out; or rather, he did not do what he could. The most brilliant talker of his day failed to act up to his lights,

and, unconcernedly turning over the care of his family to the hard-working conscientious Southey, left a name, shining afar, indeed, but as a beacon that warns the mariner off sunken rocks.

We have not space to do justice to the remainder of M. Chasles's work; or we would gladly quote from his *Visit to the South Stack*, his *Voyage on board the Swallow*, his *Sketches of Irish Life*, &c. The Rev. Richard Cobbold's "*Narrative of the Life of Margaret Catchpole*" seems to have had a wonderful charm for him,—partly attributable to his paying a visit to Suffolk, and becoming acquainted with the localities: he devotes a long paper to her adventures.

Chasles returned to France after an absence of seven years; transported to breathe again his native air and hear the old familiar mother-tongue; repelled and shocked by the state of society. In fact, he had become half an Englishman; and affection quickened his sight, and stung him all the more bitterly with the demoralisation of his country. His chapters on "*France in 1827-30*," are painful, instructive, and interesting. M. Chasles has subsequently become well known in the world of letters. As a lecturer, he is exceedingly popular, and during the twenty years that he has been Professor of the College of France, he has passed in review all the literatures of Europe. May he long edify and embellish his age!

A. M.

VIII.

FRANCE AND THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.*

SEVENTY years ago a great French writer made the following reflections upon the freedom of the Press, and the nature of the checks which ought to be applied to it by Government:—"That the publication of a work may become a crime, it is perhaps difficult to deny in the imperfect state of the human race; but to prohibit a work before it exists, to subject to punishment him who distributes it, without even knowing whether the work is innocent or dangerous, is to attack directly the freedom of the Press, and along with it the sole rampart of the liberty of nations. It is not because the prohibited work is good or bad, it is because it is prohibited beforehand, that an injunction like that of the police is at once a violation of the declaration of rights and an attempt against liberty. Convinced

* "*De la Liberté de la Presse*, avec un Appendice: les Avertissements, Suspensions, et Suppressions, encourus par la Presse, Quotidienne ou Périodique, depuis 1848 jusqu'à nos jours." Par Léon Vingtain. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1860.

that the freedom of the Press is the only barrier which the cleverest tyranny cannot baffle, let me be permitted to take here a vow to denounce, not to the public prosecutor of this or that department, but to the whole of France, to the whole of Europe, all attempts, of whatever power, that shall essay to deprive us of that sacred buckler of our rights." Alas, for the progress of humanity! the lapse of seventy years has brought to France no amelioration of the tyranny and injustice which Condorcet so eloquently denounced, and a free Press is at present as unknown in Paris as in Timbuctoo. The Convention controlled the Press by punishing the expression of political sentiments opposed to their views by the guillotine; the Directory fettered it by banishing the editors of hostile journals; the first Napoleon attained the same end by wholesale confiscations; while the present Emperor effectually stifles the free utterance of political opinion by warnings, suspensions, and suppressions, directed against those journals which venture to oppose his views, and even—through a forced and arbitrary construction of a law never meant to apply to the Press—punishes those who conduct them by imprisonment or transportation. Since 1848, under the government of the present ruler of France, first as President and then as Emperor, not fewer than one hundred newspapers and other periodicals have received official warning; twenty more have been suspended; and nine have been suppressed! The *Assemblée Nationale* has been four times warned and thrice suspended; the *Espérance du Peuple* has had five warnings and one suspension; the *Foi Bretonne*, three warnings and one suspension; the *Gazette de France*, five warnings and one suspension; while the *Gazette de Languedoc*, after five warnings and one suspension, has been finally suppressed. The *Presse*, too, figures prominently in the long list of those journals that have been the objects of Government interference, having received no fewer than eight warnings, and having been twice suspended. Such are a few examples of the watchful care of the present Government of France, in its paternal anxiety that the liberty of the Press shall not degenerate into licentiousness; but perhaps a better conception of the extent to which that interference is carried may be formed when we mention that nearly 300 pages of M. Vingtain's well-timed and interesting volume are entirely occupied with exact copies of the official acts—warnings, suspensions, and suppressions—directed against the daily and periodical press since 1848.

In the present article we propose, under the guidance of M. Vingtain, to present our readers with a brief sketch of the history of the Press in France, from the Revolution of 1789, down to our own times. "The history of the liberty of the Press," says M. Vingtain, "comprehends three great epochs:—the recognition of the principle—its philosophical and political demonstration—its practical operation: 1789, 1815—1815, 1830—1830, 1852." The men of 1789 enthusiastically proclaimed the principle of the liberty of the Press; but, although several projects were submitted to its consideration,

the National Assembly left no legislation upon the subject. In 1790, however, Sièyes, in the following passage from the *Moniteur*, shows a clear and statesmanlike appreciation of the vast importance of the subject, and of the duties of Government with regard to it:—"The liberty of the Press, true security for the rights of individuals and of the public against the despotism of power, censor of abuses whose downfall it prepares, forerunner of good institutions whose future it hastens, has the same peculiarity as all the other liberties which arise from natural right, that the law only protects and does not give it. To fix its limits, and inflict punishment if they are passed, to characterise the faults, to regulate the penalties, to reach the accused, to determine the information and the judgment:—such is the task of the legislator." Not a word is to be found in the speeches of Robespierre, or of any of his coadjutors, during the Reign of Terror, hostile to the liberty of the Press; but their actions showed a hostility to it, as the following law passed by them concerning the arrest of suspected persons amply proves:—"Those reputed suspected persons are:—1st. Those who, either by their conduct, their statements, their designs, or their writings, have shown themselves partisans of tyranny or of federalism, and enemies of liberty." In short, they needed no laws against the Press, for the fear of the guillotine was their censor. The Directory who succeeded them soon showed their determination not to tolerate a free Press, by banishing the editors of forty-two journals, and by passing a law placing all newspapers and other periodicals under the inspection of the police. This law—prolonged from year to year—continued in force during nearly the whole reign of the Directory, being repealed but two months before its fall. Under the Consulate, the Press was even more severely treated. Up to its accession to power, the principle of a free Press had been acknowledged, in spite of the practical restrictions imposed upon it. Every citizen, if he chose, might, at his own peril, establish a newspaper. But now that right was formally withdrawn, and the periodical press was made a government monopoly. Only thirteen political newspapers were kept up, the Minister of Police was charged to take care that no others were printed; and even these privileged newspapers might be suppressed by order of the Government.

The following extracts from a curious note of the great Napoleon with regard to the regulations of the *Journal des Débats*, which had incurred his displeasure, and which was then by far the most influential political organ in Paris, affords an admirable commentary on the state of the Press during the first Empire:—"It is not sufficient," says the Emperor, "that the newspapers limit themselves at present not to oppose me, we have the right to insist on their entire devotion to the reigning dynasty. . . . Whenever news shall arrive disagreeable to the Government, it ought not to be published until they are so sure of the truth, that it is no longer worth publishing, because everybody is aware of it. There is no other means of hindering the suspension of a newspaper. . . . We

have not yet taken any resolution ; we are disposed to keep up the *Journal des Débats*, if they present [or leave it] to me to place at the head of the paper men in whom I can place confidence ; and for editors, safe men who may anticipate the manœuvres of the English, and who credit none of the rumours which they spread abroad. . . . There is no other means of strengthening the property of the *Journal des Débats* than to put it into the hands of able men attached to the Government."* Under the Empire, the decree of the 5th February, 1810, established the censorship, not only over the periodical Press, but over every species of publication. That decree fixed the number of printers and of booksellers, and made of those bodies two privileged corporations.

It gave to the Director-General of Booksellers, to the Minister of Police, and to the Prefects in the Departments, the power of ordering the suspension of the printing of every work in order to its examination by a censor. Upon the report of that censor, the alterations and suppressions judged necessary were pointed out to the author ; and if he refused to make them, the sale of the work might be stopped, and the copies already printed might be seized. No foreign writings could be introduced into France without the special permission of the Director-General of the book-trade. It is worth noticing, that within less than a month of this decree, placing the Press in the hands of the Emperor and his agents, another decree was issued re-establishing State prisons ; while a judgment, pronounced upon the report of the Minister of Justice, or of the police, by a private council composed of the chief judge, of two ministers, two senators, two councillors of state, and two members of the Court of Cassation, restored under a new form the *lettres de cachet* of the old régime. Latterly, however, Napoleon seems to have learned wisdom from adversity, or to have been desirous of gaining popularity on his return from Elba ; for we find him declaring, during the one hundred days, " Public discussions, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the Press—I wish them all, the liberty of the Press especially ; to stifle it is absurd. I am convinced upon that point."†

Under the Restoration—1815–30—the press was subjected to a strict censorship ; during a period of twelve years, no fewer than eight laws regarding it were presented to the Legislative Chambers ; and in the course of the debates which took place upon these laws, the whole subject was most fully and eloquently discussed. From 1814 to 1820, the Legislatures were occupied in attempting to solve this problem :—Shall we prevent the excesses of the Press by a preliminary censorship, or shall we content ourselves with punishing them when committed ? Each alternative found able and zealous partisans ; but during the earlier years of the Restoration, the censorship placed the Press entirely in the hands of the Administration,

* Corresp. et Relations de F. Fiéee avec Bonaparte. Edition Desrez. 1837. Tome II.

† Benjamin Constant, *Mémoires sur les Cent. Jours*. Tome II. p. 24.

and a law being passed which gave them, at the same time, power over the liberty of individual citizens, several arbitrary arrests took place. Subsequently, however, to 1820, the Press, though still subjected to the censorship, was permitted to report the debates of the Chamber of Deputies; and from that hour, when she could reproduce the eloquent discussions of those who in that body vigilantly watched over the rights of the nation, there was an end of arbitrary arrests; so close and intimate is the connection between the liberty of the Press and that of the individual. Those who were opposed to the censorship of the Press at this period, were divided in opinion with regard to the proper tribunal for judging and punishing its excesses; some wishing to subject it to the jurisdiction of the correctional tribunals, and others to submit it to the verdict of a jury, as with us. Ultimately, the Restoration abandoned the censorship, exempted the Press from the jurisdiction of the correctional tribunals, and by its last law upon the subject, placed it under the control of juries. We may here mention that M. Viingtain—a strenuous supporter of the liberty of the Press—is a zealous advocate for this mode of dealing with its excesses. “If we believe,” he says, “that the liberty of the Press is a guarantee of society against the possible abuses of power, we must, at the same time, admit that it is by a tribunal springing from the bosom of society, her living image, unceasingly renewing itself so as to be always her exact representative, that she ought to be put in possession of a jurisdiction fitted to restrain the excesses of the Press. But what court of justice presents these characteristics, if it is not a jury? And thus, when we descend from the liberty of the Press to the jurisdiction to which it ought logically to be submitted, we find the judgment by juries. We come to the same conclusion if we ascend from the jurisdiction which suits it to the liberty of the Press: the impossibility of defining the transgressions of the Press, the distinction in each special case between the lawful use and the abuse of liberty, a distinction on which the liberty itself depends, cease to be inextricable difficulties the judgment by juries once admitted. In truth, are not the jury, in the full force of the term, umpires, using no other rule to understand the value of the facts submitted to their judgment than the notions of justice and injustice which God has implanted in their consciences? Is it not their duty to be ignorant of the law? But when the law is recognised as incapable of discerning the good from the evil, that which is culpable from that which is innocent, is it not to arbitrators who decide only according to their natural sense of equity that we must confide the repression of those indefinable transgressions which have triumphed, if not as a whole, at least in the detail of each of them, over the sagacity of the law? Besides, wherever judgment by juries exists, the excesses of the Press naturally fall under their jurisdiction.”

We now come to the concluding epoch of M. Viingtain's historical sketch of the French Press—1830-1852. He fixes—we think justly—upon the reign of Louis Philippe as the period during which the

Press has enjoyed the largest amount of liberty. The Revolution of 1830 was carried out in the name of the Charter and of the Liberty of the Press; the former being the recognition of all the political rights of the nation, and the latter the security that these rights would be carried into practical operation. All preventive measures against the periodical press were now abandoned, and the jurisdiction of juries established as the only tribunal qualified to judge and punish its excesses. The laws of 8th of October, and of 14th of December, 1830, and that of 8th of April, 1831, established upon these bases the liberty of the Press; while the law of 9th of November, 1830, provided for the punishment of attacks, through its agency, against the King or the Legislative Chambers. By a subsequent law, also, that of 9th of September, 1835, the Court of Peers was invested with a special jurisdiction to examine and punish the authors of writings attacking the Constitution, the Royal Person, or the Government. M. Vingtain accuses the Press of having abused the liberty it enjoyed under the reign of Louis Philippe, and of having committed the two great faults of precipitating the Revolution of 1848, by groundless attacks upon the royal character and conduct, and demoralising the national mind by the licentious nature of its romances and dramatic literature. His remarks upon the latter offence are equally just and severe:—"While the political Press," he says, "injured the Government, romances and dramatic literature operated in a manner still more to be regretted. Among a nation whose spirits are so lively as those of the French, the romance, the stage, have always exercised, and will continue to exercise, a great degree of influence. Their standards, received by society, prepare the realisation of these dreams of the imagination. But what is the principal personage, the hero of all the works of that description, held up to the admiration of readers and spectators for the last thirty years? What but, under different forms, Power, recognising neither law nor restraint. Here, it is physical force, placing itself above law; there, cunning sporting with every right; while, in a third instance, it is the power of gold. Woman herself has not been respected in these dramas and romances; to believe them, her beauty has only been given her as a means of gratifying her passions. The triumph of human will, whatever be its object—the different means of attaining the one sole aim, success—the success which covers all, it matters not though her robe be bloody or stained with every pollution of vice—such is the framework of the majority of the writings of our time, of the majority at least of those which the public have applauded. Of true honour, of the respect due to others and to oneself, for the most part not a word; or if the author stoops to notice these vulgar feelings—betrayed beforehand into the power of the clever fellows of the story—it is but to prepare a victory the more for vice, a defeat the more for virtue. And these are called studies of manners, are given and taken for truth! God grant that the future judge us not by that literature! Whatever we may be, it has depicted us worse than we are."

After the downfall of Louis Philippe, the Government of General Cavaignac took the most stringent measures to restrain the freedom of the Press, suspending eleven political journals, and imprisoning the editor of one of the most influential among them; while the Constituent Assembly, in spite of the animated remonstrances of the Parisian bar, and of several of its own members, passed to the order of the day on the question whether they should examine the legality of these acts of the Government. The result of this was soon apparent in five new suspensions of political organs by the arbitrary power of the Executive, and the Assembly soon afterwards proceeded to enact laws still further restricting the freedom of the Press, and strengthening the hands of the Administration. But, notwithstanding this severity, it ought to be kept in view, that the two great objects of all the legislation with reference to the Press, between 1830 and 1851, were to secure a certain amount of liberty, and at the same time provide an effectual means of checking its excesses by placing it under the jurisdiction of certain appointed tribunals. Up to 1851, especially, the courts of law were universally recognised as the only bodies entitled to judge and punish the license of the Press; and the laws regulating it were founded upon those fundamental principles—the right of every citizen to establish a public organ; the right of the Government and of private persons to answer the attacks of the periodical Press; and the exclusive jurisdiction of a court of justice to restrain its excesses. Subsequently, however, to 1851, all this was changed; and the Press has been placed, bound hand and foot, in the power of the existing Government. By the decree of 17th and 23rd of February, 1852, and the law of general security of 27th of February, 1858, the following provisions regulate the periodical Press in France:—The creation of every public organ, all the changes which can take place in the staff of responsible managers, principal editors, proprietors or trustees of a journal, are subordinated to the authority of Government. The Government stamp and the giving of security are kept up. The publication of false news, even in good faith, is punished. It is forbidden to give the debates of the *Corps Legislatif*, otherwise than by the insertion of the official reports of its secretaries; or the sittings of the Senate, except by the reproduction of the articles inserted in the *Moniteur*. Every journal is bound to publish gratuitously, at the head of its columns, and in its next number, the official documents, authentic reports, intelligence, answers and corrections, which are sent to it by a Government official. The competence of the correctional tribunals to deal with all transgressions of the Press is fully recognised, with the correctional chamber of the Court of Appeal as a court of appellate jurisdiction. The suppression of a journal takes place of right after a condemnation for a crime committed through the Press, or after two condemnations for faults or contraventions committed in the space of two years. After a condemnation pronounced for an infraction or fault of the Press against the responsible manager of a journal, Government has the power, during the two months which follow

that condemnation, to pronounce either the temporary suspension or the suppression of the journal. A journal may be suspended by a Ministerial decision, even when it has not been the subject of any condemnation ; but only after two warnings, and during a time not exceeding two months. A journal may be suppressed either after a judicial or Administrative suspension, or as a measure of general security ; but in that case a special Government decree is requisite. In conclusion, the law of general security of 27th of February, 1858, punishes with imprisonment for two years, and a fine of from 500 to 10,000 francs, any one who shall in any manner publicly instigate to the following crimes :—Attempts against the life or person of the sovereign ; public insults to his person ; the destruction or alteration of the Government, or change in the succession to the throne, or the taking up arms against the established Government. In addition to the above penalties, persons condemned in terms of this law may be banished to Algiers or into a French department, or even expelled from the national territory, by a decision pronounced by the Minister of the Interior, upon the advice of the Prefect and the *Procureur Impérial*. The French courts have since applied this law in all its stringency to the case of writers obnoxious to the Imperial Government.

Such is the present abject state of the Press in France under the iron grasp of a despotism founded on universal suffrage, and professing to recognise the sovereignty of the people as the basis of its authority ; but which has yet exerted its utmost energies to stifle the free utterance of public opinion, and which only tolerates the Press when it is entirely silent on the great political questions of the day, or when it lends itself to swell the praise and pander to the ambition of the very hand that enslaves it.

IX.

THE SAGAS OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY.

THE “*Heimskringla*” of Snorrio Sturleson, though a work known to very few English readers, is, nevertheless, the record of a people closely allied to ourselves, both physically and mentally. Snorrio Sturleson himself calls his work the “*Saga*,” or Story of the Kings of Norway ; and it may be doubted whether, perhaps, there is to be found in this world an instance of another such chronicle—of so early a date—as vividly written. In as many pithy sentences he tells us of the kings—of their enemies, their forays, their victories, and their defeats. In this respect his work stands out in strong contrast to those of most of our early English historians. The

venerable Bede, Layamon, Robert of Gloucester, and Robert de Brunne, were all monks, who looked little beyond their own cells, and cloisters, and books, and who emphatically viewed the world through their abbey windows. Both in his language and his power of vividly depicting important historical events, Snorro Sturleson is far superior to any of the aforementioned English chroniclers. Moreover, he has great discernment. He was peculiarly qualified to distinguish the gold from the dross in the nation's literature. Witness with what an unsparing hand does he not pass by the fabulous tales of the Northmen concerning Odin? Whilst Bede and his successors were maundering about the "blessed miracles" of their patron saints, Sturleson was unhesitatingly passing similar idle tales by. Not that he altogether overlooks these legends; *au contraire*, he merely touches upon them in that sufficiently cursory manner which their importance deserves. The influence of his Sagas on the minds of the people can hardly be overrated. It has been asserted, with some degree of truth, by the translator of these Sagas, that "a nation's literature is the breath of life to its people," be they never so rude. Snorro Sturleson's Sagas fully come under this designation, for they are peculiarly adapted to the people for whom they were written. They contain within them the records of many and many a terrible fight. We see throughout all their pages the daring spirit of the Northmen clearly revealed to us. We can hear the clash of their arms above the roaring of the ocean, as the galleys close and the combatants engage. It is wonderful, moreover, to read in Sturleson's pages how these people loved the sea. The ocean was well-nigh their deity. One of the ancients called the sea "the mother of us all," and assuredly it was in this light that the Northmen regarded her. Can we not see to this day, think you, in this passionate love of the ocean, one of the most truly national characteristics of Englishmen revealed to us? What a fascination, for example, does not the sea to this hour exercise over all Englishmen? No matter though the future English sailor-boy may live inland hundreds of miles away from his mother the ocean, still, when she calls to him in his sleep, he is constrained to go to her. The boy hears her, and he *must* obey. And so he arises, and leaves home and friends for ever, and when at length he stands upon the sea-beach, does not his heart leap to greet his mother? And so the boy sails away and away, leagues from home; till at length, perchance, some stormy night, far out at sea, with the hurricane howling and roaring through the rigging, the boy is ordered aloft, on to the slippery yards. There he stands, contending long with the frozen cordage; till, perchance, the old, old eyes grow dim, and the old, old hands fail him; and he falls fathoms deep—not into the toiling surges—say, rather, into his mother's arms. She folds him to her heart, and out upon the ever-heaving bosom of the wild Atlantic gives him rest—rest evermore! This, at all events, was the Norse view of the subject. These chronicles will, however, best explain the different phases of the Northmen's characters for themselves. In making extracts from

them, we do not purpose to present the reader with a mere *résumé* of Norwegian history ; but rather to notice the most striking deeds of daring and true touches of that " fellow-feeling " which binds the Northmen so strongly to ourselves, and which we see revealed to us in them.

One of the longest and most important Sagas in Snorrio Sturleson's work is that of King Olaf Tryggvesson, who commenced his reign in the year 995. Olaf's queen having died, he felt her loss so keenly, says Snorrio, " that he had no pleasure in Vendland after it." He therefore took a true Northman's way of relieving his over-charged feelings—i.e., by setting out upon a war expedition ; during the course of which foray he honoured this country with a visit. He plundered Northumberland ; he ~~mauraded~~ ^{raided} over Scotland far and wide ; then he went to the Hebrides, where he fought some battles ; next to the Isle of Man, where he fought some more ; and finally concluded this little series of exploits by ravaging Wales and Cumberland ! His fierce heart seems, however, to have been sufficiently relieved by these occurrences ; inasmuch as we find that at the Scilly Isles, which he next visited, he became acquainted with a Seer, who converted him to the Christian Faith, and forthwith baptized him.

The remaining portion of King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga is chiefly occupied with a record of fierce and bloody contests, which we pass over in order to reach the account of the last and fiercest battle which he was ever doomed to fight on earth.

Excited by envy and other causes, a powerful combination was formed against him. King Swend, the King of Denmark, his brother-in-law, King Olaf, of Sweden, and Earl Eric, a Northman, joined forces together, and proceeded to attack King Olaf Tryggvesson. Their united fleets of course far outnumbered Olaf's ships, but the King was determined to fight them, however numerous they might be. " Let God dispose of my life," said he ; " for flight I shall never take." He then gave orders to take in sail, and calmly awaited the attack of the enemy. As the three combined fleets bore down upon him, he remarked that they had little to fear from the " soft Danes " and Swedes ; but of the Northmen, under Earl Eric, he did not speak thus slightly. He felt that they possessed the same blood as themselves, and the result proved him to be correct. King Olaf Tryggvesson then fastened his ship, the " Long Serpent," with cables to his other ships, the " Little Serpent " and the " Crane." The contest now began. King Swend laid his ship on one side of the " Long Serpent," and Earl Eric repeated the manœuvre on the other. King Olaf's men fought valiantly, and soon repulsed both the Danes and Swedes ; but Earl Eric laid his ship, the " Iron Beard," more closely alongside the " Long Serpent," and stuck to King Olaf Tryggvesson like " grim death." The fighting was now most severe ; but at last it came to this, that all King Olaf's men were beaten out of his ships, and compelled to retreat to the " Long Serpent." " Then," says Sturleson, " Earl Eric laid his ship right

alongside the 'Long Serpent,' and the fight went on with battle-axe and sword." Earl Eric was in the forehold of his ship, and his men threw so many spears and arrows that the shields of King Olaf's men could not receive them. "On this," says Snorro, "King Olaf's men became so mad with rage, that they tried to run aboard Earl Eric's ship, so that they might get near his men with their battle-axes at close quarters;" but so enraged were they, that they did not heed the slight space intervening between the ships; "and thus," continues Snorro, "most of King Olaf's men went overboard, and sank under their weapons, *thinking to the last that they were fighting on plain ground!*"

Nothing daunted, however, by this loss, King Olaf's men fought desperately. The King himself stood on the gangway of the "Long Serpent," shooting with the bow, and always throwing two spears at once. Thus the fight proceeded the greater part of the day. During the afternoon Earl Eric saw that the "Serpent's" decks were greatly thinned, and he therefore determined to board. But, weak as Olaf's men were growing, they were still strong enough to repulse him, and to compel him to quickly retreat into the "Iron Beard." The fight now grew hotter and hotter, but Olaf's men became thinner and thinner. The Earl again boarded the "Long Serpent," and met with a warm reception. "When the fore-castle men in the 'Serpent,'" says Sturleson, "saw what was doing, they ran aft, and fought furiously." But so many of the "Serpent's" men had fallen that the sides were at places quite empty, and Earl Eric's men swarmed into her at all parts. Whereupon all Olaf's men formed close quarters round the King, and made another desperate fight.

King Olaf's men, however, could no longer defend him against so great a force. They fell momentarily—fighting to the last gasp around their king. In a few minutes scarcely a man was left, whereupon King Olaf and Kolbiorin the Marshal sprang overboard. "Instantly," says Snorro Sturleson, "all King Olaf's men who were in life shouted defiance, and sprang overboard after him."

"When King Olaf sprang overboard, the whole army," says Sturleson, "raised a shout; and then," he sneeringly continues, "the Danes put their oars into the water and rowed towards the battle." However, whether they deserved it for their bravery or not, when Norway was divided by Earl Eric as the fruits of his victory, the Danes obtained their share. Concerning King Olaf, many fabulous tales have been related. Some, for instance, saying that when he sprang overboard he dived underneath the long ships, and thus reached the shore in safety. However that might be, he never returned to his kingdom of Norway. Halfred Vandraskald speaks of this report thus:—

"The witness who reports this thing
Of Tryggvesson, our gallant king,
Once served the king, and truth should tell,
For Olaf hated lies like hell."

This last line reveals another noble trait of the Norse character to us. They undoubtedly possessed the merit of truthfulness. These Northmen then, we maintain, had their notions of morality. They could understand, for instance, how, if one man asked another an insulting question, and he clove the inquirer to the chin with his battle-axe for the answer—they could understand *that*; but for any man to break his bond, to utter a falsehood, or to refuse assistance to a friend, these were depths of iniquity too great to be sounded with the plummet-line of their consciences. In these respects, we have much to learn from these Northmen. Assuredly we of this 19th century may oftentimes emulate both their courage and their truthfulness with advantage to ourselves and our fellow-men.

The next Viking who paid us a visit, after Olaf Tryggvesson's death, was King Olaf Haraldsson, commonly called King Olaf the Saint. During the period of his stay amongst us, our ancestors must have had a hard time of it, for, according to Sturleson, "he scoured all over the country taking Scatt* of the people, and plundering when it was refused." Our condition at this time seems to have been a never-ending source of amusement to the Scalds or Musicians of King Olaf, inasmuch as one of them, to wit, Ottar, thus chuckles to the king over our misfortunes :—

"The English race could not resist thee,
With money thou madest them assist thee;
Unsparingly thou madest them pay
A Scatt to thee in every way :
Money, if money could be got—
Goods, cattle, household gear, if not.
Thy gathered spoil, borne to the strand,
Was the best wealth of English land."

After Olaf the Saint left us, King Canute of Denmark took his place, by driving King Ethelred's sons out of the kingdom. Whereupon he obligingly continued the practice which Olaf Haraldsson had inaugurated, viz., that of making us pay Scatt to him. King Canute, after subjugating England, determined upon an expedition to Norway. He therefore sent ambassadors to King Olaf Haraldsson, the purport of whose mission was briefly this—that as he (King Canute) was fully persuaded that Norway was *his* kingdom (and not King Olaf's,) perhaps King Olaf would kindly oblige him by quietly delivering Norway up to him, and thus save trouble. To which King Olaf replied, by inquiring of the ambassadors, "whether there were any bounds to King Canute's ambition?" He likewise requested to be informed by them, "whether King Canute wished to rule over all the countries of the north, also whether he intended to eat up all the kail in England?" "But," added he, fiercely (unable longer to continue his badinage), "ye shall tell to him these my words—I will defend Norway with battle-axe and sword as long as life is given me, and I will pay tribute to no man for my kingdom." After this

* Tribute.

answer, King Canute's ambassadors made themselves ready for their return, "and," adds Sturleson, dryly, "they were by no means rejoiced at the success of their errand." When King Canute's ambassadors returned to him, and told him King Olaf's last words, he replied, "King Olaf guesses wrong if he thinks I shall eat up all the kail in England, for I will let him see that there is something else than kail under my ribs, and cold kail it shall be for him." And so indeed it was, King Canute kept his word, and assembled a large fleet, with which he sailed over to Denmark, from whence he proceeded, after some manœuvring, to Norway; "and, to make our tale short," as Sturleson himself remarks, in a little time he subjugated all that kingdom. He would not, however, have been able to have done this so easily had Olaf's men been thoroughly united to him, but from various causes there was disaffection in their ranks, and in the end King Olaf was compelled to retreat into Russia. He soon, however, returned therefrom, and made a desperate attempt to retake Norway, but in his first battle with the Bonders, after fighting most bravely, he was killed, and his force dispersed. In this battle there was a man named Thormod Kolbrunarscald, who fought under King Olaf's banner, and was severely wounded by an arrow striking him in the left side. He broke the shaft of the arrow, went out of the battle, and up towards some houses, where he came to a barn, which was a large building. Thormod had his drawn sword in his hand, and, as he went in, a man named Kimbe met him coming out, and said, "It is very bad there with howling and screaming, and a great shame it is that brisk young fellows cannot bear their wounds; it may be that the king's men have done bravely to-day, but they certainly bear their wounds very ill."

As Kimbe saw that Thormod had a gold ring on his arm, he said,—
"Thou art certainly a king's man. Give me thy gold ring, and I will hide thee. The Bonders will kill thee if thou fallest in their way."

Thormod says, "Take the ring, *if thou can'st get it*; I have lost that which is more worth." Kimbe stretched out his hand, and wanted to take the ring; but Thormod swinging his sword, cut off his hand; "and," says Sturleson, with a true touch of grim Norse humour, "it is related that Kimbe behaved himself no better under his wound than those he had been blaming just before." Thormod, after concluding this conversation as narrated, then went into the barn, and lay down; whereupon a nurse-girl said to him, "Let me see thy wound, and I will bind it." Thormod agreed, and after the girl had examined the wound, she felt that a piece of iron was in it, but could not find where the iron had gone in. "She then," says Sturleson, "took a large pair of tongs (!) and tried to pull out the iron; but it ^{king's} fast, and would in no way come, and as the wound was so ^{thus} little of it stood out to lay hold of. 'Now,' said Thormod, 'cut so deep in that thou can'st get at the iron with the tongs, and give me the tongs, and let me pull.' She did as he said. Then Thormod took a gold ring from his hand, gave it to the nurse-woman, and told her to do with it what she liked. 'It is a good

man's gift,' said he; 'King Olaf gave me the ring this morning.' Then Thormod took the tongs, and pulled the iron out; but on the iron there was a hook, at which there hung some morsels of flesh from his heart—some white, some red. When he saw that, he quietly observed, 'The king has fed us well. I am fat, even at the heart roots!' and, so saying, he leant back and was dead. And with this," says Snorro, very truthfully, "ends what we have to say about Thormod."

Such was the death these Northmen died! It may safely be affirmed that but few of us now-a-days could bear such torture without flinching, and that death and pain wrung as few groans out of these Northmen as out of the most of us!

A great part of the peculiar interest which Snorro Sturleson's Sagas possess for us over the chronicles of more ambitious historians, is to be found in the care which he takes in delineating what at first sight would appear to be somewhat trivial events, but which in reality are not so, for they serve to illustrate the manners and customs of the people. It is clear from the following extract from his Sagas (if from nothing else,) that Snorro Sturleson was a close observer of men and things. Fancy Layamon, or Robert de Brunne, or even Robert Longlande, giving us such a true touch of domestic life as that which follows. The quiet home influence which it sheds around us, may serve to relieve our eyes, albeit somewhat dazzled by the solemn grandeur of Thormod Kolbrunnarscald's death. It occurs in King Harald Hardrada's Saga. King Harald having fought with King Swend of Denmark, at Nissæ, the whole of an August night, finally succeeded in defeating him. Whereupon King Swend, accompanied by two of his friends, made off to Karl the Bonder's house. The king was personally unknown to any of this household, and had, for the nonce, dubbed himself with the name of Vandraade (the unlucky,) by which appellation he is addressed by them. Karl immediately spread food before them, and gave them water to wash with. "Then," says Sturleson, "the housewife came into the room, and said, 'I wonder why we could get no peace or rest all night with the shouting and screaming.' Karl replies, 'Dost thou not know that the kings were fighting all night?'

"She asked which had the best of it.

"Karl answered, 'The Northmen gained.'

"Then," said she, 'our king will have taken to flight.'

"'Nobody knows,' says Karl, 'whether he is fled or he has fallen.'

"She says, 'What a useless sort of a king we have! He is both slow and frightened.'

"Then said Vandraade, 'Frightened he is not; but he is not lucky.'

"Then Vandraade washed his hands; but he took the towel and dried them right in the middle of the cloth. The housewife snatched the towel from him, and said, 'Thou hast been taught little good: it is wasteful to wet the whole cloth at one time.'

'Vandraade replies, 'I may yet come so far forward in the world as to be able to dry myself with the middle of the towel !' "

Say, dear reader, if this little incident of "domestic economy" is not true to life—every line of it. Verily, "as it was in the beginning," so is it now. The careful housewife is no creature of yesterday. A thousand years ago she had just the same nature as at the present time. Her woman's wit was just as keen, and her way of judging a man's capabilities as strictly *sui generis* then as now. Observe how she swoops down on her unfortunate guest for his wasteful way of using the towel, and the quickness with which, from that fact, she arrives at the conclusion that "*he*, at least, has been taught little good." Of a truth, friend Sturleson, thou hast our hearty thanks for presenting us with this perfect little *tableau vivant*.

In this same battle at Nissæ, Earl Finn Arneson was taken prisoner, and, as one of King Harald Hardrada's staunchest opponents, was carried before him for his inspection. When he was brought before the king, Harald told him that the Dances had not stood very fairly by him.

"The Earl replies," says Sturleson, "'The Northmen find it very difficult now to conquer, and it is all the worse for them that *thou* hast the command over them.'

"Then said King Harald, 'Wilt thou accept of life and safety, although thou hast not deserved it ?'

"The Earl replies, 'Not from thee, thou dog.'

"The King: 'Wilt thou, then, if thy relation, Magnus, gives thee quarter ?'

"The Earl replies, 'Can the whelp rule over life and quarter ?' "

Earl Finn, however, in the end got both "life and quarter," and the King kept him a while with him; but at length one day he told him that as he saw he was not happy, he might go to King Swend. To which the Earl replied, "I accept of thy offer willingly, and," continued he, very ungraciously, "the more gratefully will I do so the sooner I get away from hence." Plain speaking appears from this extract from the Sagas to have been a cardinal virtue with these Northmen. Would that it were so with us!

Four years after this battle at Nissæ was fought, King Harald Hardrada (or Sigurdsson) joined forces with Earl Toste (brother to King Harald Godwinsson, of England,) and landed in this country. Our English monarch instantly marched to attack them, and on Monday, the 25th September, 1066, he came up with the invaders near York. As King Harald Godwinsson did not wish to come to blows with his own brother, he called a parley. Whereupon twenty of his horsemen rode forward, and one of them said, "Is Earl Toste in this army?" What follows is thus narrated by Sturleson:—

"The Earl answered, 'It is not to be denied that ye will find him here.'

"The horseman says, 'Thy brother, King Harald, sends thee salutation, with the message that thou shalt have the whole of Northumberland; and rather than thou shouldst not submit to him, he will

give thee the third part of his kingdom to rule over along with himself.'

"The Earl replies, 'This is somewhat different from the enmity and scorn he offered last winter. But if I accept of his offer, what will he give King Harald Sigurdsson for *his* trouble?'

"The horseman replied, 'He has also spoken of this; and will give him *seven feet of English ground*, or as much more as he may be taller than other men.'

"Then," said the Earl, 'go now and tell King Harald to get ready for battle; for never shall the Northmen say with truth that Earl Toste left King Harald Sigurdsson to join his enemy's troops, when he came to fight west here in England. We shall all rather take the resolution to die with honour, or to gain England by a victory.'

"Then the horsemen rode back;" and the battle began. For some time it went on fiercely, both kings fighting bravely themselves, and encouraging their men to do so. At one period the English were nearly put to flight; but fortunately for us, King Harald Sigurdsson was hit just then by an arrow in the throat, which proved his death-wound. His men were, as might be expected, much disheartened by his fall, but still the fight went on fiercely under Earl Toste. At length there came a pause, and King Harald Godwinsson again offered Earl Toste peace and quarter. "But," says Sturleson, "the Northmen called out all of them together, that they would rather fall one across the other than accept of quarter from the Englishmen."

About this time there arrived reinforcements from the ships for the Northmen, under Eystein; and thus for the third time there was "one of the sharpest of contests." Although Eystein's men were nearly exhausted by the speed with which they had come from the ships, still they fell to so fiercely that the English were again nearly put to flight. This conflict is called "Eystein's Storm." However, Eystein's men could not long sustain their furious onslaught, and one after another of them "fell from weariness and died without a wound." The conflict was now virtually ended in the defeat of the Northmen.*

In the battle near York, the two great races of Northmen and Englishmen were fairly matched, and manfully was it fought out by both armies.

The remaining Sagas in the *Heimskringla* are seven in number, and extend up to the year 1177. In 1178, Snorrio Sturleson was born, and in 1241, he was murdered. We have no wish to write a life of Snorrio Sturleson, but in our opinion the *Heimskringla* is a work nobly conceived and admirably carried out. Snorrio Stur-

* Nineteen days afterwards, at Hastings, in opposing William the Conqueror, our noble King Harald Godwinsson was killed. Had his men, we may here observe, not been so weakened by their conflict with the Northmen, the result of the battle of Hastings, in all probability, would have been different. In our opinion, too little prominence is oftentimes given to this historical fact.

leson presents us with a really truthful picture of the Northmen and their lives. It is very true—as exhibited to us in his *Sagas*—that these Northmen were far too careless of human life, and that they were much too warm admirers of that bloody old buccaniering proverb, “Dead men tell no tales.” But then, despite all this, they were brave and bold. They were men who, if they had a battle to fight, emphatically *fought* it; and if they had a work to do—*did* it. They were men whom no difficulty could daunt, and no danger appal. The ocean was the only competitor with which they were fairly matched, and with him they were always contending. They sailed as far eastward as Constantinople. The North Sea they crossed and recrossed; and what, think you, cared they for the ice round the North Pole?

“They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

Although the *Heimskringla* is in a great measure occupied with recitals of private feuds, nevertheless the “*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*” feeling was strong within their Norse hearts. King Magnus Barefoot, in the 11th Saga, when reproached by his friends for so freely risking his life when on his war expeditions, characteristically replied, “Kings were made for honour, not for long life;” and as he himself was killed in battle in his 30th year, he must be held to have practically exemplified his own words. These Northmen, we maintain, were men whose virtues in reality were formed of the same “stern stuff”—however great the difference in texture—as those of the many who, in after ages, freely laid down their lives for the truth’s sake. The men of whom Sturleson wrote, possessed within their natures that rough roving spirit which now enables England proudly to boast that “on her possessions the sun never sets,” and that “her line is gone forth into the ends of the earth.” These Northmen were worthy ancestors of the men who—the other day—stood from sun-rising to sun-setting in the two-gun battery at Inkermann, waging all that time a terrible warfare against enemies ten times as numerous as themselves:—worthy ancestors of the men who formed that world-famed “thin red line” of the children of Gael at Balaklava;—who still more recently cut their way through thousands of enemies into Delhi—avenged Cawnpore—and, led by the gallant, the chivalric, above all, the Christian Henry Havelock, relieved, through well-nigh superhuman difficulties, the beleaguered city of Lucknow. May the spirit of these Northmen never die out amongst us! May their noble powers of endurance—their great bravery and their unhesitating truth—all those virtues which they brought into operation in the stern performance of their duty, be strengthened and increase amongst us that—

“Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought can make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true.”

Brief Notices.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE CRITICISM OF THE OLD TESTAMENT AND TO BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION; WITH AN ANALYSIS OF THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT AND APOCRYPHA. Originally written by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne B.D. now Revised and Edited by the Rev. John Ayre M.A. of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. London: Longman, Green, and Co. 1860.

HORNE'S Introduction to the Scriptures is now so well and universally known as to render superfluous anything more than the merest notice of this new, enlarged, and improved edition of the work. The first edition appeared some two and forty years ago, and during those years it has passed through nine or more editions, each being an advance and improvement on its predecessor. And now the venerable Author, after sixty years of incessant literary toil, far advanced in age, and with health impaired, has been under the necessity of calling in foreign aid, and of committing the preparation of the present issue to other hands, who have re-arranged and condensed the matter originally supplied and published by Mr. Horne, and have made such additions as were justified and required by later researches into the several departments of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation.

It is only the second volume of the work—a goodly octavo of more than nine hundred pages—which is now before us. Its compilation was committed to Mr. Ayre, in consequence of the serious objection which was taken to the views of Dr. Davidson, whose assistance Mr. Horne originally selected and obtained, and whose scholarship is of European fame; but Mr. Ayre tells us that “the alterations, modifications, and corrections” introduced by him, were made with

Mr. Horne's full knowledge and kind acquiescence. The volume, therefore, is still to be looked upon and received as Mr. Horne's ripest production in this his favourite department of Sacred Literature.

That our readers may form some idea of the volume, we cannot do better than quote the words of the Author. It “is devoted to the criticism and interpretation of the Old Testament, including disquisitions in all languages, especially the Hebrew language; the history of the Sacred Text, both manuscript and printed; the sources of sacred criticism, with rules for applying them, and tables of the quotations from the Old Testament and the New, with observations on the internal and external form of these quotations. These are followed by a copious investigation of the general principles of interpretation of the figurative and poetical language of Scripture types and prophecy; the interpretation of the doctrinal and moral parts of Scripture, and of its promises and threatenings, and the practical reading of the Sacred Writings. The interpretation and means of harmonizing passages which appear, or are alleged to be contradictory, are also copiously discussed and illustrated. A series of critical prefaces to the several books of the Old Testament and to the Apocryphal books, conclude this volume.

It will thus appear to be a work at once for the student and the general Christian reader. It will save both an immense and laborious research, bringing the best material immediately to their hand, and putting them in possession of no common treasure of Biblical knowledge. Though much still remains to be done in this department, the volume has our hearty recommendation.

THOUGHTS ON THE APOCALYPSE; or, the Book of Revelation viewed as a Prophecy of Christianity, in its various States, from the Primitive Age to the End of Time. With an Introduction. By John Mills, Author of "Sacred Symbology." London: J. Heaton and Son, Warwick-lane.

WHILE there are not a few who have drunk even to intoxication of the prophetic phial, and have, amid the peals of the mystic thunder, become deaf to the voice of reason, and of common sense, there are others of stronger mind and of more sober views. Of this latter class, is the Author of the volume now before us. Like his work on "Symbology," it is characterized by great acuteness, critical investigation, and learned disquisition. We do not profess to agree with the Author in all his views or modes of interpretation. In some points we differ widely and essentially; still, it is refreshing to meet with a man in the enchanted ground, whose reason is enthroned, whose mental powers are fairly balanced, and who can speak to us in language which can be understood. We are one with the Author when he says:—"The necessity of interpreting the Bible as a whole, on established principles, being admitted, it is inconceivable why the imagery of the prophecies should not be subject to a definitive course of exegesis;" and that, "in the absence of such principles, the symbolism of the Apocalypse may be applied with seeming plausibility to objects and events of a different kind to those which it will necessarily represent when subjected to established canons of interpretation."

And, believing that such canons exist for the Apocalypse as for every other Sacred Book, he has very successfully applied his own principle to the wonderful symbolism of the Apocalypse, and produced a volume which the student should place on his shelf, to the exclusion of some others of a more popular but far less satisfactory character. The subject is one of intense interest, and worthy of the most profound and enlightened study.

THE PSALMS. A New Version by Lord Congleton. London: William Yapp, Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square.

THE SIXTY-EIGHTH PSALM: AS PROPHECIC OF THE MESSIAH and HIS CHURCH. A Translation from the Hebrew, with Explanatory Notes. By a Septuagenarian. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row.

UP to the present time, there is nothing which we desiderate more in our Sacred Literature than a good translation and exposition of the Book of Psalms. We are not unmindful of the efforts which have been made to insure this end; but the end has not yet been reached. Even the Germans have come far short of the mark. Nor is this with us matter of surprise, when we take into account the many rare qualifications which must meet and centre in the man who would undertake to reproduce and express what is embodied in these Sacred Odes. The very elevation of soul implied in such an undertaking is something not often to be found, while the strength and the intensity of spiritual feeling can be looked upon as the property and the enjoyment of only a very few. We must, therefore, be content to wait till the piety of the Church take on a higher character, and the life of the soul can be expressed in richer and deeper tones.

Lord Congleton has not done much in this new translation, not so much as the Septuagenarian has attempted on a more limited scale. A good rendering of the Original is often equal to any comment or exposition; and therefore we hail every attempt to give us an improved version of any portion of the Sacred Text. It betokens effort, and the appearance, at no distant day, of a more perfect work. We tender our thanks for these works, and patiently wait.

NOTES INTENDED FOR AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. Printed from the Unpublished Manuscripts of the late James A. Halliwell. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1860.

THERE is indeed abundant internal

evidence to prove that these "Notes" are not a finished Exposition, and, in our judgment, their publication will tend rather to take away from the established and undisputed reputation of their deceased Author. It may be true that these "Notes" were the labour of his later years, and had cost him much thought, though this does not appear. We presume that the volume is nothing more than mere memoranda of which he availed himself in the Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and in the use of free or extempore utterance in opposition to written composition. There is a total absence of anything elaborate and profound, and even the exegesis is not at all what we should have expected. In some instances the thought and the meaning of the Apostle are not even apprehended, while the Author's severer Calvinism narrowed his views of the statements and teachings of the Christian Testament. But we are very unwilling to judge him by the present work. Its publication does him injustice, and this injustice would be rendered yet more unjust by any more rigid criticism. Mr. Haldane was a man of no common mark, and some of his writings are of great practical value. Nor is the present volume without its thought, and sentiment, and experimental utterance; so that, though it may offer nothing very attractive to the more advanced student of the oracles of God, it will yet minister instruction and edification to the private Christian.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE DIVINE FATHERHOOD IN RELATION TO THE ATONEMENT. By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. London: Ward and Co. 27, Paternoster Row.

THE ATONEMENT IN ITS RELATION TO THE LAWS, GOVERNMENT, AND INTELLIGENCES OF GOD'S UNIVERSAL EMPIRE. An Essay by Thomas Kerns, M.D., M.B.C.S.L. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. 1860.

WE are rather sorry than glad that

Mr. Brown has been induced to publish this Tractate, since it can scarcely fail to provoke a renewed and still sharper controversy. We were willing to accept the preface to the second edition of his work on the "Divine Life in Man," as an honest avowal of his views on those points, in which he was conceived to differ from the Catholic beliefs of the Christian Church. Nor can we accept the present pamphlet on the Divine Fatherhood as much more than a mere logomachy:—it is a battle of words and terms. If Mr. Brown believes in his own words, that "in truth, the father implies the lawgiver, the magistrate, the judge," and that "he is a poor father who is not lawgiver and judge in his house," then why should he "earnestly beg those who have been in the habit of thinking that there is something beyond the fatherly relation—something which is more kin to our official relation of ruler and subject in God's relation to man—to consider whether this be not what it means:—that there are certain conditions on which the well-being and well-ruling of the universe depends, which are not supplied out of the fatherly nature of God." On the maturest consideration, we say no. For if the fatherly nature of God involve the lawgiver and the judge, as Mr. Brown contends, then, in the words of Dr. Kerns, "the atonement of Christ stands in relation to the government, not to the mind of God." This is the simple solution of the whole difficulty.

We have placed both these little works under one head, not only because they stand related, the one to the other, in their main subject, but especially because we would have our readers peruse them together. We believe as firmly as Mr. Brown can do in the fatherhood of God, but we also believe with Dr. Kerns and those who take similar views of the Atonement, that God the Father has an administration of supreme and unchangeable righteousness to maintain and perpetuate.

THE CHURCH AT HOME: A Pastor's Plea for Family Religion. By Samuel Clarkson. London: Ward and Co. Paternoster Row.

LECTURES ON THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. 1890.

DEEPLY convinced "that family religion is an essential condition of the purity and growth of the Church of Christ;" that "unless piety practically prevail in the house, it cannot flourish in the Church;" that "the influence of the family constitution is such—is so strong and so far-reaching in its direct and indirect bearings, that it must constantly either aid or thwart the object of the Christian pastor and preacher, and of every other worker for God," our Author's aim in this excellent little volume is to press home on parents their responsibility before God, and to urge them to a more earnest attention to the claims of family religion. Conceiving that "the family often affords motives, reasons, and scope," for TEACHING, WORSHIP, INTERCOURSE, AND DISCIPLINE, these he explains and illustrates with great point and pertinence.

"Lectures on the Lord's Supper" form an appropriate sequel to the "Church at Home." When the Author tells us that this Sacrament is not a memorial, but "a communion or communication of the body and blood of Christ," not in a carnal but a spiritual sense; but "although spiritually, yet really and truly," we fear that he confounds the body and blood with the blessings which flow to us through the sacrifice, or in virtue of the offering of Christ. On the whole, however, the work is excellent.

CHRISTIAN DAILY LIFE. By Henry Bowman. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-Row. 1890.

Whether there is nothing very novel or very startling in this production, there is yet much that is living, and Christian, and practical; and its influence in the every-day walks and

duties of life cannot but be widely and powerfully influential. The following passage is a sufficient index to the work:—

"Look to your daily life, and ask yourself, in all sincerity, what is it to better for your Christianity? Is it more humble, more useful, more holy? We do not inquire what you are on Sunday, when you read, and think, and pray a quiet, and your soul is calmed and soothed by the holy influences which surround you. But we do ask, what you are when you go down into the every-day world again to meet its constant wear and tear, to bear its trials, and overcome its real temptations? It is not enough to dream of the Christian warfare, and go into raptures over its glorious reward. The thing is—*are you fighting it?* Religion must be practical, or it is worthless. It must subdue unholy tempers, and purify unholy thoughts; it must teach self-denial, patience, meekness, charity. It must pervade, with an actual and living influence, each relationship of life."

Let our readers get the little volume, and mark, learn, and inwardly digest it.

HELP HEAVENWARD; OR, WORDS OF STRENGTH AND HEART-CHEER TO ZION'S TRAVELLERS. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. Third Thousand. London: James Nisbet and Co. 21 BERNARD Street. 1890.

THE motto which Dr. Winslow has taken from the great Scottish Novelist, that "the race of mankind would perish did they cease to help each other; from the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual aid; we, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; none who hold the power of granting help can refuse it without *sin*," is the key to this new production of his pen. It is written in Dr. Winslow's own rich and exuberant style, and

speaks to the moral and Christian consciousness of every true believer. There is no man in our day whose writings are more experimental, or which deal so largely in the closer and more effective application of Revealed Truth to those various states of heart and feeling which are common to the subjects of spiritual life. Still, in him, the experimental does not shut out the practical. While a firm believer in the doctrine of election, his uniform teaching is, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

LIGHTS OF THE MORNING; OR, MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. From the German of Frederic Arndt, Minister of the Berlin Parochial Church. With a Preface by the Rev. W. C. Magee, D.D. Advent to Whitsuntide. London: Bell and Dalby, Fleet Street.

TRUE it is that this work is a translation from the German; but let not our readers be startled, and shrink back as if they were in the presence of a leper. The translator has in the preface entered his most solemn protest against anything in the form, or having the features of German Neology, and has given to the public a volume rich in beautiful thought and sentiment. The Meditations, which are limited to the period from Advent to Whitsuntide, are very short, simple, scriptural, and experimental, well adapted to awaken and strengthen holy feeling, and to bring to the soul a higher consciousness. They are like crystal drops from the throne of God, or like brooks of living water silently gliding at our feet, and inviting us to drink and be refreshed. They are Meditations and not disquisitions; they are sentiments and not arguments; they are pious thoughts and not profound reasonings. They cannot be read without equal interest and profit by those who have spiritual discernment and taste. We thank Dr. Magee for his excellent translation of the work.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME: A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading. 1880. London: The Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row.

PICTORIAL SUNDAY READINGS. By the Rev. W. Owen, Author of the "Life of Havelock," etc. etc. Comprising a Complete Series of Scripture Subjects, lucidly, fully, and yet concisely treated, with special adaptation to the Tastes and Requirements of Families; and forming a Comprehensive, Instructive, and valuable Repertory of Biblical Knowledge. London: James Sangster and Co.

IN these "Pictorial Sunday Readings," of which only the First Part is before us, it is proposed to include "the Natural Science of the Holy Scriptures, Geology, Geography, and Natural History:—Persons and Nations, or Biography, with Oriental Customs and Manners:—History, or the Great Events of the Old and New Dispensations:—Criticism and Antiquities, as combining the light of Ancient Learning and Progressive Research, with the latest Discoveries of Travellers in Bible Lands." It differs but little, therefore, from the larger and equally comprehensive work of the Religious Tract Society, except that "the subjects embraced will be discussed separately, and each of them will be complete in itself," with the additional attraction that the Engravings—four in each Shilling Number—are to be taken from the "drawings of eminent artists," to be "executed by the Chromatic process in rich and appropriate colours, and in every instance to be directly illustrative of the subject in hand."

The two works will in no way interfere with each other, and both have our hearty recommendation.

The volume of the Tract Society embodies a vast amount of useful knowledge and instructive reading. The subjects which it embraces are greatly diversified; nor can we well conceive of either mental or moral taste which is not met in these Sabbath Readings. The improvement of our religious literature is in the present day of the first moment; and we

hope that neither means nor expense will be spared to lift it into the first place in the domain of letters.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PULPIT. Conducted by the Rev. T. G. Horton. Vol. X. London: Judd and Glass. 1860.

PULPIT literature must be held in high estimation, or this work would never have reached a tenth volume. The volume is as varied and as valuable in its contents as any one of its predecessors. The spirited publishers have just issued a circular, in which they generously offer to the Ministers and Students of all denominations, a complete set of the Ten Volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, for the sum of One Guinea. The boon is held out till February next, unless their present limited stock of the work is exhausted before that time.

The volume will prove no mean help to pulpit preparation; and to lay preachers it will supply both sermons and addresses in great abundance.

THE TYPICAL CHARACTER OF NATURE; or, All Nature a Divine Symbol. By Thomas A. G. Balfour, M.D. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1860.

THE accomplished author of this truly interesting little work, tells us that its design is, "to show that the Natural and Spiritual worlds are linked together by inseparable bonds, so that 'they twain are one;' and to protest against the vain and impious attempts of some of our men of science to divorce these objects, and thus to drift men into the cold and icy regions of a dreary Scepticism, whose whole hopes are bounded by time, and whose god is proud but impotent human reason." With us this is a favourite subject. Not only do we believe that the objects in Nature may shadow forth the highest spiritual truth, but that for every law

affecting our spiritual being, there is a corresponding law in the physical world. This latter idea is one which we should like to see elaborated into a well digested and well written treatise. It is high time that we recognized the intimate and inseparable union which exists between the physical universe without us, and the spiritual world within us. A step in this direction is the work of Dr. Balfour, on which some may look as the production of a mere theorist, who professes to find types where no one else has ever found them, and who is guided rather by his fancy than by his reason. Men may ridicule, but it is the fate of all truth to be ridiculed. For our own part, we accept the work of Dr. Balfour as a valuable contribution to Theological Science, and earnestly hope that he will prosecute the path on which he has entered, and successfully reach the goal which is now before him. If he has the conviction, as he tells us, that his opinions have not been hastily formed, and that the more he has reflected on the subject, the more has he been convinced that the idea which he has enunciated is founded on truth, then for the truth let him be willing to suffer. It must at length prevail, and assert its empire in the mind.

Nothing has been more common in the pulpit than to divorce Nature from Revelation. Men have spoken as if the God of the Bible were other than the God of Nature; as if no possible or conceivable connection existed between the world of matter and the world of mind; as if the spiritual were so distinct from the physical that they had nothing in common; or as if, in exalting the latter, we necessarily depressed and depreciated the former. Never was there a more serious mistake. Go where we may through the wide domain of Nature, and no where do we come in contact with a single object, or even a single element, which tells us that we are moving without the limits of that power and government which shines out in

sublimest perfection in the higher realm of spiritual life and reality. The man who sees most of the Infinite Intelligence in Nature, will be the first to enter the Temple of Revealed, and approaching its altar with unsandalled feet, there to adore the God of the Bible, through Him who is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, and in whom all the fulness of the Godhead dwells.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK: Memorials of the Rev. Robert Bolton, Rector of Pelham, United States, and Chaplain to the Earl of Ducie; and of Mrs. Bolton. By the Rev. W. J. Bolton M.A., Curate of St. James's, Brighton. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Paternoster Row. 1860.

ALTAR-LIGHT: A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D. By the Rev. John McFarlane, LL.D., Glasgow. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1860.

POWER IN WEAKNESS: Memorials of the Rev. William Rhodes, of Damerham. By Charles Stanford, Author of "Central Truths," &c. Second Edition. London: Jackson and Walford. 1860.

Mr. BOLTON was originally a Nonconformist, entered the ministry, went to America, and there connected himself with the Episcopal Church, was called to serve at her altar, and was honoured of God in winning souls to Christ. His amiable and accomplished wife was the daughter of the late revered William Jay, of Bath, and was distinguished by every female excellence. These memorials, written by one of their sons, and a minister of our National Church, will be read with pleasure by every lover of goodness.

The tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Alexander Fletcher, of London, by his friend and fellow-Presbyter, the Rev. Dr. McFarlane, of Glasgow, is enlightened, just, and well-merited. Dr. Fletcher occupied a large space in the public eye and for a long series of years. He was a man of loving heart, of wide Christian charity, of benevolent purpose, and devoted energy, all whose sympathies

were on the side of truth and goodness, and who, as a preacher to the young, had no equal in this metropolis—in Britain, it may be. He has gone down to the grave full of years, and has left a name and a memory dear to many.

Of the Memorials of Mr. Rhodes, it is not needful that we should do more than repeat our former high opinion of these "free and full communings of mind with mind."

THE MARSDEN'S; or, Struggles in Life. By George E. Sargent. Illustrated. London: H. J. Trexidler, Ave Maria Lane.

AGNES LOWTHER; or, Life's Struggle and Victory. By Joceline Gray. London: H. J. Trexidler, Ave Maria Lane.

THE grand design of the first of these two works is, to "base in the reader's mind the recollection, or strengthen the conviction, that a guiding Providence rules the world; that prosperity and adversity alike come from the All-wise, though unseen hand of a heavenly Father; and that there is no trial so great, no perplexity so baffling, from which He cannot deliver those who put their trust in Him, and walk and wait in loving obedience to His will;" while the aim of the Author, in "Agnes Lowther," is to furnish such sketches of life as will represent the state and express the feelings of that large class, everywhere to be found, burdened with a sense of conscious unrest, and who are seeking their happiness in objects infinitely beneath the dignity and the desires of their spiritual and immortal nature.

Both works are worthy of perusal, and the impression cannot be otherwise than salutary on the mind and the heart.

THE HEART AND THE MIND. TRUE WORDS OF TRAINING AND TEACHING. By Mrs. Hugh A. Kennedy. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE subject of this little volume is second to none; and yet there is no

subject on which there is more loose thinking or loose speaking than on that of Education. Let the question be put—What is Education?—and nine out of ten will be perplexed to give the answer. Not only is it often confounded with instruction, but, as the Authoress so clearly points out, is equally often confounded with “moral training and mental teaching.” Her words are:—“To instruct the mind of a child who has not previously been subjected to the first of these processes, must ever be a work of much difficulty; while the little one who has been rendered obedient and patient, will generally be found a docile and willing pupil:—by this preliminary discipline of the heart we ‘break up our fallow ground,’ and prepare the way for that mental culture which, without it, will in most cases be only sowing among thorns.” The book is specially addressed “to young mothers who are entering on the cares and anxieties of bringing up a family;” and to them, as well as to all teachers of the young, we can heartily recommend it as a safe and certain guide.

THE PIONEER OF PROGRESS; or, the Early Closing Movement in Relation to the Saturday Half-Holiday, and the Early Payment of Wages. By John Dennis. Prize Essay. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE GREAT BARRIER. By Thomas Hughes. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

LECTURES CHIEFLY ON SUBJECTS RELATED TO LITERARY, AND SCIENTIFIC, AND MECHANICS’ INSTITUTES. By H. Whitehead, M.A. Curate of Clapham; T. C. Whitehead, M.A. Incumbent of Gawcott, Bucks; and W. Diver, London: Bosworth and Harrison, Regent-Street.

Though these three works are the productions of different Authors, yet they are intimately related the one to the other. In the first, which is a Prize Essay “on the Saturday Half-Holiday and the Early Payment of

Wages,” we have a valuable contribution to the grand Social Movement of the present day. “Saturday night,” says the Author, “is the especial season of late shopping;” and “if this late-hour system can be beaten on the Saturday night, it cannot be expected to afford a very vigorous resistance on the other evenings of the working week. Saturday night is the very citadel of late trading, and when that yields, the remainder must go.” So that “the Early Closing Movement, if not Progress itself, is unquestionably the pioneer of Progress.” It will lead to great social improvement, and bring in its train a long retinue of mighty blessings.

While the first work insures for the sons of toil a certain portion of leisure time, the second work provides for the filling up of that time by the cultivation and improvement of the mind. In the words of the Author, “Whatever influences the mind wrongly, is more than that which injures the body and the outward circumstances and condition of man. On the other hand, whatever influences the mind for good, is far more valuable and important than any worldly and material advantage whatever. To educate the mind badly, is to corrupt and misdirect all: but to influence the mind rightly, is to reach to goodness and happiness in all the relations and conditions of human existence.”

To aid in this healthful education of the mind, is the aim of the third work; and, therefore, we recommend all the three as entitled to serious thought and acceptance.

THE LEISURE HOUR: A Family Journal of Instruction and Recreation. 1883. London: the Religious Tract Society.

In this day of wider and more urgent activity, the very moments are precious: and it is only by gathering up those fragments of time that a leisure

hour can be had for reading. But, then, the reading must be short, racy, and good. And such readings we have in the volume now before us. It is really what it professes to be—a journal of instruction and recreation. The amusing is happily blended with the useful, the heavier matter with the lighter, the pleasing with the instructive. Nor could the Society have performed a better service on behalf of the reading public than in the publication of this large, handsome volume.

VALENTINE DUVAL: an Autobiography of the last Century. Edited by the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

It is emphatically true, that "there is greatness in being as well as in doing, and there are things worth living for besides inventing, discovering, or writing;" and therefore, though "Duval neither wrote any books nor made the world the better or the wiser by any remarkable inventions or discoveries, yet there was that about him which one would not willingly let die." Hence the appearance of the present Autobiography, and no one who reads it will ever dream of the question—"To what end was this life written or published?"—but rather with us tender a thousand thanks to the fair editor for putting us in possession of a record so full of life and interest.

From the lower walks of life, and through manifold difficulties and temptations, Duval forced his way to eminence and distinction. The child of French peasants, and left at the tender age of ten as an orphan in this cold, heartless world, he was yet strong in self-reliance; and in the spirit of a noble enterprise, which distinguished him to the end of life, he rose step by step in social position and influence till he attained the position of librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and died at the age of eighty, full of years and full of honours. The work has our cordial recommendation.

FAMILY PICTURES, ETC., ETC. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., Paternoster Row.

ANOTHER charming volume from the pen of Miss Manning, whom we are always glad to meet in our literary walks, and who has always something good and pleasant to tell us. This is a book for the young, made up of family traditions, "not of great people, but of good people—from old English merchants and Christian gentlemen"—whose mental and moral traits are here recorded as examples, and from which young men may gather stimulus and power; and, in the great battle of life, be themselves good men and true.

The closing chapter of the work, which is a translation from Tasso, Italy's immortal poet, and which was written in the prison of Santa Anna, in the year 1580, is one of exquisite simplicity and interest, and yet replete with healthy counsel and enlightened wisdom.

These "Family Pictures" are worthy of more than a mere unmeaning glance. They are a study, nor can they be studied without leaving the best impression on the mind and the heart.

TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Walter Thornbury, Author of "Life in Spain." Two volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

MR. THORNBURY can write nothing which is not worth reading; and in these two volumes he has given us a most graphic description of the "outer-life" of Constantinople. As we follow him in his pleasant tour, we seem to be transplanted into the very centre of Turkish life and character. To us plain, quiet, industrious Englishmen, there seems nothing very attractive in Mohammedan society. With them life is rather a fiction, while with us it is a sober reality.

They care for little but sensuous indulgence, while we make pleasure subordinate to the pursuits of business. Theirs is a life outside and abroad—ours is a life at home, around the hearth, and within the ring of the family group. Let any one read these volumes, and contrast life in the East with life in England, and we know on which side his choice will lie.

Mr. Thornbury thinks "the Turks are dead ripe for expulsion from the once Christian City, and that the sooner they go the better." He says:—"Whether Russia does or does not take Stamboul, the fiat has gone forth—the seal is already broken, the vial emptied, the sword drawn, the trumpet blown; and no miserable political craft of intriguing diplomacy can much longer delay the downfall, if not the DESTRUCTION OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE." And so we believe. But the fall of the Turkish Empire will be preceded and followed by the fall of other Powers.

THE FUGITIVE OF THE CEVENNES MOUNTAINS. Adapted from the French of M. J. Porchat. By Rev. J. Tunstall Haverfield, Rector of Goddington, Oxon. With Illustrations. London: Henry J. Tresidder, Ave Maria Lane.

THIS is one of those tales which at once speak to the inmost feelings of the heart, and which cannot be read without deep and penetrating emotion. It is founded on the events involved in the first French Revolution, when Infidelity seemed to gain a temporary triumph, in which the Reign of Terror was established, and in which Christianity was openly trampled under foot. The little book does not dwell so much on the scenes of suffering connected with adherence to Christian Truth, as on the power of that Truth to carry us triumphantly through all suffering, and convert death itself into an angel of life. The tale is well told, and full of interest.

GIVING MADE EASY AND PLEASANT:
The New Testament Rule of Christian
Liberality by Weekly Offerings. Lon-
don: James Nisbet and Co., Bream
Street.

THE subject of this pamphlet is growing in interest every day. The new and varied forms of Christian activity and philanthropy—to say nothing of older ones—the waking up of men to new wants, physical, social, and especially spiritual; the number and extent of the fields of usefulness claiming our sympathies and resources; the slowness and smallness of supplies, compared with the urgency and largeness of demands; the expensive, unhealthy, and ineffective modes of obtaining supplies; the disproportionate measure of supply, compared with the relative claims of different objects; and the almost universal lack of system in giving, combine to press the question upon the attention of Christian men of every name with a force which is constraining them to regard it as vital to everything like satisfactory progress.

The publication of this work just now we deem another sign of the times. At the very crisis of the Church's need, here is the voice of Providence meeting her rising cry. We know of no work better adapted than this thirty-page tract to work the long-called-for revolution in the matter of giving. It proposes, advocates, and enforces a Divine remedy, and furnishes examples of its operation which seem to say—*This method of giving is a yoke that is easy, and this measure of giving is a burden that is light indeed. A truer and safer guide to the liberal Christian does not exist.*

The writer is evidently a man of large experience and extended observation, who has thought much, endured much, hopes for much, and has earned for himself the right to speak. And he does speak, with all the force of an oracle, winning regard while withering your objections, and urges to immediate reformation by examples

so weighty as to make one feel that to resist, nay, even to delay, is to degrade and wrong oneself, and prove unfaithful to the necessities of men and the glory of God.

POEMS: containing the City of the Dead.
By John Collett, late of Wadham College, Oxford. Second Edition. London: Longman, Green, and Co. 1860.

MR. COLLETT has won for himself golden opinions from almost every portion of the press. That he is a poet, no one denies, while his genius is admitted to be of the higher order. Some of his poems are marked by equal power and beauty, and will favourably compare with the productions of some of our first poets. There is a boldness—a daring even in his genius, which we like. He moves like a man whose step is free, and ranges at will over the entire field of thought and feeling, of idea and imagination. Let any one read these little poems, and he will not for a moment dispute his merits.

THE ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY.
By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a charming volume. Though treating of a branch of Zoological science, the subject is clearly in the hand of a master who knows how to dispose his materials and to invest them with unwonted beauty and attraction. It is not a poem, but it is full of poetic feeling. It is not a novel, and yet it has all the charm of a romance. It is, as the Author tells us, "a series of pictures, the reflections of scenes and aspects in nature, which, in his own mind, awaken poetic interest;" and we are sure that our readers will linger on those pictures with no vulgar emotions.

He informs us, moreover, that he has bestowed more than usual pains

in investigating and determining the character of the evidence which exists in favour of the existence of the sub-mythic monster, popularly known as the Sea Serpent; and he thinks that that evidence is all but sufficient to set doubt at rest. We are afraid that in this Mr. Gosse will find himself disappointed. Without in the slightest degree depreciating what he has done to settle the question, we deem it still a question whose solution must be left to the future.

CHRISTMAS; ITS CUSTOMS AND CAROLS, with Compressed Vocal Scores of Select Choral Illustrations. By William Wallace Fyfe, Author of "Summer Life on Land and Water." London: James Blackwood, Paternoster Row.

CHRISTMAS! There is the clear ring of joy in the very word. Christmas is, indeed, "the home and household Festival of England—longed for as the season when our shining hearths, our sea-coal fires, our domestic comforts, and social felicity, become the brightest underneath the Christian sun. Commixture of faith, hope, and charity, with sport, mirth, and jollity! Christmas is our chosen season of peace and goodwill, of family reunions and friendly greetings, of happy visits, interchanges of gifts, kindness to the poor, mutual esteem, and universal joy." So writes the Author; and it is true. His work is adapted to inform and to amuse. It explains the customs peculiar to that happy season, gives the carols which are then sung, and introduces those Ecclesiastical Chants which we are wont to hear in our churches, which are followed by the more popular religious carols, and these again by the festive and current carols. Another feature is, that we have not only the words, but the music.

To the young, to whom we tender our best wishes, and hope that they may have a happy Christmas, the work will be especially attractive,

and to them we recommend it as alike useful and interesting.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

By Agnes Strickland, Author of "Lives of the Queens of England," &c. Second Series. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS second volume from the practised pen of Miss Strickland, "illustrative of life in the Eastern Counties," is, in no sense, inferior to the first. The greater portion of the volume is made up of "original sketches," drawn not from fancy, but representing "scenes and characters painted from nature." Miss Strickland tells her story with great simplicity, and yet with wonderful effect. She throws a charm and a fascination round her tale which are irresistible. There is a vivacity which pleases, and a truthfulness which assures. Her characters are well delineated; her incidents are neither forced nor unnatural; and her colouring is never overdone. These tales are sure to be popular, and their perusal will make many a family ring all the more cheerful as they gather round their shining hearth to mingle thought and feeling, sentiment and joy. The style of the Author is simple and chaste, and yet possessed of no little vigour, force, and fire.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST;
CHANTS, SANCTUSES, &c. Edited by
the Rev. H. Allon. Second Edition.
Ward and Co. 1860.

Few things are more remarkable than the change which a few years have wrought in the circumstances of worship in our Congregational Churches. Even as it respects the mere fabrics in which our services are held, still more in those services themselves and in all their concomitants, there is the recognition that what is refined and beautiful in the place and in the

mode, is not necessarily inconsistent with the object and the aim of all true worship. It is not, therefore, surprising, in this view of the case, that our church music should have partaken of the onward movement. The propriety of singing the Psalms which David certainly wrote to be sung, is scarcely any longer needful to be debated; and to sing them in the best way is an object with which the "Congregational Psalmist" professes to deal. If the Psalms are to be sung in the form familiar to us in our ordinary Bible version—and in whose metrical version do they not somewhat suffer?—it is manifest that some form or other of chanting must be used. The slovenly mode in which this has been done in our churches generally, and we presume it will be little scandal to say in the churches of the Establishment in particular, themselves being judges, has been one main cause for the comparative exclusion of chanting from our services, and the suspicion which the introduction of this form of singing has sometimes excited. No sooner, however, can it be made to appear, that with ordinary attention, any congregation may, with intelligent expression of the words, avail themselves of the holy and spirit-stirring utterances of the sweet Singer of Israel, unfettered by rhyme, and in the familiar words of our Bible, than we may hope to hear generally in our churches these compositions sung in all their vigour and beauty. The arrangement of the words in the book under notice is simple but effective. In the marking off of the final syllables, we have in no case observed violation to the sense, and, in most instances, its careful expression. The book is not encumbered nor the reader harassed with intricate directions as to the *re-citing or chanting note*. Whatever precedes the cadence or tune, if the expression be allowable, of the chant, is but reading upon a tone; and were this more remembered in "places where they sing," nearly all difficulty would vanish. It cannot be too much

to expect of the minister, or organist, or precentor, or class teacher, to initiate a simple and natural form of reading, and all else is easy. The musical portion of the "Congregational Psalmist" is worthy of much praise. Most of the best known or meritorious chant tunes of the modern or cathedral schools are here, as well as the simpler, bolder, and grander forms of the ancient, or "Gregorian" chant. That these last-named compositions should still be fresh and vigorous is no wonder; they were the offspring of men devoted to the service of the Church, and whose powers were consecrated to her use; while too many of our modern chant tunes are the flimsy effusions of cathedral hirelings whose days were given to sacred functions, and whose nights to the composition and singing of senseless glees and filthy catches. Pity that this censure should embrace, as it justly must, so many of our so-called "great" Church composers. A word of praise must be spared to some original compositions by Dr. Gauntlett, who has been for some years organist of Mr. Allon's church. His arrangement of some of the Psalms is most excellent, changing the music with the varying sentiment of the Psalm—a distinctive feature of this book, and peculiar, if we mistake not, to the compositions of Dr. Gauntlett. Two settings upon this plan of the ancient hymn, "We praise thee, O God," (*Te Deum Laudamus*) are especially beautiful, as are some passages from the Apocalypse similarly arranged. Simplicity, earnestness, deep emotion, and classic beauty, should be the aim of every church musician; and in these qualities amongst our living composers, Dr. Gauntlett is second to none, as is amply evinced by his compositions in the volume before us. To Mr. Allon, under whose auspices and by whose care the volume has been produced, our Congregational Churches owe much. Any effort to enable the *people* duly to discharge the duty and enjoy the privilege which pertains to them in the service

of song, is praiseworthy, and when marked by so much of intelligence and aptitude as is the work of Mr. Allon, to be heartily and gratefully commended.

EXPOSITIONS OF THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL. By Richard Henry Smith, Jun. Illustrated by Photographs. Printed by Negretti and Zambra. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE writer of these expositions is not an artist, and he confesses that "the profession will immediately detect the hand of a layman in the comments which accompany the illustrations." Still, in attempting "to represent in his own way, and without any pretence, his conception of the purpose of Raphael in this series of Bible Pictures," he has performed a very acceptable service. Time has set its seal to the works of this divine painter, and generation after generation have done homage to his genius; and though a photograph is not a painting, yet these photographs are admirably executed; and such is the entire getting up of the volume as to entitle it to a place on the table of every drawing-room. The subjects of the cartoons are all of the most striking and impressive character, and so completely did Raphael catch the inspiration of his chosen subject as to make his canvas all but instinct with life, and to leave the most living impression on the mind of every one devoted to the study of his works.

DÆDALUS: or, the Causes and Principles of the Excellence of Greek Sculpture. By Edward Falkener, Member of the Academy of Bologna, and of the Archaeological Institutes of Rome and Berlin. London: Longman, Greene, and Co.

THIS magnificent volume will gratify every true lover of art. It is the production of a man of equal taste and

sculpture, with the sister as fitting both in this country and on the continent; and, with the President of the Royal Academy, believes that "no people, since the Greeks, have indicated a higher promise to equal them than the British nation." This is assuring to us as a people, and we hope that we shall be found ready and willing to avail ourselves of every

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1860.]

[JULY.

THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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LONDON:

JUDD & GLASS, NEW BRIDGE STREET,
AND GRAY'S INN ROAD:

W. OLIPHANT & CO., EDINBURGH: G. & R. KING, ABERDEEN:

G. GALLIE, GLASGOW: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

NOTICES.

We regret that a reference to Mr. Scruthey's valuable Work, was omitted in the Article on Life Assurance, in our last month's number.

Our MARCH Number for 1859 is out of Print. A few Copies are kept by the Publishers, for which Stamps will be sent.

*Books for Review, and Correspondence for the Editor, should be
under Cover, to the Publishers.*

Advertisements will be received by MR. FREEMAN, Queen's Head Inn, Paternoster Row; MR. WILLIAM WAHD, 18 Paternoster Row; MR. NELSON, New Bridge Street; and by the Publishers, MASON AND GLASS, New Bridge Street, up to the 25th of each Month.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- A Lady in her own Right: a Novel. By West-land Marston. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.
- Artist and Craftsman. Cambridge: Macmillan Co.
- Book of Biography. By the Rev. G. B. Glegg, M.A. London: Longman and Co.
- Brown, John, H.H. (Memoir of). By John Cairns, D.D. Edinburgh: Edinburgh and Douglas.
- Canterbury Tales, Chaucer. By Tass. Tyrwhitt, F.R.S., Vol. 3. Edinburgh: J. Macmillan.
- Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible. Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.
- Chapters on Wives. By Mrs. Ellis. London: Richard Bentley.
- Christian Believing and Living. By F. D. Huntington, D.D. Edinburgh: Alex. Blackan.
- Christ's Conception and Ours. By the Rev. Henry Allen. London: John Snow.
- Conditions and Frontiers in 1880-1. An. By J. Arthur, Partridge Bag. London: Edward Stanford.
- Come over and Help us. By David Wardlaw Scott. London: J. B. Baillière.
- Commentary on the Romans. By David Brown, D.D. Glasgow: William Collins.
- Conversational Pulpit. Vol. 9. London: J. and A. Glass.
- Cousin Minnie's Tales for Young Christians. By Mrs. Updear Conans.
- Dawn of Love (The). By Calder Elliot. London: J. and A. Blackwood.
- England and Missions. By Rev. F. Howarth, M.A. London: H. J. Trevellick.
- Four P's. (The); or, the Fortunes of Master Frank on the road to wealth. By R. W. H. Barker, Esq. London: Dean and Son.
- Guthrie, Wm. (Memoir of). By Wm. Mitchell, Minister, Glasgow. Walker.
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The Rev. Aaron Buzacott wrote from Sydney, New South Wales, Feb. 13, “I have just sent off a parcel of ‘Gold and the Gospel’ and Tracts, which you kindly forwarded me for distribution, to Ade aide, where the Weekly Offering is fairly being tried. In one of the chapels, Rundle-street, Rev. W. F. Cox, from whom I have just received a very interesting letter on the subject, with an Address delivered by him, at their meeting of the Colonial Society, wherein he says, ‘that the advantage from the Weekly Offering over the pew-rents, comparing one quarter with another, is as 57 to 37.’ They have also commenced it at Freeman-street, the most influential congregation in Adelaide. I hope this timely supply of books and tracts will be useful to them. I know that some of the Congregational Churches in Victoria depend entirely on the Weekly Offering; but I do not yet know how many. Here, in New South Wales, it has not yet had a fair trial. The Baptists have commenced with the present year, and I have sent them also one ‘Gold and the Gospel,’ and a set of the tracts, for their use and guidance; when it comes to be better understood I have no doubt it will prevail.”

The many warm congratulations and thanks tendered during the May meetings afford rich proof of progress. Very few sneer now. Some of the well-to-do still stand aloof; but time and facts will eventually win them. Such generally move together: what they are not driven to learn from their own necessities, they will learn from the experience of others. The tide of Christian conviction is rising. It will flood them up. Their satisfaction with past doings must give way for what is more noble and adequate.

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This number completes the trial year of this RECORD. 37,000 have been published. The author posts 4,000 average quarterly to nine churches to operate as Remembrancers. The bulk of the rest he gives away. He grieves that so few who need and asked for an organ, and admit its fitness, will bear its trifling cost—some even refusing gift parcels. When will Churches rouse themselves to manly penitence, and not grudge the requisite seed of the desired harvest? The RECORD is doing good service, but is a pecuniary loss. Its continuance depend on the orders which the author may receive for it in a month's date, both from old and new subscribers. Shall it continue or 3s. per 100, of all Booksellers. Sent free by post by either Author or Publishers.—When requested, I post parcels of this before March, September, and December 24th, for Church use.

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THE
Weekly Offering Record.

A Quarterly Journal of facts, intended to illustrate the primitive duty of STORING for religious uses the FIRST-FRUITS OF ALL our increase; the public duty of presenting OFFERINGS to God at the SANCTUARY from that store, and as a permanent RECORD of the goodness of God to those who in these things obey him.

BY REV. JOHN ROSS, HACKNEY.

I. Recent Rapid Progress of the Weekly Storing and Giving Principle.

In February, the Rev. R. G. Cather, A.M., of Londonderry, the originator of "Gold and the Gospel," delivered a lecture in Dublin, on *storing* a stated proportion of income for religious and benevolent uses; which led to the formation of the Christian Beneficence Society. The Liverpool Conference on Christian Missions and Finance immediately following, has greatly advanced this sentiment. "The system of Weekly Offering, as a mode of Christian Finance, was distinctly noted."—*British Evangelist*.

The principles of this Society have been modified, as the basis of a British Organization; and Mr. Cather has been solicited to free himself from other labours, to undertake this important work. In the course of preliminary proceedings, an eminent church dignitary said, "The Weekly Offering is our sheet anchor, our New Testament model of finance." A devoted London clergyman, sustained by his congregation, said he finds Weekly Offering, for all purposes, one simple mode instead of many complicated ones, more abundant in funds and gracious feeling than all former plans together, whether the Sabbath's gifts be applied to *Home* or to *Foreign* objects. He before realized the same in a great commercial town, and predicts its universal practice. The Rev. W. Arthur commended "Weekly Storing" as the scriptural plan, both easy and delightful, and referred to my Halfpenny Catechism as embodying the whole subject. A noble giver, writing on this subject, says, "There is no way, I fully believe, in which money subscribed will produce a larger return than when given for the purpose of exciting the community to an enlarged measure of Christian liberality. Could right views, as to the devotion of property to God, be made to pervade the length and breadth of the land, the individuals induced to give more freely would feel within them increased happiness, public and private charities would reap the advantage, and societies, large and small, would find their funds wonderfully increased."

Entirely believing this, I hail the advent of this Society, will cheerfully subscribe to its treasury, and will gladly convey any information on its proceedings, or gifts to its coffers. The need for its operation to create and popularize a public sentiment on nobler giving is beyond dispute. I hear no expression from the lips of Ministers so frequently as the delicacy and difficulty of dealing with the money question, and of providing for growing necessities. The 400 students in 19 Wesleyan, Baptist, and Independent Collegiate Institutions are reading this Record as it issues from the press.

A leading provincial Minister, who denied its *obligation* in a public journal last year, now employs it to great advantage.

II. Memorial in favour of the Weekly Offering.

The March number of the "Congregational Economist," which the Rev. Joseph Parker, of Manchester, edited to treat some aspects of Church Finance, for one year, contains a memorial in favour of the practice of Weekly Offering, with 53 signatures. Mr. Parker and myself only sought about 50 representative names. Three of those applied to declined, one of whom, an eminent Doctor, has since become a convert. Being urged to republish this memorial, and finding many who never saw it, I here insert it:—

DECLARATION ON THE WEEKLY OFFERING.

We, the undersigned, are of opinion that the plan enjoined by the Apostle Paul, in 1 Cor. xvi. 2, is, in its spirit, universally practicable, and that its restoration would place Church Finance on its true basis, besides greatly improving the piety and resources of the Church at large. T. Adkins, R. Allott, D.D., A. Anderson, J. Angus, D.D., W. Arthur, M.A., T. Aveling, H. S. Brown, J. Bull, M.A., L. H. Byrnes, B.A., R. G. Cather, M.A., W. Clarkson, E. R. Conder, M.A., J. Crossley, J. Edgar, D.D., R. Ferguson, D.D., LL.D., J. Finch, J. Fletcher, J. C. Gallaway, M.A., C. Gilbert, A. Good, J. Groom, T. Guthrie, D.D., G. Hitchcock, J. A. James, C. Jupe, J. Kay, W. Landels, R. W. McAll, J. R. Mills, S. Morley, James Morgan, D.D., W. M. Newton, T. Nanneley, J. Parker, J. Parsons, J. B. Paton, M.A., J. S. Pearsall, J. Perry, S. M. Peto, J. Pulling, T. Roberts, J. Ross, A. C. Thomas, W. Thorn, W. Tice, F. Trestrail, W. Tyler, W. C. Wells, W. Willans, J. H. Wilson, T. Windcatt, J. Woodwark.

• III. Churches practising Weekly Offering.

In March I sent a letter to the *Patriot*, *Freeman*, *Nonconformist*, and *British Standard*, requesting intimations of the practice of Weekly Offering for present publication. It appeared in the three former. About 80 have replied to this, though I know of full 400 churches, they are ever increasing, generally employing it instead of incidental collections alone; or thereby dispensing with various small collections, and a few even pew-rents also.

Extracts from answers received:—"So far as I have watched the operations of the principle I am persuaded it is infinitely better than the old one. Persons who before paid 2s. 6d. a quarter, now give 6d. a week, and though some evade payment when they can, yet I believe that the 30 persons so contributing give fully double what they paid quarterly."—"We are going on well, better than many expected. We commenced with the Weekly Offering this year for seat-rents and quarterly expenses; average. £2 per week for the worst quarter, with some few who still pay quarterly. I expect this year £120, instead of £90 last year. We have reason to thank you for your efforts here, and ought to help you in your efforts elsewhere. I will try."—A guinea has since come to hand thence; a perfect novelty from a benefited Church. Four Ministers have done thus. "Our Weekly Offering plan succeeds well."—"We continue to go on very satisfactorily with our Weekly Offerings. Notwithstanding we realized last year about half as much again for our own cause as usual, our collections for *Foreign* objects have equally improved."—"I am happy to inform you the plan is working very satisfactorily."—"We have tried the Weekly Offering for 18 months, in lieu of our quarterly collections, at Tonbridge Chapel. These collections did not amount to more than £40 per annum. The Weekly Offering produced in the first year £120, going almost beyond our expectations. In the working out of the practice, we find that there is great need of keeping the principle constantly prominent. Lukewarmness is fatal to

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